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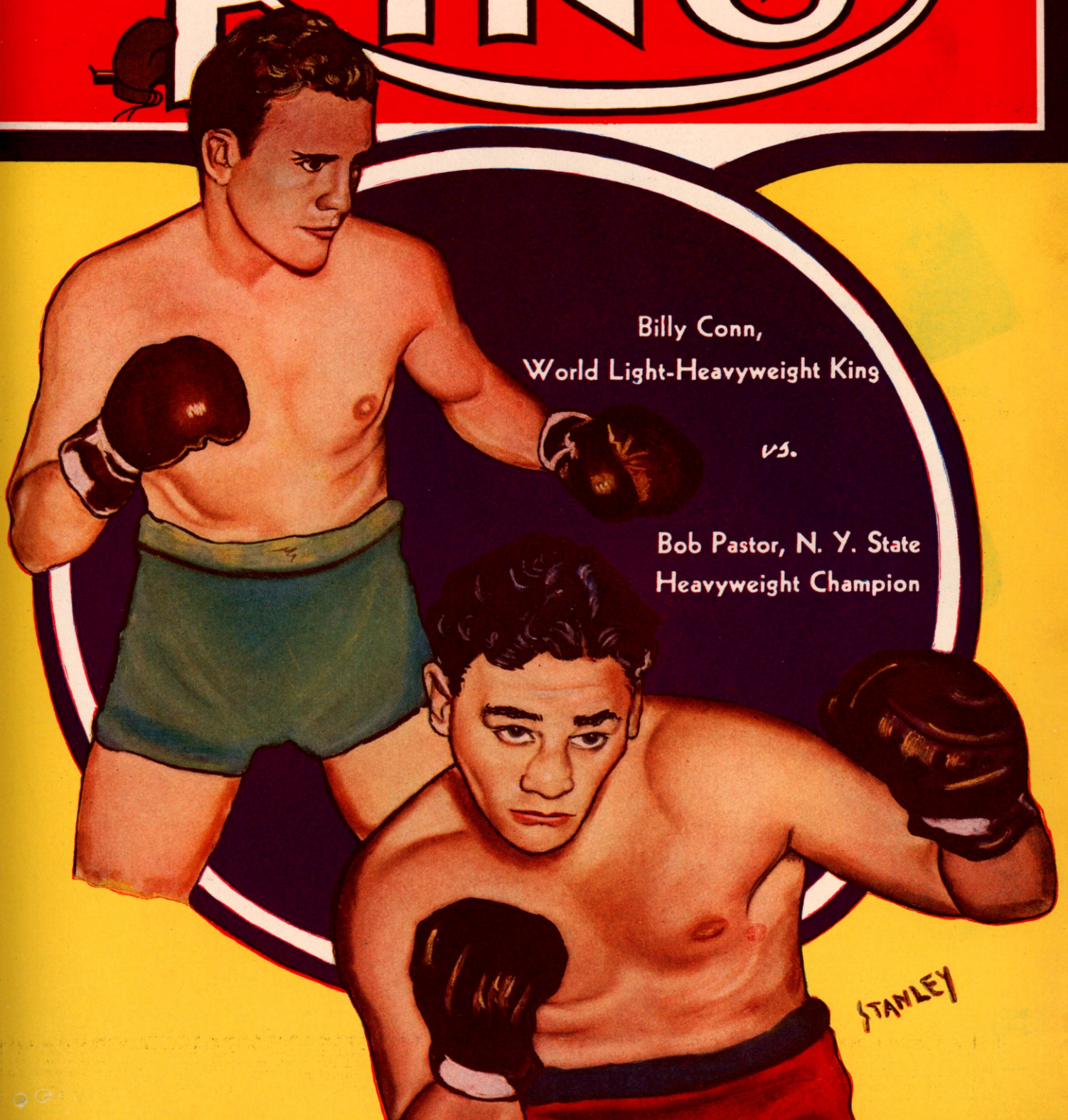

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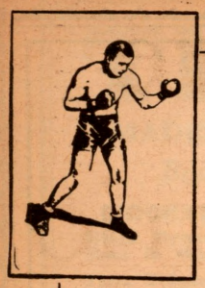

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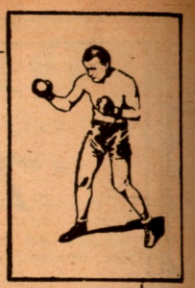

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

"The Eccentric Judge Bean," the Law West of the Pecos. The story of the quaint Texas character who defied the United States Army, the Mexican Army and the Texas Rangers in granting consent, as government marshal, to Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons to stage their fight across the Rio Grande. An absorbing story of this famous man and a detailed description of the historic battle. Don't miss this. You'll enjoy it.

The Jenkins-Armstrong fight, which took place just after we had gone to press, will be reviewed in picture and reports.

Who are the latest newcomers who are gaining public attention in the classes below the heavyweight? You find the answer in the September RING.

Harry Jeffra's defense of his world featherweight title against Spider Armstrong found a RING representative on the spot. Nat Fleischer, who refereed the match, will give our readers the lowdown.

In addition, stories by Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden, T. W. McNiel, Bob Edgren, Jr., Hype Igoe, Ted Carroll.

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Heavyweight Picture Back to Its 1935 Scenario

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE heavyweight situation reminds me of going to see the motion picture, "Gone With the Wind." You sit through four hours of fluctuating interest which at times becomes excitement, and then you discover that the thing has begun to run again. You find out that after four hours you are just where you came in.

Well, after five years, we are just where we came in. On September 24, 1935, in Yankee Stadium, New York, Max Baer was knocked out by Joe Louis in four rounds. Baer had won the heavyweight title from Primo Carnera on June 14, 1934, and with high promise of a grand and glorious career, lasting at least three or four years, Max lost the laurels to Jim Braddock on June 13, 1935. In the battle with Louis, who was yet to take the title from Braddock, Baer was supposed to begin a comeback.

Well, here we are, five years later, with Baer finally on the verge of that comeback. On the verge of a match with Louis, at least. For by no stretch of the imagination can I see Baer lasting even three rounds with Joe Louis. Never, as long as Max lives, never will the memory of that beating he got from Louis be erased. Never will the psychology of that trouncing be eliminated from Baer's thinking processes.

By slow and easy stages, Baer once again has placed himself in the van. He beat Tommy Farr and then took a long breather. Now he has knocked out Tony Galento in eight rounds. After the summary fashion in which Louis trounced Arturo Godoy, Two-Ton was left the No. 1 challenger for the title.

In meeting Baer in Jersey City, Galento was supposed to take a tune-up for a battle with Louis. But the tune-up turned out a dour experience.

Galento was revealed as a game, willing fighter—but a beaten old man. As he sat there in his corner, battered and dejected, unable to come out for the eighth round, he was far from a fistic example. He looked like a warning to all those who would fight and frolic at the same time.

* * *

HOWEVER, when you come right down to it, Galento was a fighter who was made by one punch. Perhaps a lucky one. Were he to meet Louis again—well, it just could not happen, for a meeting with Joe perhaps would mean the end of all things for Two-Ton. No boxing commission in the world would be so cruel as to sanction it.

One roundhouse swing by Galento put Louis down. On that single punch rests Tony's reputation. Yes, he was game that night. He carried the fight to the Negro. But he was foolhardy, flushed with the success of one punch, realizing that he had to stake everything in a big hurry. Galento knew he had no chance to beat Louis in a protracted fight, and that it was senseless to go on and take a terrific beating. Even that night, Galento was not able, physically, to take a lot of punishment.

True enough, Tony followed with an impressive victory over Lou Nova. In fact, he gave Nova so terrific a beating that he tore the young man's fight career to shreds. Nova now shouts from the shores of the Pacific that he must get a chance. Perhaps Lou, so easy to hit that night in Philadelphia, has learned more about the defensive side of the game. But it is a sad fact that the goshawful walloping he got from Tony sent Nova down to the bottom of the list. If he thinks he deserves another chance, he must work his way up the ladder again. Start all over, right from the bottom.

Bill Poland, who looms as one of the best heavyweight prospects in New York State.

* * *

AFTER all the excitement, after all the high hopes, after all the furore over Farr and his fifteen rounds with Louis, after all the hoopla over the rise of Bob Pastor, after all the fever of the first Louis-Godoy encounter—we are back to where we were five years ago.

Now, then, just where do we stand? Certainly, on the strength of his victory over Galento, Baer deserves a shot and he's to get it, according to Joe Louis' mentors and Uncle Mike Jacobs, world's premier promoter.

The logical sequence would be Baer against Billy Conn, Baer against Bob Pastor. But Baer cannot, at his age, stand a long campaign. Max perhaps realizes that he has little, if any, chance to take the championship back. You see, in the heavyweight class, THEY NEVER COME BACK. Not once has a fallen champion succeeded in regaining the title. Baer, at his time of life, is not the man to achieve the feat against the type of hitter Louis is.

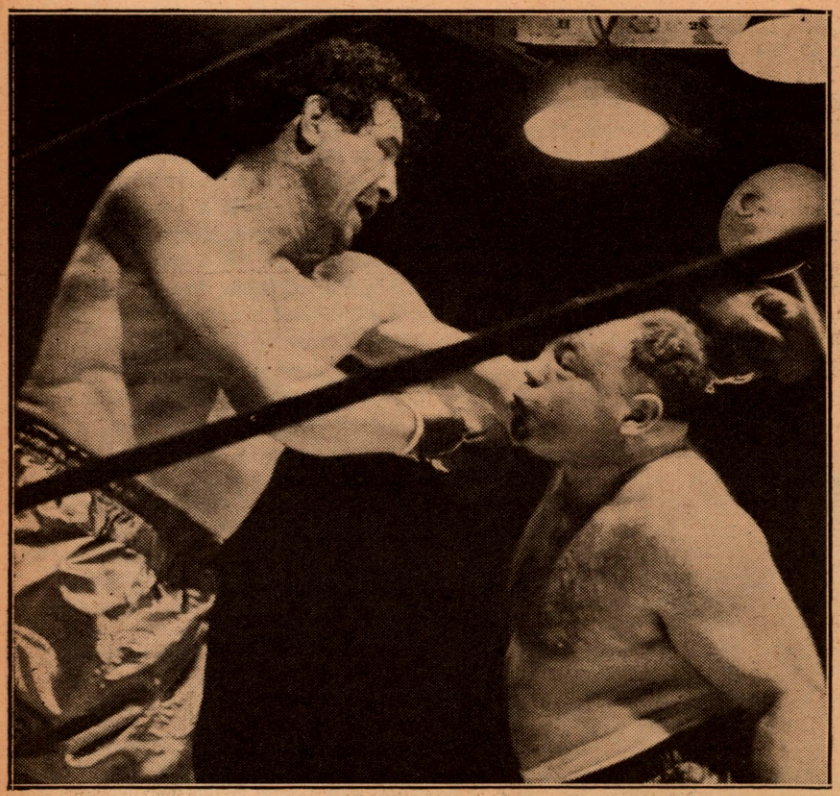
But Baer still has one good fight left, and it will be against Louis—and it won't be enough. That is the next title bout.

Now, eliminating Baer, whom have we in addition to the ancient enemy of all champions—Father Time?

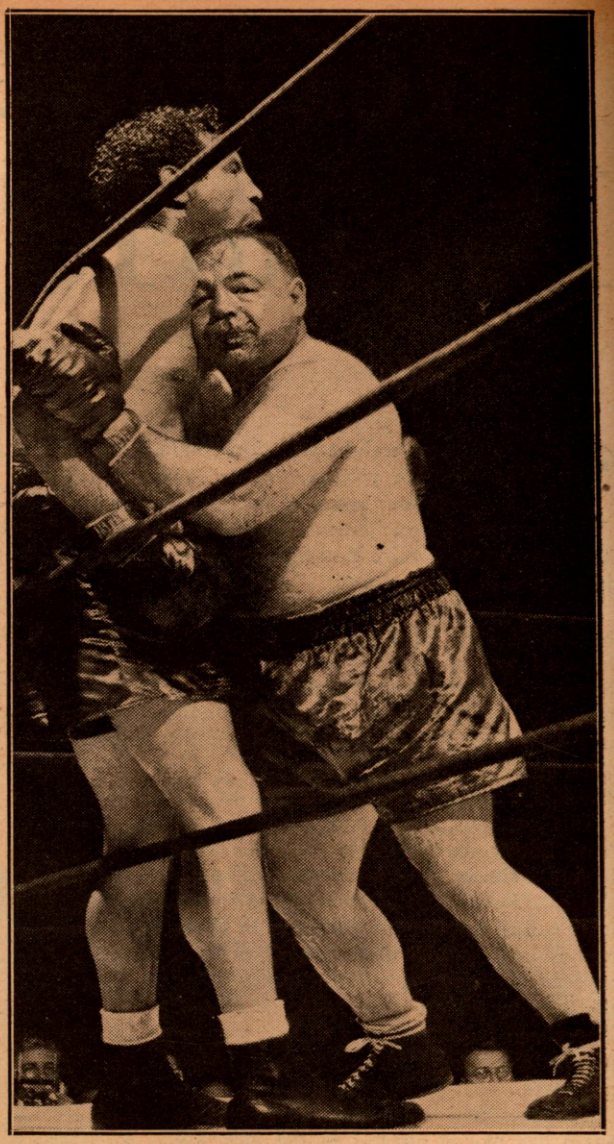
One school of fistic thought leans toward Pat Comiskey, the Jersey Irishman. Another sect thinks Bill Poland of New York will develop. Some think Lee Savold will have it, in time. Others regard Buddy Baer as a possibility. How they figure this is beyond me. But they do.

Then we come to Billy Conn and Bob Pastor. Conn is the apple of the calculating eye of Mike Jacobs, the New York promoter. Jacobs fears Louis has about

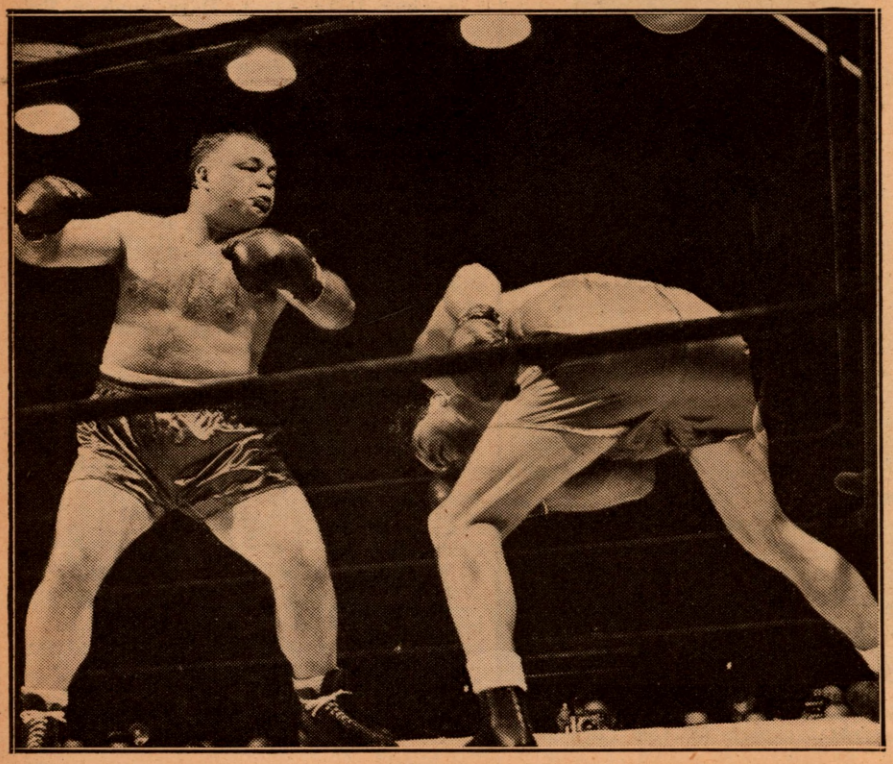
As Max Mauled Two-Ton



Baer holds Galento's head with his left and keeps peppering him with that right, all the time with that Max smile on his phizz.

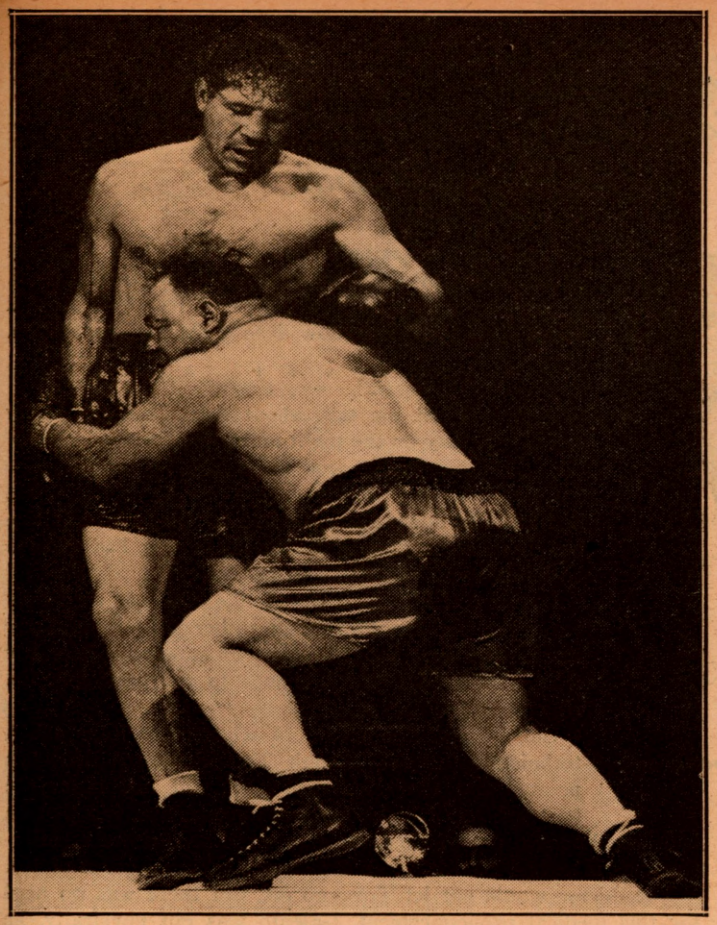


Here we see Baer getting a taste of Two-Ton's butting tactics in the third round. Tony was penalized for this imitation of Billy the Goat. But what did it matter?

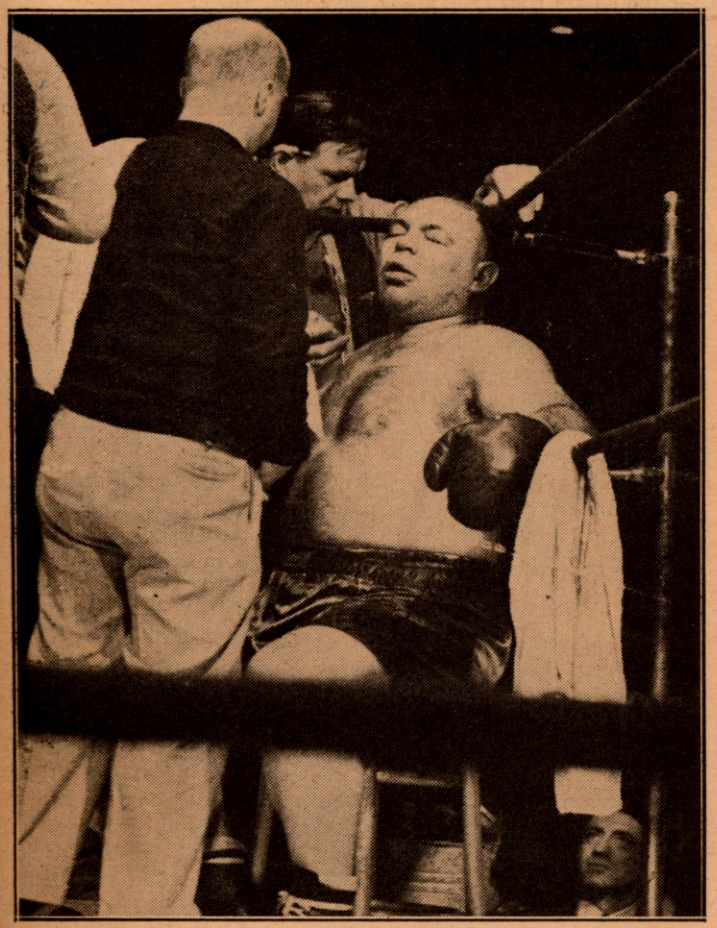


Maxie knew exactly how to handle Tony. As Galento swung those round-houses, Baer bent low, escaped the punches, and then came in to belabor his opponent.

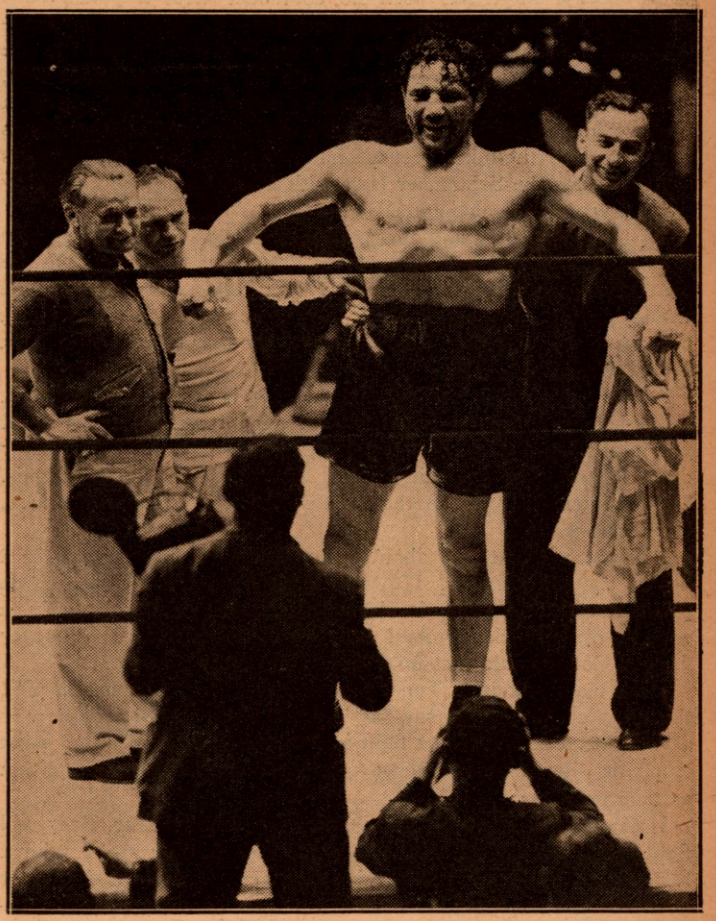
Tony's Colors Hauled Down



Here is a warning of what is to come soon. Baer has sent two terrific drives wrist-deep into Tony's stomach, and Galento just cannot keep on taking it.

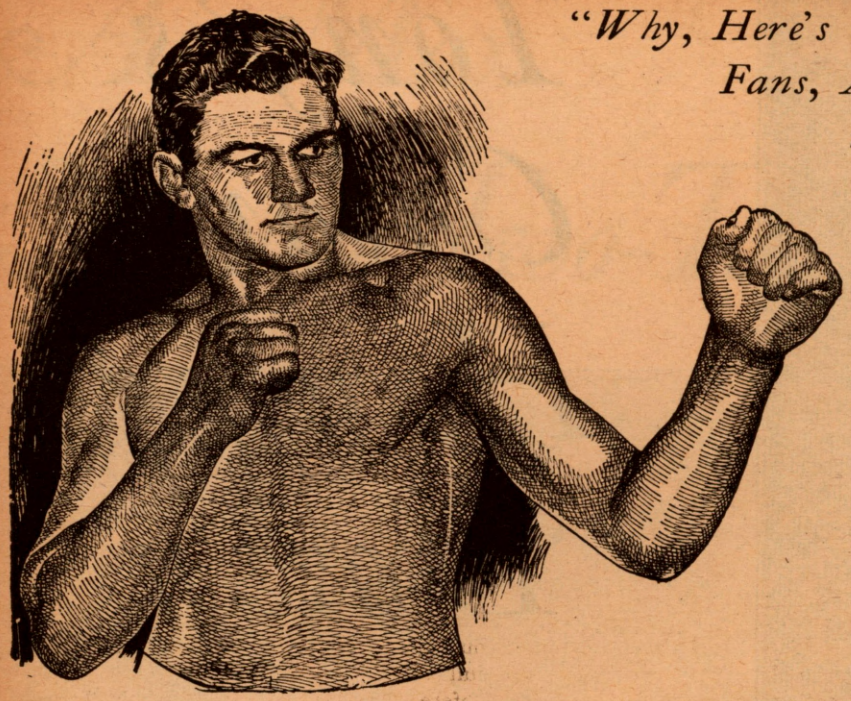


Here is Galento in his corner, during the intermission between the hectic seventh and the never-to-be eighth. Joe Mangold, referee, is calling the doctor into the ring to give Tony the once-over.



Triumphant, proud, handsome Max Baer—the same old Baer we used to see years ago—showing off after his victory against the Tony who turned out to be just an old man. Livermore Max remains a good actor.

"Why, Here's Where We Came In," Say Fight Fans, After Baer Stops Galento in Eighth Round



Pat Comiskey of New Jersey, the youngster who at this stage looms as best heavyweight prospect to succeed Joe Louis.

run his course as a source of important revenue. The second Godoy fight, which, on the basis of the Chilean's fifteen-round fight with Joe, should have been a rich prize for Mike, turned out nothing hot.

* * *

BECAUSE Louis wants to get it while the getting is good; because there has been no contender with a punch hard enough to make meeting him a serious risk—Louis has been fighting more often than any other heavyweight champion of the more modern era. As a consequence, a battle for the heavyweight title, once a rarity which got a tremendous advance build-up and then was worked up with marvellous training camp publicity, now is only a run-of-the-mine event. That's why Joe and his mentors say that after the September bout with Baer, Louis will fight only twice a year while champion.

So the goose that laid the very golden eggs of big size, now is just laying eggs, and Mike would like to see a change. Yes, he would. He may protest vehemently that Louis suits him, but he would protest too hard. Conn would make a more colorful, perhaps more lucrative champion. In any event, he would be a NEW champion.

As we go to press, the Conn-Pastor fight is something imminent. Conn has developed a vast army of supporters. There is what you might call a Conn cult in boxing. These men see Conn victor over Pastor, they see Billy from Pittsburgh succeeding Louis. They vision Billy as another Gene Tunney, minus, of course, Shakespeare.

I do not feel that way about Conn. I doubt if he ever will be a heavy enough puncher. However, the heavyweight class is a peculiar breeding ground. Whoever figured Braddock to have enough to beat Baer? And beat him so decisively? Whoever figured Godoy could last forty-five minutes with Louis?

How many thought Tunney could win from Dempsey? Yes, the army of those who say they predicted Gene's victory now is a vast one. But before the fight in Philadelphia there was a most emphatic silence among those who now clamor for recognition as true prophets.

If Conn beats Pastor, the line of action will be clear. Baer will fight Louis, then Conn will tackle the Negro. You see, I take it for granted that Louis will survive the Baer engagement. If Pastor beats Conn—and that is nothing you can place among the impossible—we will be right where we were long ago in quite a few details.

Perhaps Nova can inject his personality into this dispute afresh. On June 1, 1939, Nova had enough to beat Baer. Baer looked to be finished as a so-called contender. But then came the Nova defeat by Galento, and that was worth a small fortune to Baer. It wiped out the defeat by Lou, and lifted Baer back, somehow, into a place of contention.

* * *

NOW let me talk about that affair in Jersey City on the night of July 2. Baer won handsomely, he won decisively, he WON.

Galento went into the ring a strong favorite. He had knocked down Louis, he had crippled Nova. There had been some talk of Galento's having had trouble with his eyes.

Looking at him, you would like him less than ever for a real fighter. Falstaffian rather than trim, Tony more than ever looked Mine Host of the beer bar than a man who had a chance to get back into the ring with Joe Louis.

Galento was the victim of what some folks call a technical knockout, though THE RING so often has pointed out that "knocked out" did not mean the beaten boxer had been made unconscious, but that he had been knocked out of time. Galento was knocked out as effectively as if he had been lying on the canvas taking a count of 105.

The doctor would not let Tony go on. But there was no need for this medical pronouncement. Galento was out physically, he was numb mentally, he was knocked out sitting in his own corner. Had he by some chance been able to get up and come to scratch for the eighth round, he might have been killed.

* * *

PERHAPS for the first time in his boxing career, Baer formulated a definite plan and stuck to it right through the fight. In adhering to his scheme, Baer was aided by Galento's broken hand. Galento also was handicapped by the opening of the wound caused the day before the fight by his having been cut by a mug thrown "playfully" by a "playful" brother, who had received no ducats for the encounter. However, Galento would have been whipped decisively if he had not hurt his hand or the stitches in the wound had not opened. He was no match for Baer.

Max came out of the fight with a bruise on his nose, and a cut on his lip where Galento had butted him. Tony fought far from a clean fight. It was his dirtiest battle, and that's saying something. He sensed early he was whipped, and did all he could to stave off the inevitable. As Max emphasized, the only time Tony hurt Baer was when he butted him.

Baer knew that to beat Galento he had to punish his body, and then force his guard down from his chin. So Max pummeled the Galento midsection, down came the guard, and in came the Baer right to the chin. Galento could not go on taking this.

* * *

OUT of the ring at the close of the fight, Baer was smooth, smiling, the handsome, dashing Maximilian of yore. But in the ring he looked sore. Asked what had occasioned this, Baer laughed:

"Oh, it's nothing. He tried to use every method he could and he figured if he got me angry I might go wild. He kept making nasty personal remarks. I didn't like them. But now I have no animus toward Tony. He tried everything, he did his best, but he did not give me any better fight than I had expected. I called the seventh as his finish. He happened to go into the eighth, though he never raised a fist in that round. So in reality I was a fight expert."

Galento was very close to a knockout in the seventh, but by some miracle he lasted long enough to get to his chair. In fact, Galento made a tremendous gesture. *(Continued on page 48)*

Louis Slipping? Ask Godoy; Champ Surly and Vengeful

Brown Bomber at His Best in Triumph Over Chilean; Return Engagements Prove Poison to Rivals

By NAT FLEISCHER

"HE'S slipping."

"He's passed his peak."

Those remarks were heard frequently following the bout in which Arturo Godoy went fifteen rounds with Joe Louis. The Bomber's critics were convinced that Joe no longer was the devastating puncher who ended the fistic career of Max Schmeling when he put the German away in the first round or the clouting demon who came up from the canvas to knock out Tony Galento.

But those same critics left the Yankee Stadium on the night of June 20 singing the praises of Louis. They acknowledged the error of their judgment and admitted that the Brown Bomber who halted Arturo Godoy in the eighth round of their return engagement, put forth the best fight of his championship career. Again Joe Louis proved that as a champion, he rates with the best. He so far outclasses the present crop of heavyweights that it is difficult to find an opponent who can extend him. He proved to the satisfaction of his admirers that in the fight with Godoy he possessed every asset of a great champion.

It seems a pity that some scribes writing for papers with a nation-wide circulation simply can't see the Bomber as a fighter. To call his last contest a terrible affair, a dull contest, as many did, is far from accurately describing the bout. Students of boxing saw in Joe's performance the acme of perfection. His perfect jabs, his powerful hooks, his maneuvering for openings, the speed with which he attacked once he got the opportunity, and the manner in which he met the change of style adopted by his tough, courageous opponent, were reminders of Jack Johnson at his best.

There was some holding, to be sure, but not much. The fact that Referee Cavanagh permitted the opponents to keep pounding away at each other at close range was sufficient indication that the men were not violating the rules but were engaged in free hand punching while crowding each other. It was during the infighting that the greatest amount of damage was done. Joe's powerful right-hand jolts to the chin and his hooks to the body left their marks as mute testimony that the men were fighting and not holding. Those solid wallops, by degrees, wore down Godoy so that when the seventh round started, it became evident that he would be taken by the champ within the next few rounds.

The stout-hearted, iron-jawed Chilean began to give ground in that session after making a grand stand in the previous round, and from then to the finish he received an unmerciful beating. Only Max Schmeling and Tony Galento were manhandled in like fashion in the eleven successful defenses of the title by the Brown Bomber. It has always been said that the champion lacks the killer instinct that made Jack Dempsey famous, but if what he showed in the final two rounds of the Godoy fight is a criterion, he has changed his fighting tactics and has adopted a leaf from the Dempsey book.

The manner in which he sailed into Godoy once he realized that he had the rock-ribbed Chilean ready for the kill was a reminder of Jack Dempsey in his fight with Jess Willard. Not a second was lost in going after his prey. Joe snarled and his eyes showed a look of determination as he leaped forth to score the knockout.

He was out for revenge and he got it. The scribes had told the public that Godoy had made a monkey out of Louis in their first fight and sensitive, proud Joe Louis, in his eagerness to wipe out the memory of that dull affair, tore into Godoy like a madman and didn't let up until Referee Cavanagh mercifully stepped between the rival gladiators and called a halt when it became a one-sided contest.

Glance at the pictures in this issue and you'll see a snarling, vicious Joe Louis battering his man into submission, in contrast to the mild, somewhat bewildered champion who faced the Chilean in their previous bout. The change was so complete, one wouldn't believe that he was seeing the same Louis on both occasions.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY there are many fight fans and scribes who do not differentiate between holding and crowding. One peep at the fight picture should convince those who dubbed the bout a holding contest that it was far from that. Godoy is seen crowding his man in every round up to the seventh, when Louis finally got away after wearing his man down.

During the infighting, Louis sent up jarring rights to the chin. It was those punches, as the pictures show, that eventually caused the downfall of the Chilean. Only occasionally was it necessary for Referee Cavanagh to step between the boys and break them. Thus even this style, a new one for Godoy, was quickly solved by the champ. The granite chin of Godoy finally became brittle and under the constant pounding of his opponent he found that courage alone couldn't gain for him his objective.

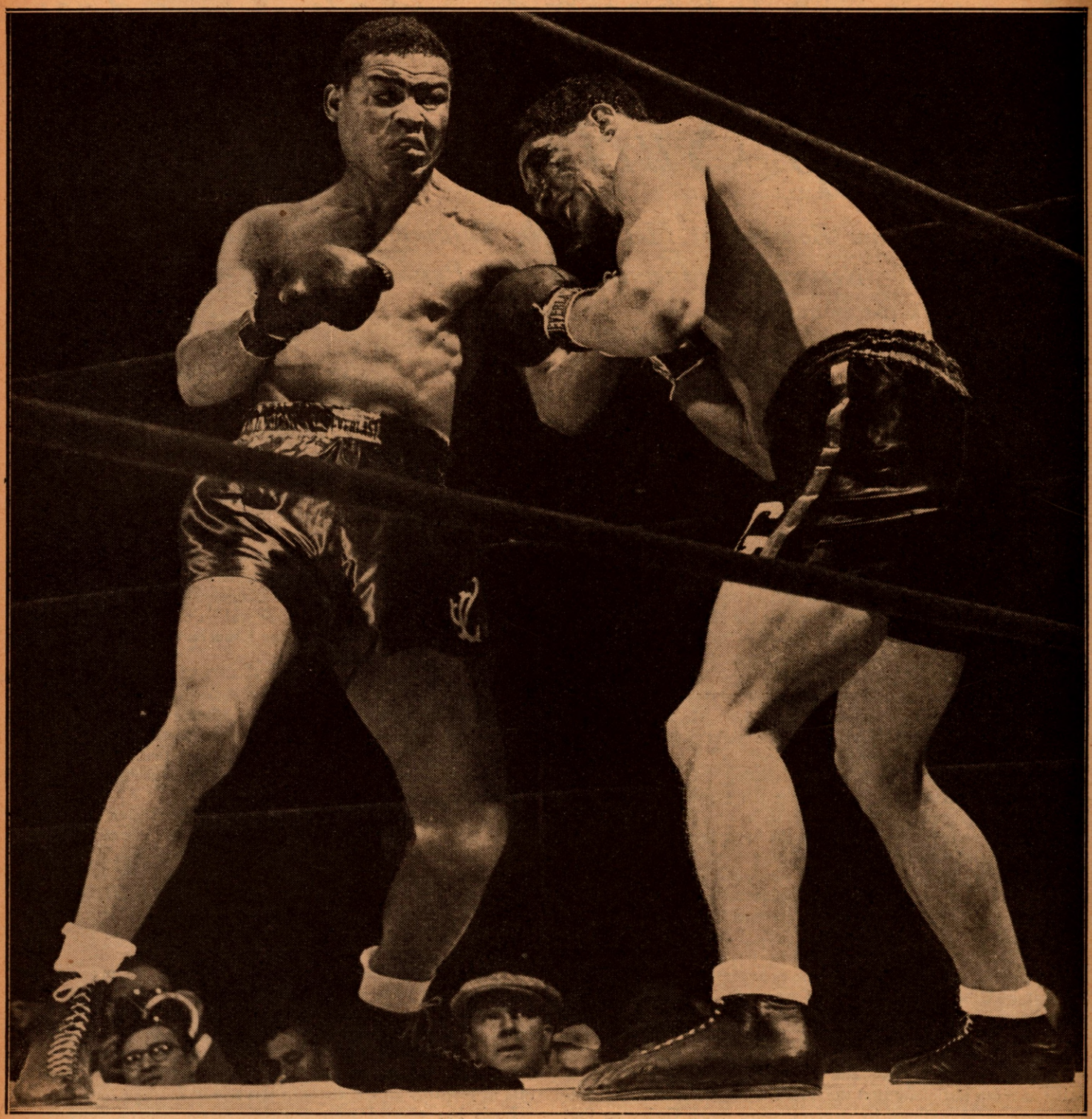
I wonder what more Joe Louis must show to prove to the skeptics that he is a great fighter!

What did Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jim Jeffries and other stars of the roped square exhibit in their public performances that the present champion lacks, other than quick thinking? What other title-holder was willing to face all comers and to place his title in jeopardy eleven times in three years?

Louis has clashed with sluggers, clever boxers, combination fighters, rugged, strong men, weavers—in fact, every possible variety of opponent, and the result has been the same. In short, even though he failed to stop his opponent in their first engagement, he solved the riddle in a return bout and proved that as he now stands, he is a well-rounded performer, able to cope with any style elected by the opposition. That is what makes him so invincible.

Unlike Dempsey, the great ring magnet of all time, Louis neither picks his opponents nor places his title on the shelf for any length of time. He is the greatest fighting champion the ring has ever had, and as such, he deserves the wholehearted support of every fight follower. Whereas Dempsey fought only six times in seven years, the Bomber has gone to the well eleven times in three. Match that in all ring history among the champions, if you can!

In his latest fight, Joe planned the battle with the aid of his chief adviser, Jack Blackburn, and he worked according to those



The savage, relentless attack of Louis as he went after Godoy in final round. Primitive savagery registers on the face of the Brown Bomber. This is one of the most remarkable fight photos ever taken. It was snapped by a New York "Daily News" photographer.

plans. He knew what problem he had to face and he had the solution. As a champion, he has learned that he must tangle with fellows possessing all kinds of styles, and by conquering them, as Louis has in all his return battles, he must by this time have convinced even his severest critics that he is a real champion.

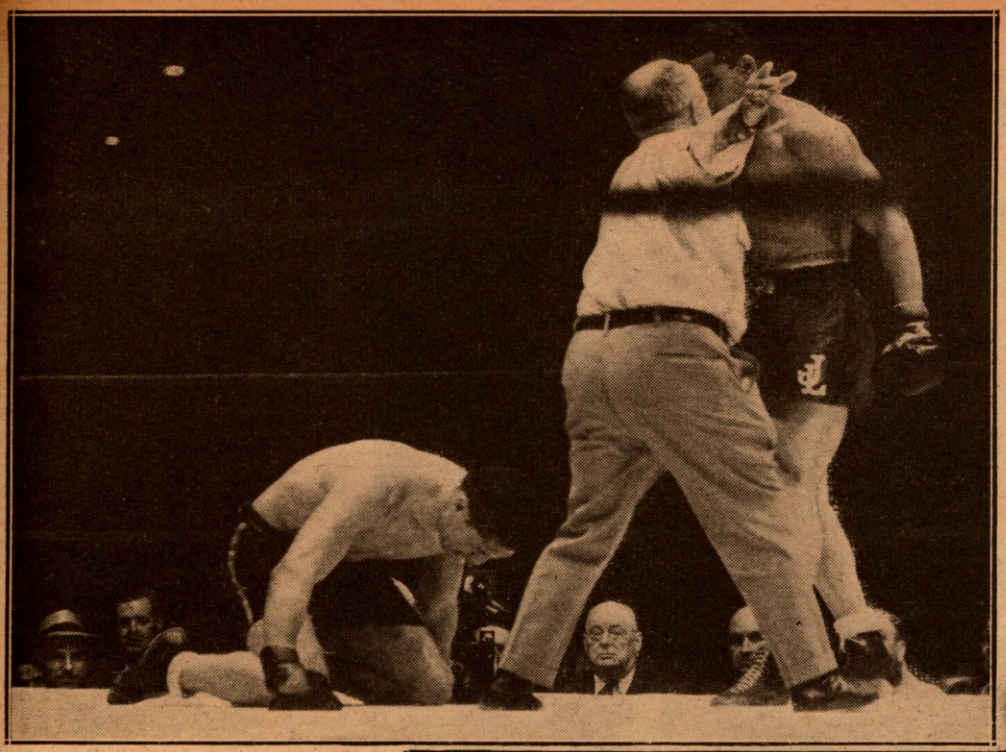
The crowd of 27,786 persons who paid a total of $149,505 to see the drubbing of the Chilean, seemed to be well pleased with Joe's performance. They had come to see a knockout and got what they had paid for, though not as quickly as they had sensed the kayo wallops would be delivered.

At the time when Referee Cavanagh halted proceedings to prevent further damage to a game, aggressive contender, Godoy was as thoroughly a beaten man as could be without taking chances on a fatality. He had been floored twice, once in the seventh round and again in the eighth, and was now down for the third time when the battle was halted.

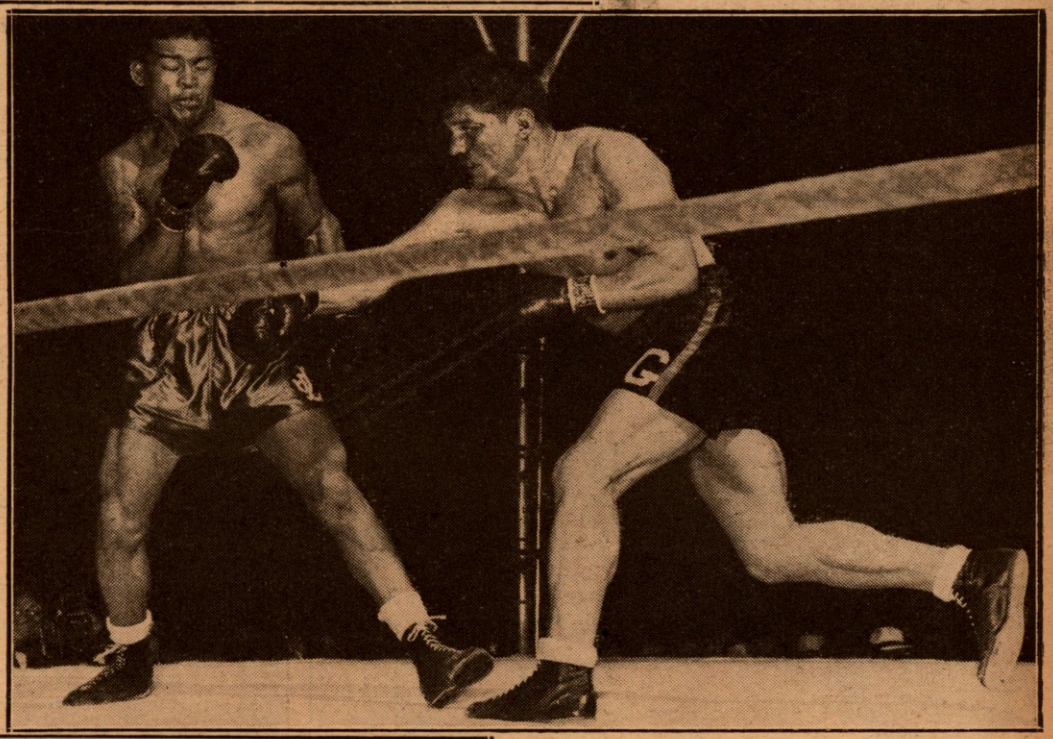
Cavanagh didn't even bother to start a count though two had been tolled by Jim Crowley, the knockdown timer, when the third man in the ring rushed forth, placed his arms about the body of the fallen warrior and tried to drag him to his corner. To have permitted the affair to go further would have invited serious injury to Godoy.

The result was revenge and vindication for the champion on whose head had been heaped so much ridicule when he failed to drop Godoy in their first engagement. Louis tossed more punches than he did in fifteen rounds of their last bout. He was less cautious and more serious. He gave his man an artistic trimming and walked out of the ring with *(Continued on page 41)*

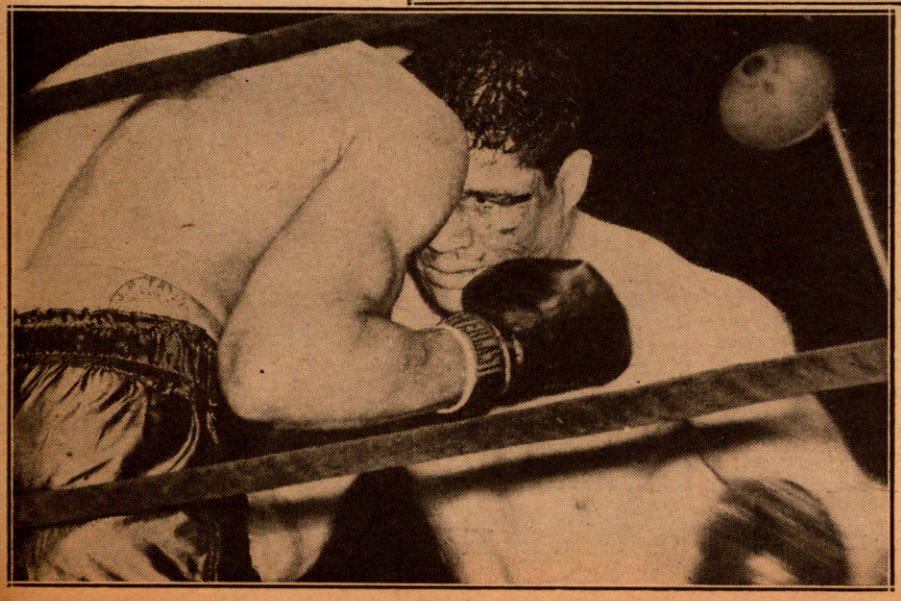
Scenes in the Seventh Round



Godoy landing on all fours in the seventh round following a vicious two handed attack by the Brown Bomber. Arturo took a count of six and then rushed forth to fight on again.

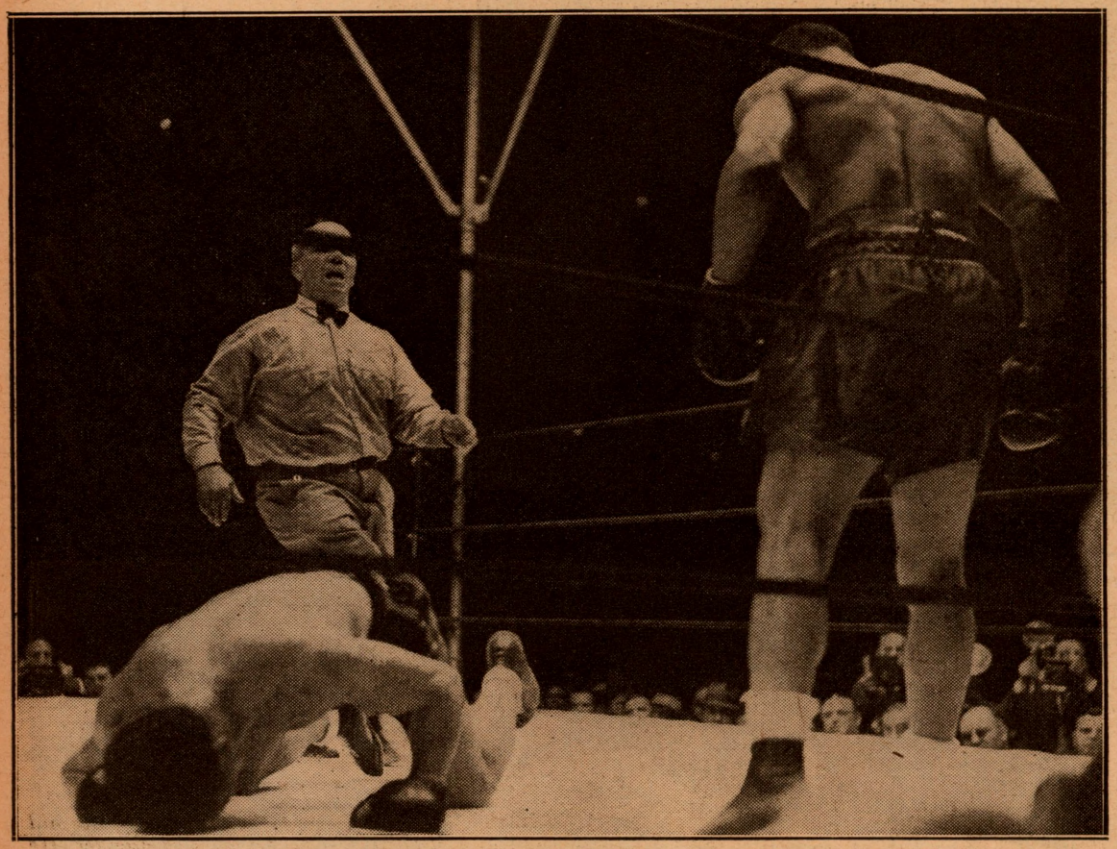


Ever forward, Godoy, face badly cut, blood streaming from the wound, keeps boring in. You see him here crowding the champion after keeping up in the seventh round in which he was floored for the first time.

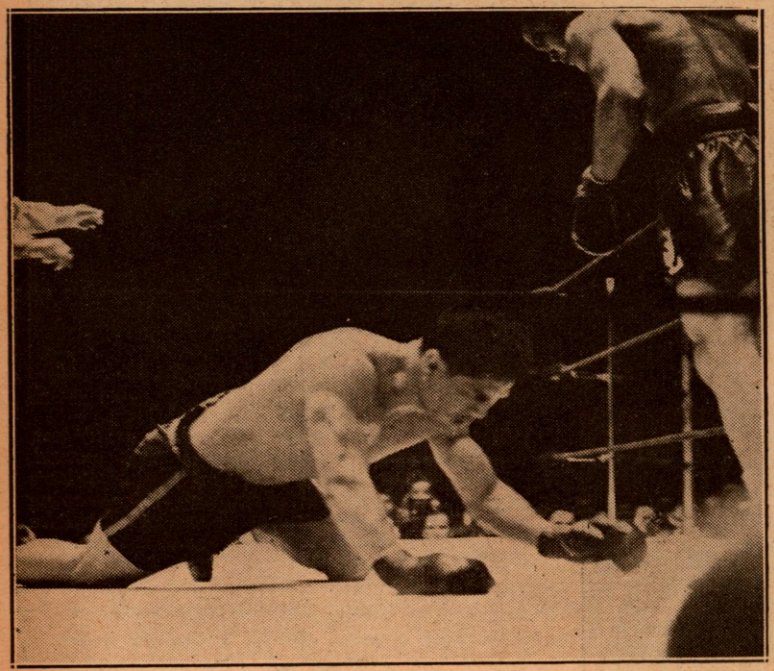


Blinded, the Chilean, coming out with a rush for the eighth session, continues to trade punches with the title holder. There was no back stepping by him. His exhibition was most courageous and earned rounds of applause from the spectators.

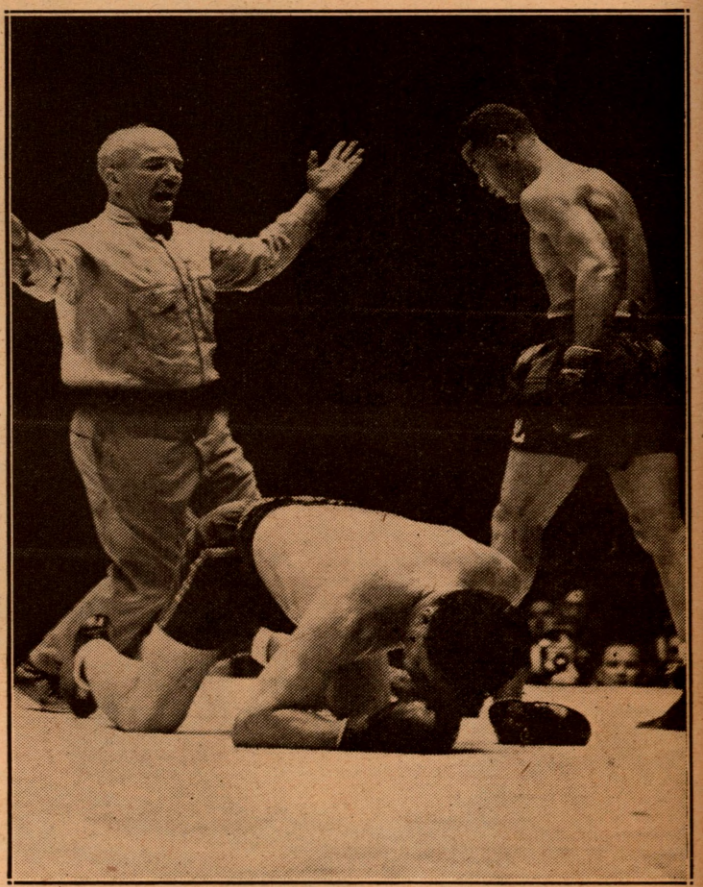
The Downfall of a Game,



The second knockdown in the eighth round. Godoy falls on all fours and the referee rushes forth for the count. Arturo's head struck the floor with a thud as he fell to the canvas.

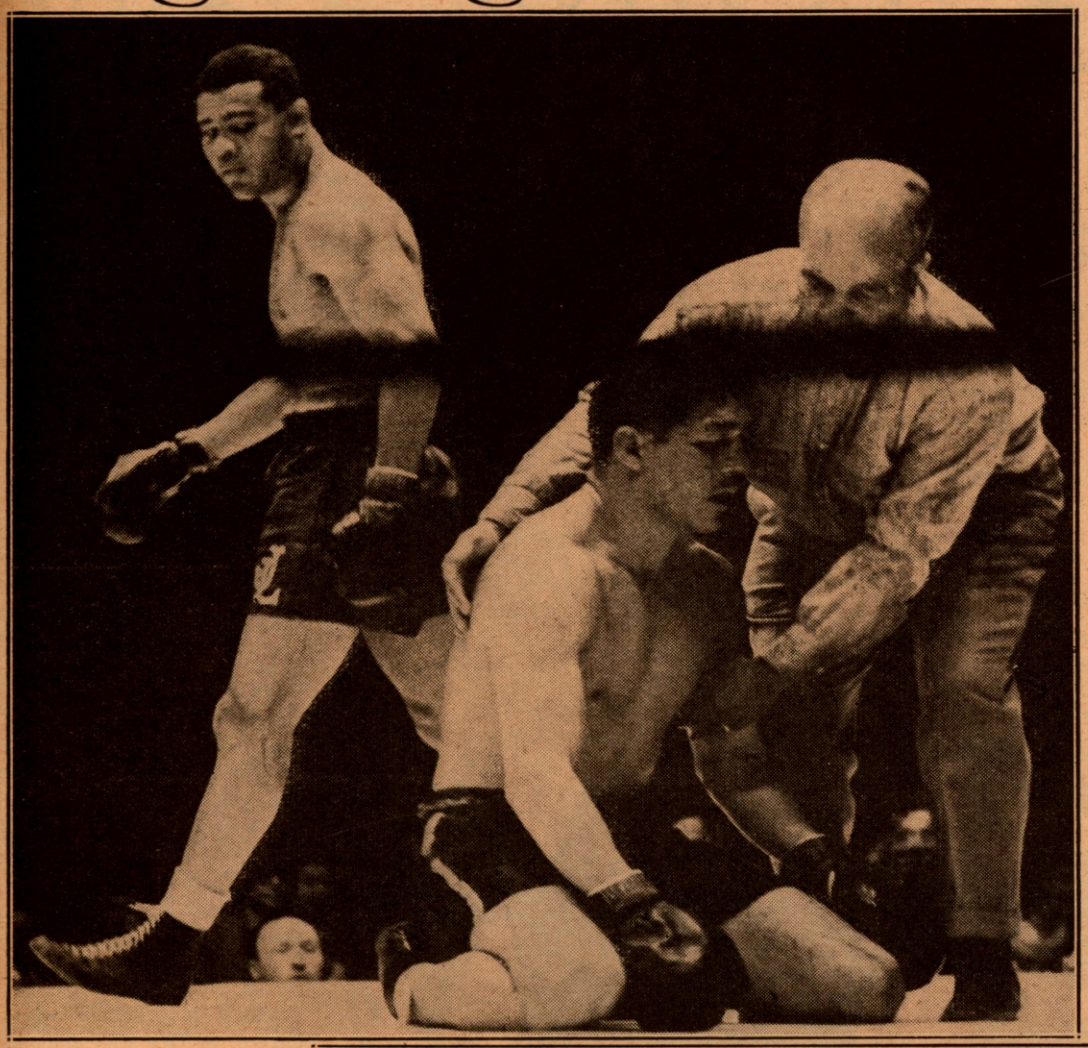


Godoy, game as they come, starts to rise as Billy Cavanagh orders Louis to a neutral corner. Dazed, weary, blood gushing from a deep wound under the eye, Arturo tries desperately to get to his feet, and before the count got started, he collapsed.

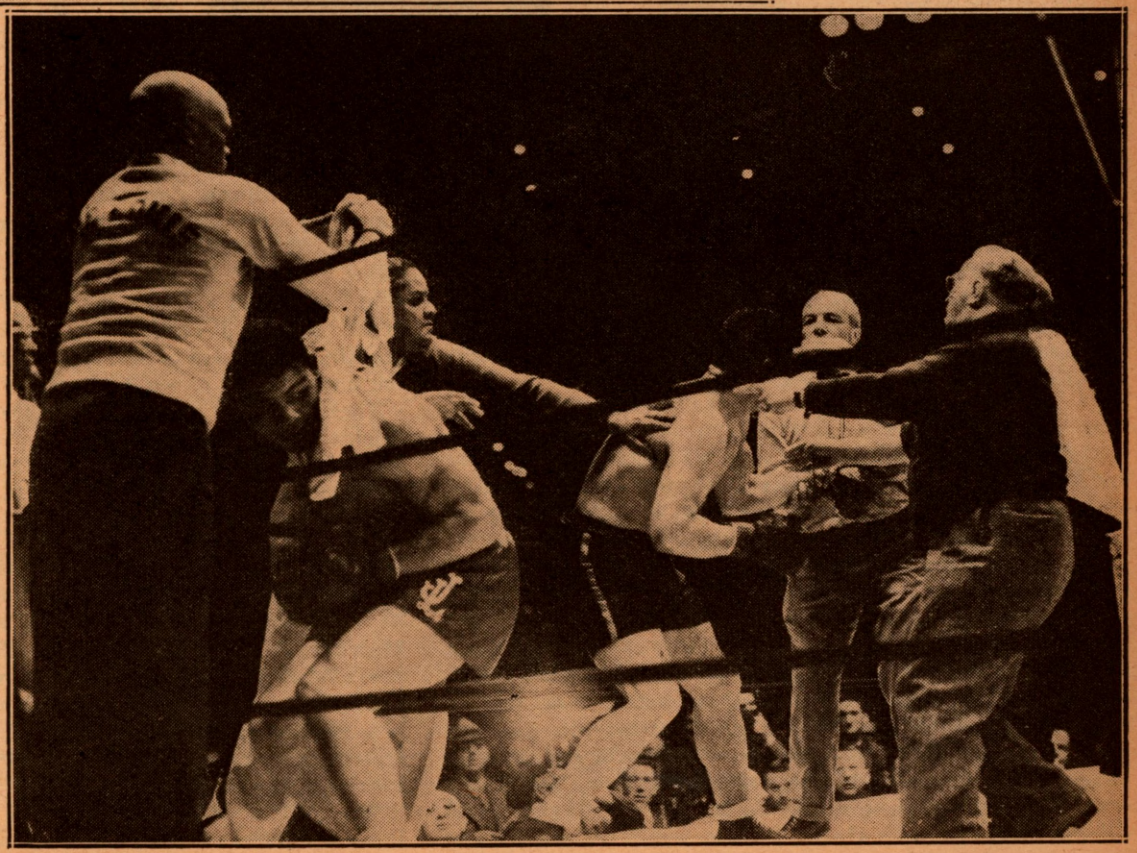


The referee wasted no time. As Godoy fell forward again, Cavanagh waved his hands indicating that he had stopped the fight. He mercifully saved the Chilean from further punishment.

Fighting Contender



The referee rushes to the aid of the defeated challenger. He raises him from the canvas and then—



Godoy, on his feet, realizes the meaning of the referee's interference, and immediately goes into action. He rushes forth to resume the battle, while referee and seconds restrain him. Note Louis eyeing the defeated gladiator as Joe calmly gets to his corner.

The Forgotten Man

IT was in the weighing room of the National Sporting Club of London. Sam Langford and Iron Hague had just completed their physical and medical examinations for their fight that night at the famous boxing center of England.

"Now Sam, let's get together on the referee. I want to settle that matter here so that there won't be anything over which to squabble when you and Hague get into the ring."

"Referee, Mr. Corri! Ah don't need no referee. Ah carries mah own referee!" replied the "Boston Tar Baby" as he raised his right, fist clenched and muscles bulging.

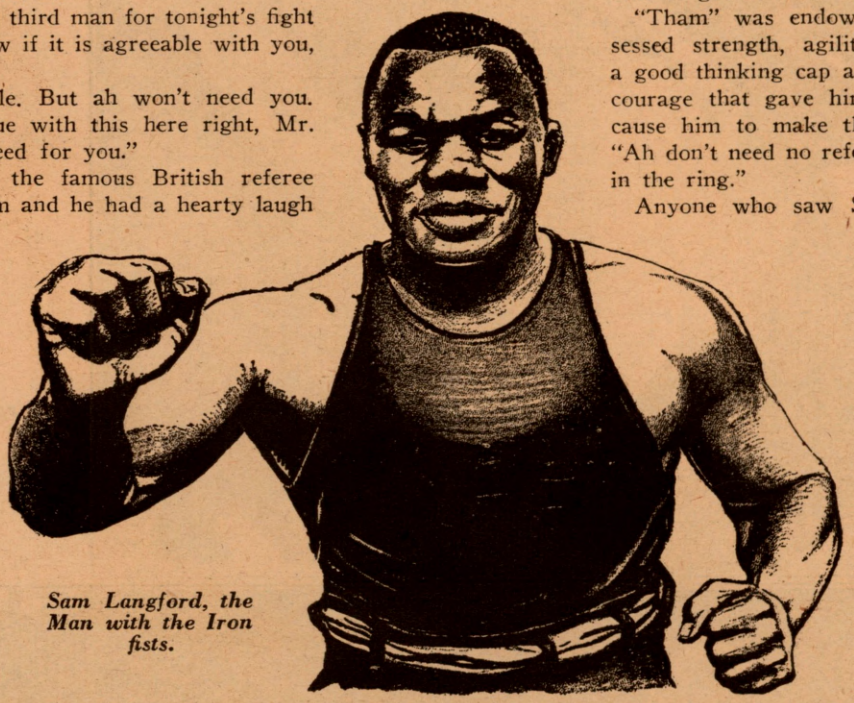
"Not here, Mr. Langford. We appoint our own officials," said Eugene Corri, somewhat flabbergasted at the remark of the American Negro, Corri not realizing at the time the true meaning of "Tham's" statement.

"I have been appointed third man for tonight's fight and I would like to know if it is agreeable with you, Mr. Langford."

"Yas-suh, 'tis agreeable. But ah won't need you. Ah kin settle Mr. Hague with this here right, Mr. Corri, an' there be no need for you."

It then dawned upon the famous British referee that the joke was on him and he had a hearty laugh as the significance of the "Tar Baby's" remark struck home.

That night, when Langford clashed with Iron Hague before a gathering that included British Royalty, Old Sambo proved that so far as he was concerned, there was no necessity for a referee. In the fourth round, "Tham" put his whole weight behind a right hand clout. When the blow landed, it struck Hague over the right eye and cut a deep gash, more than two inches long. The punch, with its T.N.T. force, lifted the British champion off the floor, landed him on the canvas, down and out, and rendered him unconscious.



Sam Langford, the Man with the Iron fists.

The British were dumbfounded. The betting had made Langford a long shot. Few in the historic amphitheatre gave Sambo a look in against the bigger, heavier, tremendously powerful opponent, yet Langford knocked out his man so coldly that there could be no doubt about the prowess of the Negro and his superiority over England's best heavyweight.

* * *

AND so it was with most of Sambo's fights. That is how he ended all contests in which his hands were not tied. A devastating hitter was Langford, the equal of Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis of the later school of pugilists.

One seldom hears the name of Sam Langford mentioned when comparisons of Joe Louis with stars of other years are made, yet Langford was a fighter who for many years stood out above almost every middleweight and heavyweight of his time. When one considers that "Tham" fought in an era when great heavyweights and middleweights flooded the market, it is not difficult to understand why he has failed to gain the recognition due him.

"Ah never had the good fortune to win a world championship in any class," Sam remarked in a recent interview, "but ah did win the British heavyweight title. So Mr. Corri, the referee, told me after mah fight with Hague. So also says Mr. Bettinson, the promoter, and Lord Lonsdale, president of the National Sporting Club. Lord Lonsdale tells me ah'm the best fighter England sees in many years. Yas-suh, that's jes what he says.

"When Jack Johnson run away from London when he refused to meet me after we signed contracts, the newspapers called me 'The Uncrowned Champion.' Ah could whip Johnson. Ah'm sure 'uv that."

* * *

THE British, who love their boxing and know a great fighter when they see one, appreciated Sam Langford. In America, even when he was bowling over opponent after opponent except those whom he decided would make good future matches in return engagements, Sam was just another of the many stars of fistiana who was parading before the public. Today he is "the forgotten man of pugilism."

"Tham" was endowed with everything. He possessed strength, agility, cleverness, hitting power, a good thinking cap and above all an abundance of courage that gave him such self confidence as to cause him to make the remark to Referee Corri, "Ah don't need no referee. I carry mah own referee in the ring."

Anyone who saw Sam Langford in his prime, must realize that when one compares Joe Louis to the past masters of the heavyweight division, they cannot very well ignore the name of ebony-skinned Sambo. He had the fatal gift of being too good. That's why he often had to refrain from giving his best. Most of the leaders among the white fighters shunned him. Those who agreed to face this demon in the ring, wanted an assurance first that they wouldn't be "murdered," or else, insisted that the bout be a short one.

Take the case of Stanley Ketchel. One would hesitate to say that the Michigan Assassin, one of the toughest and hardest hitters in captivity, a man renowned for his gameness, was afraid of Langford. Yet the fact remains that all kinds of inducements were made to Ketchel to face Langford in a long distance bout, but Stanley's mentor, the wily Willus Britt, turned all offers down. Britt had considerable respect for Langford's fighting qualities and refused to take any chances of his meal ticket losing the middleweight crown to Langford in a long distance affair.

They did finally meet in a six-round no-decision mill in Philadelphia. Though Sambo took things easy, and the bout went the limit, the majority of scribes, including the writer who covered the contest for the New York Press, thought that "Tham" had gained the upper hand.

* * *

HAD Langford gone after Ketchel as I saw him fight Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in New York City the following year, he would have landed the haymaker on the Michigan Assassin as he did on Philadelphia Jack. Whether Sam's hands were tied or whether he was dreaming of a lucrative return fight in California where such an affair would have played to a sell-out house, is problematical, but the fact remains that great as Ketchel was, Langford was holding him up. That's what I wrote at the time, and still believe.

When Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, one of the cleverest and trickiest fighters in American ring history, fought Langford in

Sam Langford Rates a Place in the Fistic Firmament as One of the Greatest Heavyweights of All Time

By THE RING EDITOR

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New York City in the summer of 1911, O'Brien showed dazzling speed. His footwork was bewildering and his jabbing was perfect. It was the case of the master showing at his best, yet Philadelphia Jack's best was insufficient. Time and again, as Jack feinted with his left, Sam would duck under the blow and in the fifth round, Langford ducked, then shot a terrible right under the heart.

I can still hear the groan of O'Brien as he dropped his hands to his sides and keeled over, dead as a door nail for about ten minutes. The punch paralyzed him. He was stretched out full length, with not a muscle moving. Such was the power of Sam Langford's wallop!

* * *

SAM, stone blind as a result of carelessness years ago when his seconds permitted rosin dust to get into his eyes, still gets a kick out of boxing as he sits at the ringside of the Rockland Palace in Upper Harlem and "sees" the progress of a fight through the lips of his friends. He can't follow the punches through with his sight, but the thud of the gloves against the body is sweet music to his ears. They remind him of the days when he was a hero to the crowd and when he tossed gloves from every angle amidst the cheers of admiring throngs.

"I get a good laugh about the stories of the greatness of Joe Louis and Dempsey over fighters of my days. Yas-suh, Joe's a great fighter and so is Dempsey, but does anybody tell of the good heavyweights we had to lick in our time to git to the top! Man alive, every fighter I met, with mebbe here an' there an exception, was a dangerous opponent. Them boys could fight and when we wuz matched, we knew we wuz in for a real battle."

That was Langford's reaction to the query, "How good were the heavyweights of a quarter of a century ago, compared to the leading figures of today?"

* * *

LANGFORD'S shoulders were tremendous. He tossed the full weight of his body behind his punch and when the blow landed, there was no need for the referee to count. He packed a terrible wallop in either hand, the equal of Dempsey's or Louis'. Those who fought Langford on one or more occasions will testify to that.

Joe Jeannette, now a gymnasium director and trainer of amateur boxers in Bayonne, fought Old Sambo seventeen times, and with the exception of one contest, each of their bouts was replete with action. They were stirring affairs, rip-roaring contests of a give-and-take variety.

Jeannette, well qualified to pass judgment on Langford's ability, speaking of recent articles on famous heavyweights, says:

"Funny, how they all forget Langford. There was one of the greatest hitters of all time. In fact, if I were asked who in the past thirty years was the best all-around heavyweight, I would pick Old Sambo."

That eulogy, coming from one of the leading American heavyweights of his period, speaks for itself. Jeannette, like Langford, would have taken the measure of every heavyweight contender of this era. I don't think there is a man in the entire field of current heavies, other than Joe Louis, who could have stood up for more than half a dozen rounds at most against either Langford or Jeannette.

In fact, I think that Langford's hard, punishing hitting and cleverness, would be more than a match for Joe Louis's powerful left hook. In a bout between this pair, Langford as he was when at the height of his career around 1910, and the Brown Bomber as he was against Max Schmeling in their last engagement, Langford would have beaten Joe.

* * *

I WOULDN'T say that "Tham" was the greatest of all heavyweights, but I wouldn't hesitate to state that he rates among the first five, with only Jack Johnson and Fitzsimmons heading the list.

Langford fought for almost twenty-seven years and during that time he engaged in more than 300 battles, although ring records show otherwise. Many of his bouts were never recorded. Of his long string, he showed only fifty-two draws and defeats, and many of those never would have been chalked up as other than victories had Sambo given his best.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, whose fight with Langford in Philly was a classic.

I've often visioned a "dream battle" between Langford and Louis. What a fight that would have been! Two master sluggers, both of the stand up school, each possessing a powerful hook, Louis a left and Sam a right. I can see them standing toe-to-toe, hammering away at each other, hammer-and-tong fashion, with Sambo's blows finally wearing down The Bomber as did Max Schmeling in their first fight.

Langford possessed everything that a great fighter should have. Unlike Louis, whose assets are a terrific left hook and courage, with some cleverness added, Langford lacked nothing. He was a demon who had no regard for size or skill once he got up his "nanny" and went after an opponent. The Godoy who stood up for fifteen rounds against Louis, wouldn't have lasted two against Sambo. Tommy Farr, who also went the route with the Bomber, would have been pie for Langford. I recently asked Frank Erne, great lightweight king of the past, what he thought about Langford and he replied: "I'd pick him to knock out Joe Louis."

Never weighing enough to be classed a heavyweight, and so short that his opponents often stood six or more inches taller, Sam was invincible when his hands weren't tied. His physique was astounding. His colossal shoulders and huge, broad back, his deep, barrel-like chest and his long arms, gave him the picture of a Roman gladiator.

(Continued on page 44)

Louis Proves Greatness

His Knockout of Godoy and the Manner in Which He Has Polished Off Other Opponents in Return Engagements, Qualifies Him As One of the Ring Immortals

By TED CARROLL

ONE of the legendary tales of the ring concerns the hapless colored second-rater who found himself in the same ring with the great Joe Gans. As the gong sounded, the old master slithered from his corner as menacing as the approach of doom to his frightened foe. He feinted once or twice then shot a deadly right that grazed his victim's chin by a whisker. Panic stricken, the scared boxer went into reverse and wildly circled the ring, as he fled past his corner, eyes popping, he implored his second:

"Throw in 'at towel, boy, cause Ah *KNOW* Ah won't be round this way again!"

Like the doomed party of this fabled tale, those few of champion Joe Louis' opponents who manage to last the route against the title-holder, have never been able to hear that final gong in a second bout. Even as Gans' foe survived his first encirclement of the ring, so did Bob Pastor, Max Schmeling, Natie Brown and Arturo Godoy finish their first engagements with the champion on their feet. Schmeling did much more than this. In his case it was the Bomber who never heard the final gong. But what happened to the Black Uhlan and the rest of them that second time around was something terrible to behold.

Ever ready to hail traces of deterioration in the fabric of the masterpiece, skeptics were sure they detected such signs in the matchless Louis when rugged Arturo Godoy squatted, wrestled, mauled, clowned, hugged, rumbaed and osculated through fifteen aromatic rounds against a slightly bored Bomber last winter. Although at times in that fantastic fandango Louis gave the impression of being tired of it all, the knockers failed to allow for the inevitable off night that even the mighty Joe occasionally must suffer. They jumped to the conclusion that the champion had wearied of his title and was ripe for picking.

* * *

IF the job he did on the chastised Chilean last June 20th means anything, Louis is about as tired of his title as he is of snappy raiment, the Detroit Tigers, second and third helpings, and riding horses—all most dear to the Louis heart. Among other things, the result of Joe's second joust with Godoy convinced the last Doubting Thomas that as a repeat performer the tawny terror is pretty much in a class by himself.

Louis may look fumbling, bewildered and impotent the first time he faces a man, as witness his initial struggles with Godoy and Pastor, but Joseph, a young man who apparently is far from being the slow assimilator of ring knowledge he is commonly pictured, always knows just what answers the problem requires the second time.

Putting Louis ahead of such expert repeaters as Jimmy McLarnin, Benny Leonard, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Billy Conn and Lou Ambers is taking in a lot of territory, but the Bomber is batting just one thousand per cent so far as second tries go, and this, being perfect, puts him at the top.

For the first demonstration of how well Joe profits by past experience, let us drift back six years in the Louis career to a 1934 winter's night in the Chicago Stadium, where Joe, up and coming heavyweight, was boxing clever Lee Ramage. For five rounds, young Joe was a perfect foil for the handsome Californian, who kept a snaky left in the Louis kisser almost continually. But the wizardous westerner wasn't quite strong enough to get past a thunder hitter of Joe's calibre. He was nailed in the eighth round and knocked out, but only after handling Louis as a master does a pupil for the first seven rounds.

* * *

RAMAGE'S performance rated another try, and a few months later on the Pacific Coast he was back in there again with the Bomber. This time Lee's cleverness was of as much avail as a feather duster before a runaway locomotive, and he was blasted out of the picture in less than two rounds. While few realized it at the time, Louis set the style for those return engagements right then and there, and he has adhered strictly to that pattern ever since.

Before a galaxy of visiting firemen who had come in from all over the country to inspect this heralded Joe Louis, who had now reached the dimensions of a sensation, tough, canny, old Natie Brown befuddled Joe sufficiently by the elemental procedure of simply sticking his head outside the ropes at every opportunity and lasting ten rounds in Detroit in 1935. This didn't work two years later in Kansas City, however, for in their second meeting, Brown was just another name on Joe's kayo list after four one-sided rounds.

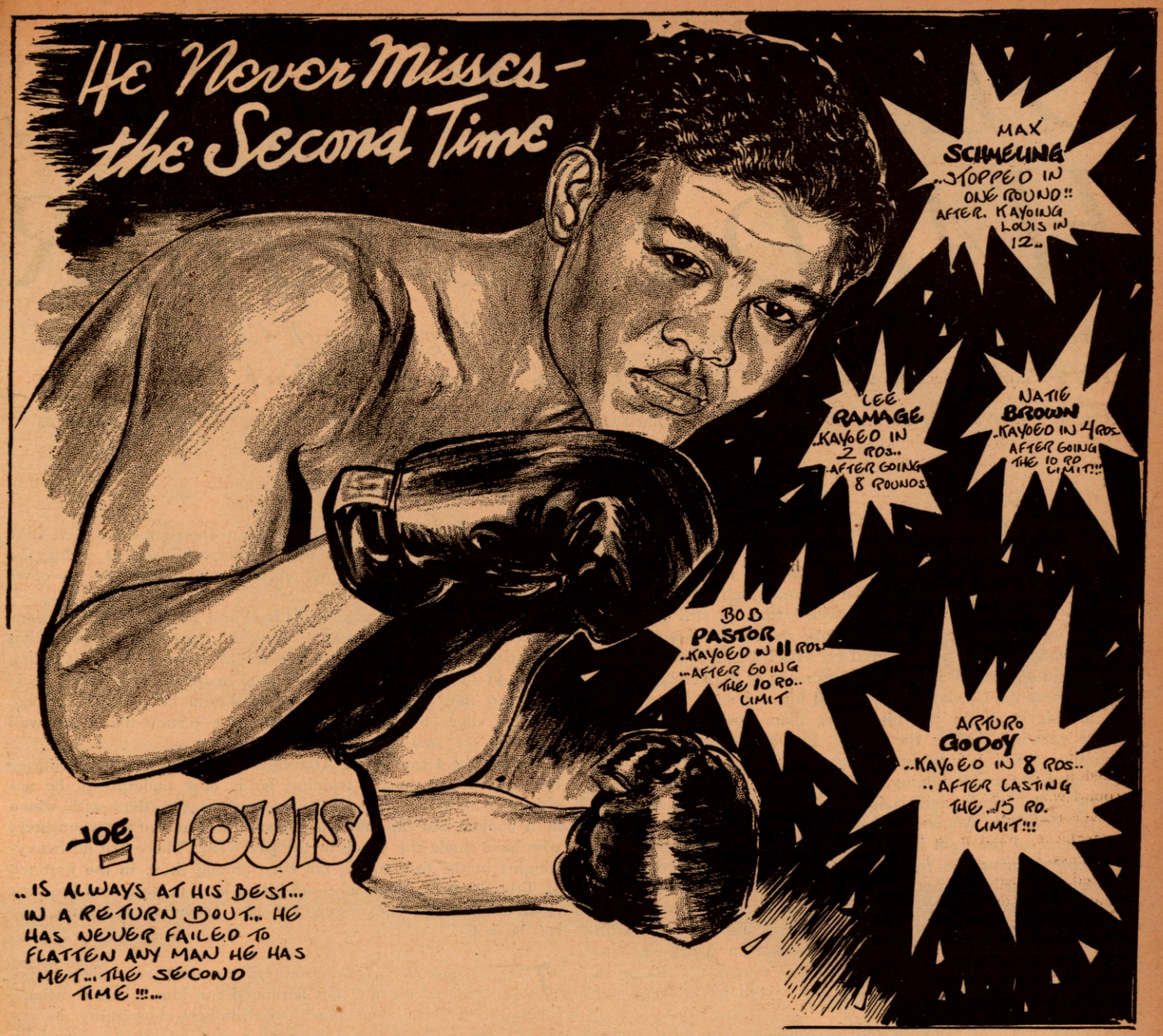
Bob Pastor earned himself a niche in boxing's Hall of Fame, as well as the somewhat unenviable cognomen of "Bicycle Bob," when he pirouetted and back-pedalled through ten heats with Louis in Madison Square Garden on January 29, 1937. Bob's feat, ballooned to exaggerated proportions by the ballyhooing James J. Johnston, eventually led the ex-rah-rah lad to the day of return bout reckoning two years later. In all justice to Pastor, his tactics of the second bout, while not as successful as the first, were much more honorable and did much to dispel the nickname that had become attached to him after his first go with Louis. Bob made a valiant attempt to win the crown the second time before succumbing in the eleventh round, thereby keeping Joe's string of second-time triumphs intact.

* * *

THE fate of others was reserved also for Max Schmeling, victor over Louis in 1936 in what is usually called the "greatest upset of all time." The German ended up in the hospital, after the full force of an aroused Louis had been spilled upon him like the angry waters of a tidal wave when Max tried to repeat two years later. Louis required less than a round to score his greatest triumph.

This was the fight that really established Louis' greatness as a fighter, as all the pent up force of his smoldering emotions exploded in his second contest with Schmeling. Louis' efficiency in return engagements can be attributed to a sort of brooding over any reflection on his ability, following an appearance in which he fails to score a swift, shattering victory. This brooding seems to awaken latent fires in the Bomber's somber nature, and the result has always been catastrophic for his luckless rival in that second try.

Arturo Godoy is the latest to suffer this sad experience. It was fairly obvious to everyone that Joe did not relish the grotesque caperings of the South American in their first bout. "That Godoy, he didn't fight," grumbled Louis after the Garden travesty of last winter, and woe betide the Louis foe whom Joe accuses thusly.



Louis has plenty of respect for those who attempt to whip him in stand-up fashion.

"That fat lil' Galento, he crouched but he did plenty of punching, too, and Pastor, the second time, he was all right, but that Godoy—" Joe relied upon his fists to finish off that sentence last month when he reduced the rugged Chilean to a state of demolition when Godoy made his second bid to lift Louis' crown.

* * *

IF Louis has a real rival for return bout effectiveness among modern boxers, that honor belongs to Jimmy McLarnin. The few who gave James trouble the first time around usually met a sorry fate the next time they got in there with the baby-faced battler.

Very few among the crowd who saw handsome Sammy Mandell hand McLarnin as thorough a boxing lesson as anyone ever received believed James would ever see the day when he would be able to beat the Rockford Sheik. But they didn't know the Vancouver Irishman. Behind his baby stare and cherubic mask, McLarnin concealed as artful a fighting brain as any boxer ever possessed.

Just a year later, November, 1929, McLarnin demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone that Sammy's educated left hand, one of the best ever, was no longer a puzzle to him. He dealt out a thorough trouncing to the lightweight champion in ten rounds in Chicago, and then, just to show that Mandell's mastery of him that May evening in 1928 was all a mistake, he repeated the dose against the Rockford boy a few months later.

McLarnin's ring generalship is best illustrated by Sammy's remarks following his second defeat by Jimmy.

"I had no trouble with this fellow in New York the first time, because I just tied up his right hand and the rest was easy. But what does he do the second time? I come out watching the right and he almost knocks my head off with a left hook, and for the rest of the fight, I never saw so many left hands in my life," explained Sammy.

His tactics of the second and third Mandell fights explain why James enjoyed such conspicuous success in return engagements. A canny warrior, McLarnin always knew all the answers to an opponent's style the second time he faced him.

This was true throughout the Canadian's career. The Williamsburgh old clothes man, Joe Glick, gave James one of his stormiest evenings back in 1929, but shortly after the tough Hebrew lasted just two rounds in the return match. Some say Billy Petrolle actually knocked out the Vancouver boy in their first meeting in the Garden, a long count saving Jim as the Fargo Express roared to a surprise decision over his highly favored foe. Petrolle paid dearly for this in two return bouts, though, as McLarnin dealt him two one-sided lickings back in 1931.

Left-hooking Ray Miller, only *(Continued on page 48)*

DEMPSEY STILL HARD PUNCHER

Surprises Atlanta Gathering by Clouting Tough, Rough Cowboy Luttrell Into Submission in 1:58 of Second Round in Initial Comeback Bout—Shows Fire and Speed in Opening Session—Fine Turnout Greets Contestants

By NAT FLEISCHER

FRESH from a triumphal struggle through a milling crowd of autograph seekers, Jack Dempsey boarded a plane for New York following his knockout of Cowboy Luttrell in the Atlanta Ball Park in 1:58 of the second round, satisfied that he still possesses much of his old time sock and can take the measure of the type of opponents he faced in his initial comeback bout. The Dempsey who got rid of Luttrell with a bombardment of hooks and uppercuts that sent the Cowboy to a hospital for two days, proved that even at this stage, he can hit harder than most of the heavyweights parading before the public, but he definitely has lost the vitality of the days when he reigned supreme. That he cannot afford now to face the young ringmen who are rated as leading challengers, he knows, and so do those who are closely associated with the erstwhile Manassa Mauler.

As referee of the fight in Atlanta, I was thrilled by the action of Dempsey during the four minutes and fifty-eight seconds of fighting. As one who saw Jack in most of his fights from the time he first made his appearance in New York until his retirement, I was surprised by the amount of pep and the speed with which Jack went after his man. The manner in which he bore into Luttrell was a reminder of the vicious attack he made upon Fred Fulton and Jess Willard, each of whom he knocked out in short order.

Dempsey has lost none of that viciousness, but what might happen in a bout that went beyond four rounds, or against real talent, is a horse of another color. With the training he has undergone for his coming fights, Jack should be good for three or four rounds at top speed, the kind he displayed before a most enthusiastic gathering of 12,000 at the Ponce de Leon Park at Atlanta. In my opinion, if he crashes his left hooks and right uppercuts against his coming opponents as he did against Luttrell, then he won't have to worry about what might happen should the fight be an extended one.

* * *

LUTTRELL, contrary to general opinion, was no set up. He had repeatedly proved his gameness, his roughness and his viciousness in wrestling matches and in rough fist fights. Prior to taking up the mat sport, he had engaged in thirty-seven fights. Hence the advantage, if any, was all in his favor.

Despite a paunch most heavyweight wrestlers carry around, Luttrell was in better trim than his opponent. Dempsey had come out of an eight years retirement for what the majority of his friends and the public at large figured was a madcap adventure, a risky proposition that not only might result in injury for him, but in the lowering of his prestige and popularity. He was cold as far as training was concerned.

Yet he took that gamble. He showed the true courage of a fighting man in facing so tough an hombre as the Cowboy and risking his good name, but faith in his ability to outhit and outgame even so powerful and vicious an opponent never left him, and he came through with flying colors. Since that victory he has adopted a daily training schedule to prepare for his other engagements.

Neither Dempsey nor any of his closest pals have any illusions about his comeback prospects. They realize, as does Jack, that he can continue to bowl over the wrestlers who had been taking clouts at him when he refereed their matches, but before he is ready to face some real opposition should he enter that stage as he is eager to do, he'll have to make certain that he is well prepared for such type of competition.

From what I saw in the Atlanta ring, I believe that if Dempsey continues the intensive training he is now undergoing, he not only will carry on successfully against the wrestlers with whom he is booked, but can take the measure of many of the youngsters who have made the grade in the past year. There are no heavyweights in the field today, not even among those in the first ten of THE RING Ranking, who can hit as hard as Jack and the sock is what counts in heavyweight bouts, provided, of course, one can land it.

* * *

THE popularity of Dempsey will continue regardless of the outcome of the matches arranged for him in his comeback campaign. I have seen much of Southern hospitality in my travels, but I doubt that I have ever seen an athlete, especially a fighter, taken to the bosom of a people as was Dempsey by the Atlanta public. Never in my long association with sports, a stretch of thirty-seven years, have I seen a boxer so beseeched for autographs as was Dempsey.

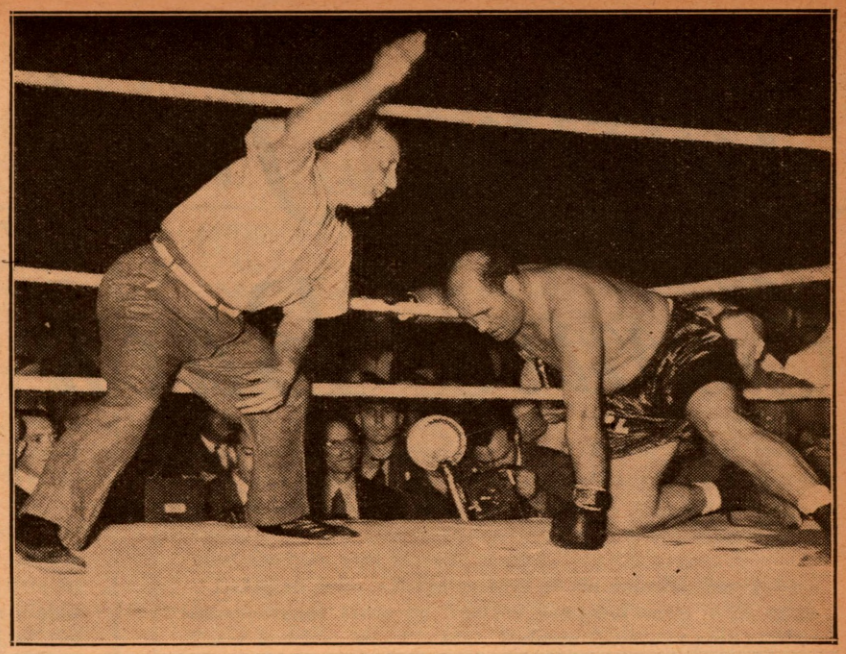
If ever there was a fistic idol, he is the man. Enthusiastic crowds blocked his path wherever he went. They were for him before, during and after the fight with Luttrell. He carried their well wishes into the ring and back to New York. No wonder he was flooded with offers for appearances in all sections of the country. Promoters know his drawing power.

As one who had plenty of opportunity to discuss with Dempsey the reasons for his comeback and his future plans, I know that the stories of his financial distress going the rounds are all tommyrot. Jack is back in the ring because he loves the game and he feels that the national publicity he receives from his comeback is worth the gamble. Such publicity helps his business.

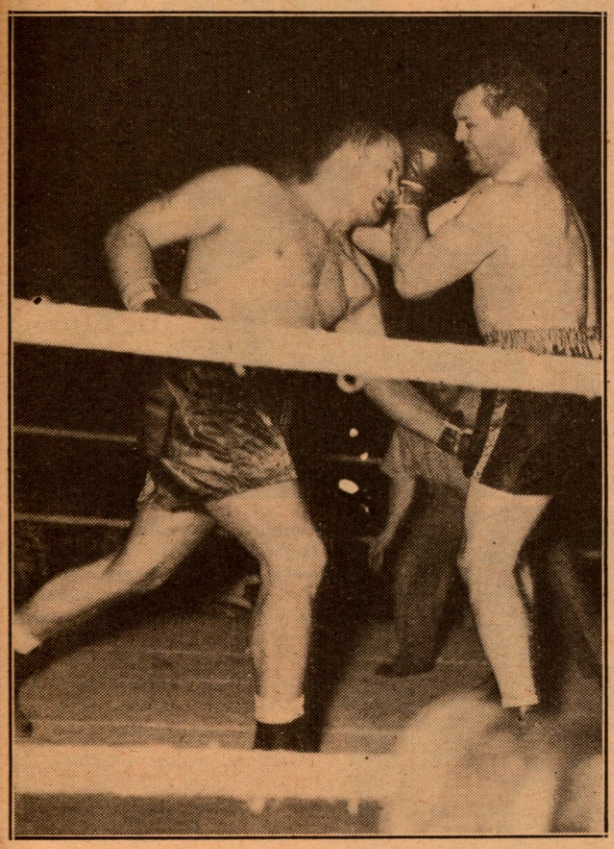
"It makes me laugh to read stories of my distress," said Dempsey to me. "I have a trust fund of $400,000 due me shortly, and a healthy bank account, yet they say I'm broke and that's why I've returned to the ring. I returned for several reasons. I like the game. I've had many an impromptu scrap with some of the tough wrestlers whose matches I have refereed and have taken a sock at them as they have at me."

Continuing the interview on our plane trip from Atlanta to New York, Dempsey said:

"Luttrell challenged me to a fist *(Continued on page 47)*

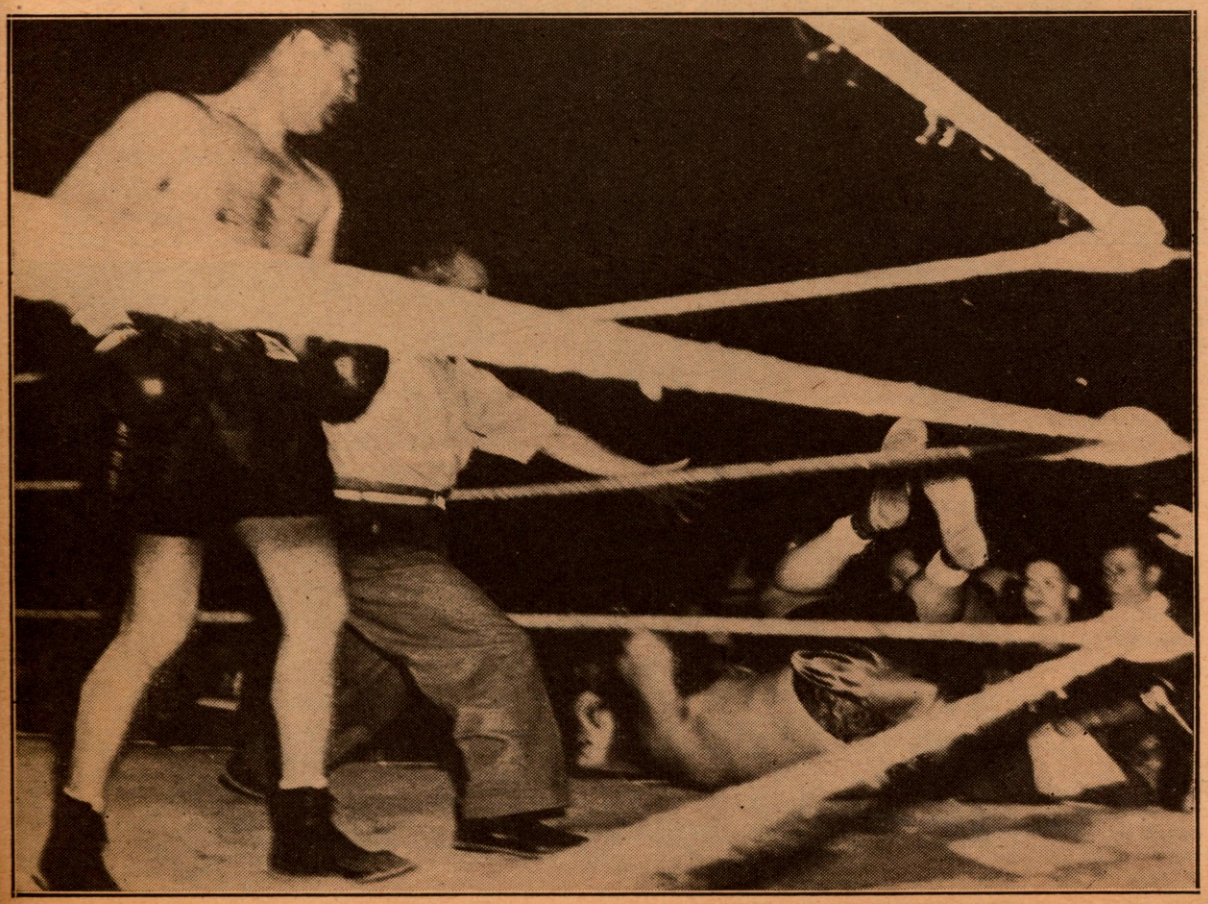


This is the second round. The wrestler-fighter is down for a count of six after having taken a two-fisted walloping in his own corner.



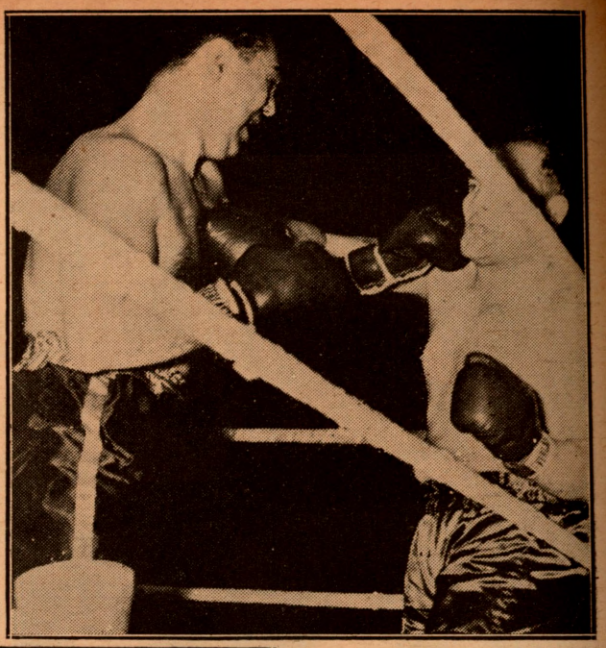
In desperation, Cowboy cuts loose a wild left swing and it hits Jack foul. However, Dempsey doesn't seem worried. He just has grazed Luttrell with an uppercut.

Cowboy Hears the Cuckoos

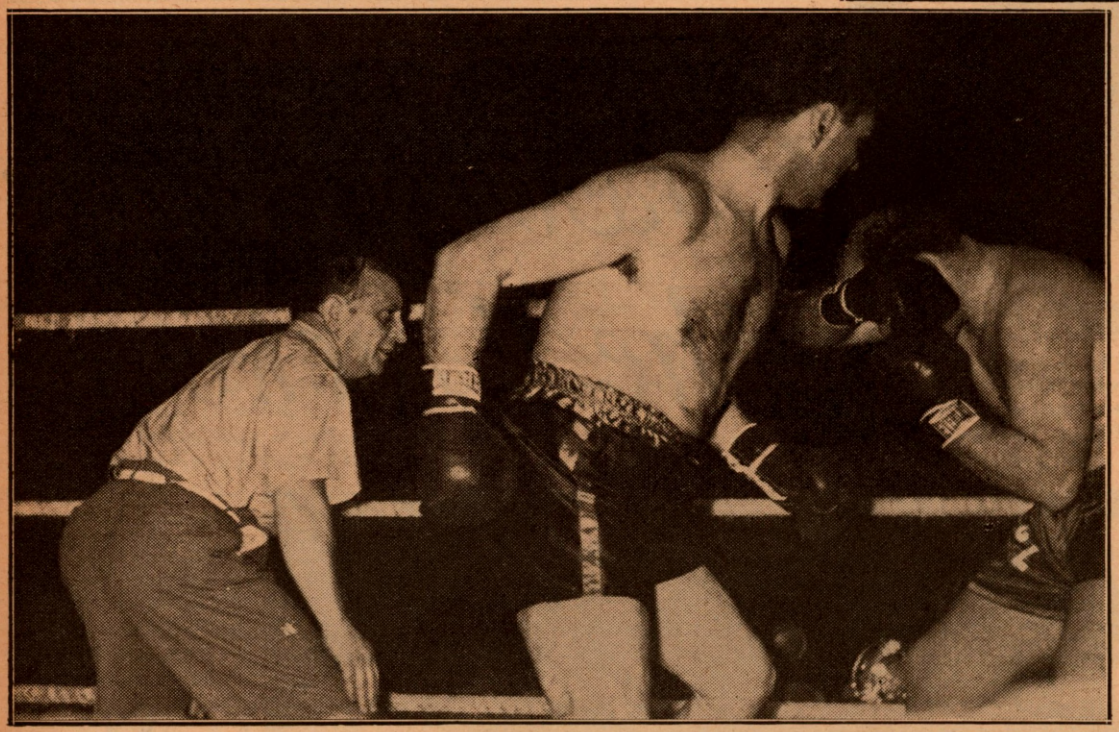


The last of Cowboy Luttrell. Here he is outside of the ropes, where he wandered after having stopped a left to the jaw, followed by a right. Cowboy topples to the concrete floor and then is taken to a hospital.

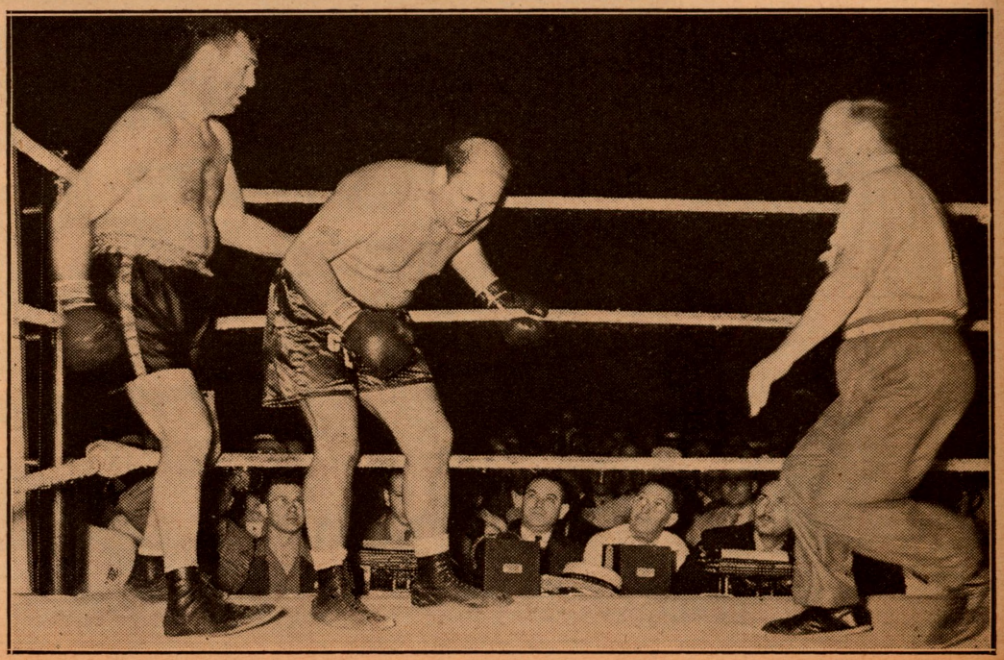
Folting Jack Comes Back



Cowboy Luttrell never realized what this fight game was. Here he is seen rather shaky from Dempsey's attack as early as the first round.



Referee Nat Fleischer is watching developments closely as Jack's right uppercuts have the Cowboy groggy in the opening minutes at Atlanta.



Luttrell bows helpless against the ropes as Referee Fleischer gives him a count of four before the Cowboy lets go of the ropes to resume the contest.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

JAMES J. BRADDOCK

BORN North Bergen, N. J., December 6, 1905. Weight, 204 pounds. Height, 6 feet 2 inches. Married. Has three children. Former world heavyweight champion. Now retired from boxing game. Managed by Joe Gould.

Started his boxing career as an amateur. Began professional career in 1926. Up to the time he defeated Max Baer for the heavyweight crown, he engaged in 82 contests. Scored 26 knockouts. Won 24 bouts and lost 19. Engaged in 5 drawn battles. Was stopped once. Two of his fights were stopped by referee and called "no-contests." Had five no-decision affairs.

Started life's work as a longshoreman in Jersey City. Received $75 for his first fight. Received $150,000 for his fight with Joe Louis, in which he lost the world title in Chicago on June 22, 1938, via the knockout route in eighth round. Won the title from Baer on June 13, 1935, at the Garden Bowl, Long Island City, 15 rounds to a decision.

In summer of 1934, his ring career seemingly at an end and no fights in sight, he was matched with Corn Griffin on the Baer-Carnera card as a substitute, and by winning on a knockout in the third round, he reestablished himself and was awarded a fight with Art Lasky, then an outstanding contender for the heavyweight honors, and John Henry Lewis. He won from both and that entitled him to the fight with Baer in which he gained the verdict in the biggest upset of recent years. Was taken off relief when he accepted fight with Baer. Now rated a wealthy ex-champion.

Has had his ups and down. His biggest gate prior to bout with Louis, was $28,000, which he received for his fight with Tommy Loughran. Has often been injured but always came back strong. Well liked. Almost as popular as Jack Dempsey. Tried a comeback against Tommy Farr, beat him decisively in Madison Square Garden, January 21, 1938, 10 rounds, then hung up his gloves.

Has brown eyes and chestnut brown hair.

JAMES J. CORBETT

BORN San Francisco, September 1, 1866. Height, 6 feet 1½ inches. Weight, 185 pounds. Died February 17, 1933.

Known in boxing history as the father of modern scientific boxing. Was cleverest boxer in American pugilism. Started out as a bank clerk. Entered amateur boxing in San Francisco, became the club champion and in 1885 began professional boxing career.

Made rapid progress from start. Well built and handsome. Gained reputation as a fighter of note in three battles with Joe Choynski in 1889, first a four-round draw, the second, on a barge, Corbett won in 27 rounds, Choynski using skin-tight gloves and Corbett two-ounce mitts. Third bout Corbett won in four rounds.

Defeated Jake Kilrain in 1890 in six rounds, then gained international fame by fighting 61-round draw with great Peter Jackson, May 21, 1891, Referee Cook stopping contest with fighters ready to drop from exhaustion.

Won title in greatest surprise by knocking out John L. Sullivan in 21 rounds September 7, 1892, in New Orleans. Sullivan weighed 212, Corbett 178. Knocked out Charley Mitchell in third round, January 25, 1894, in bout advertised as for international world crown. Appeared with Peter Courtney at Thomas Edison's plant in Trenton, New Jersey, before Kinetoscope for first motion fight pictures.

Lost championship to Bob Fitzsimmons, March 17, 1897, at Carson City by knockout in 14th round. Fitz's famous solar-plexus punch turned the trick. Tried to regain title from Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, May 11, 1900. Almost succeeded. Had big advantage but was knocked out in 23rd round. Again tried to regain crown in second fight with Jeffries, San Francisco, Aug. 14, 1903. Stopped in 10th round.

Was splendid thespian. Best actor of all pugilists. Starred in many legitimate shows and vaudeville. Played in "Gentleman Jack," the "Cadet" and "Cashel Byron's Profession." Had brown hair, blue eyes, wore green tights.

BUDDY BAER

BUDDY BAER is six years younger than his brother Max, former world heavyweight champion. But he is much taller and heavier. Weighs 245 pounds and stands 6 feet 6 inches. That makes him three inches taller and about 30 pounds heavier than Max. Buddy was christened Jacob, Jr. He was born on June 11, 1915. Started his career in 1934 and has engaged in many bouts since then. His greatest setback was at hands of Gunnar Barlund, who forced the Californian to quit for half a year. Is now on comeback trail and doing nicely.

It was Buddy Baer who put an abrupt halt to U. S. fistic career of Jack Doyle, the "Irish Thrush," Buddy stopping him in a single heat at the Garden.

A kick in the face made Buddy Baer a pugilist and an injury to one of his hands made him later a better fighter. The injury to his face was suffered in a football game when he received a broken nose, and when Ma Baer insisted that he quit football, he went in for boxing as a recreation and has been at it ever since. Clumsy when he started, he has improved until now he is a finished fighter.

Made his ring debut against Tiny Abbott, a 6 feet 7 inches lumberjack, and Buddy won by a knockout in the first round. He injured his right hand in fight with Lee Savold last year and as a result had to develop a left, and now uses both hands effectively.

When he first took up boxing at Max's suggestion, Buddy was a blubbery 280-pounder, blown up like a balloon. It was hard for him at first to train, and quite discouraging. But he got accustomed to it and today he is a handsome, tall, lean, well-muscled fighter, one of the best conditioned athletes among the super-dreadnaughts of the roped square.

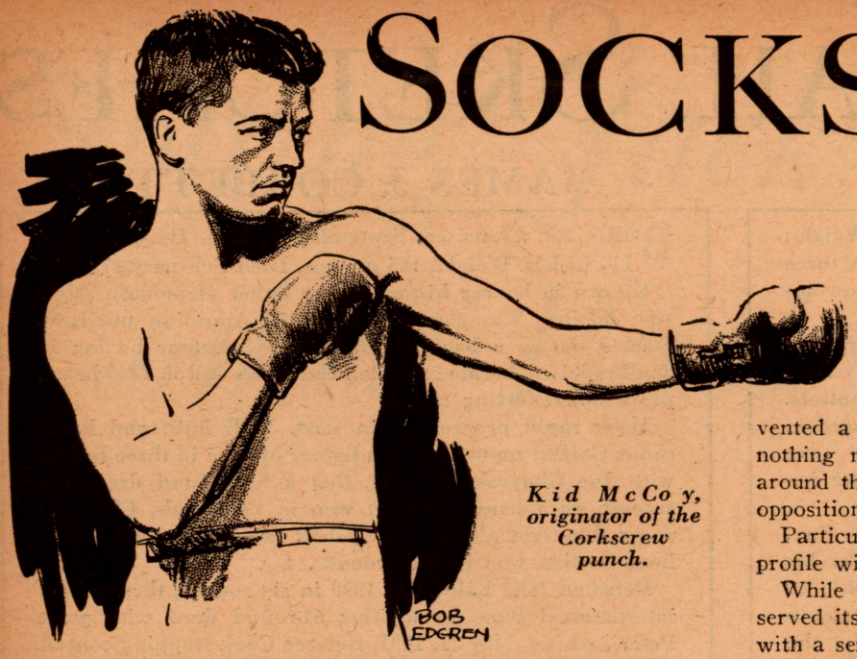
He was born in Denver, Colorado, but now lives in California. Attended high school in Piedmont, in outskirts of Oakland, Cal., where he was a star athlete. His record as a fighter shows many knockouts. Both in 1934 and 1935, he scored thirteen kayos, winning twenty-six bouts via the knockout route out of twenty-nine. He lost to Babe Hunt in ten and to Ford Smith in six and won a decision from Eddie Anderson. But in 1936 he evened the score with Hunt by stopping him in one round. He also scored seven other knockouts that year and lost one fight to Andre Lenglet in ten.

Went with brother Max to England in 1937. There he knocked out Jimmy Wilde in four and won from Jack London in ten. Came back to America and disposed of Abe Simon in three, Eddie Hogan in three, and beat Chet Chandel in four.

His setback at the hands of Barlund came on March 4, 1938, when he was stopped in the seventh and it was not until October 27 that he fought again and scored a two-round kayo.

Last year, however, he engaged in six bouts and scored five knockouts, his best performance being against Lee Savold, whom he beat in eight rounds, but hurt his hand in doing so. It was that victory that convinced him he again was ready for the best boys in his division and he consented to a match with Nathan Mann, whom he stopped in seven rounds in his last fight.

SOCKS THAT



Kid McCoy, originator of the Corkscrew punch.

EVEN if our old battle-scarred compatriot, Ceferino Garcia, never racks up another ring victory, he is certain of a foremost place in boxing's hall of fame. Why? Well, not so much because of his ring conquests, but for the simple reason he went out and invented himself a punch. A punch in the form of a wide-swinging uppercut that sports writers have dubbed the "Bolo Punch."

Whether you know it or not, prize-ring history is built around socks with pet names and meanings. It remained for old George Le Blanche, a burly bare-knuckle artist of the eighties, to tack a name on his pet sock. He called it the "Pivot Blow," and it was a heller when he could get it over. He called it into play one afternoon in old San Francisco when he was jousting with Jack Dempsey, "The Nonpareil," and its use enabled him to pull the fat out of the fire.

Dempsey was giving the Marine the works in no uncertain fashion, along about the 32nd round when it suddenly dawned on Mr. Le Blanche that he would have to do something besides catch Dempsey's pot shots with his mush if he wanted to stick around much longer.

Whereupon, Le Blanche turned his back on his tormentor, straightened his right arm rigidly, probably shut both eyes and pivoted on the ball of his left foot with all the speed at his command, right arm still extended. It so happened that Mr. Dempsey forgot to duck at this particular instant and that whirling battering ram promptly rushed him off to the land o' nod.

And so the Pivot blow came into being, though not for long. Those who had a hand in drawing up the rule books in that era promptly got together and decided that the Pivot was illegal. So Le Blanche's claim to championship honors was definitely clouded. Though up until that afternoon no one had ever found fault with the Marine's pet blow.

* * *

A FEW short years later, Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons rode to fame and fortune on his celebrated "Solar-Plexus" blow. It wasn't a thing in the world but a smashing pot-shot to the guts, propelled by a pair of shoulders that generated more than plenty of power.

But anyway, dapper Jim Corbett forgot to park his tummy in a safe place when Fitz let 'er go, and it is a matter of history that the title changed hands then and there.

Old Fitz had a lot of fun with the boys as the years rolled along with that rib-smashing plaything known to this day as the "Solar-Plexus" blow. Though I wouldn't doubt but what thousands of socks to the belly found their marks even before Fitz ever thought of tacking a name on it.

* * *

ALONG about the same period in fisticuffs that Fitzsimmons was engaging in, a pale-faced, good-looking youngster came to the ring wars with a cruel cutting blow that he called the "Corkscrew" punch.

Its owner was none other than Kid McCoy, and the blow was simply a punch that landed with a twisting motion of the wrist, permitting the knuckles to land directly on the mark—just as they should. I've often wondered why some of the present day fighters don't try and copy the Kid's favorite sock instead of landing ninety percent of their punches with the face of their gloves.

The old Pittsburgh sorrel-top, Frank Moran, invented a wallop that he christened "Mary Ann." This one was nothing more than a back alley swing that started way down around the heels and was supposed to find a resting spot in the opposition's mush—and not infrequently it did.

Particularly did Moran like to tickle Irish Jim Coffey's classic profile with this pet wallop.

While "Mary Ann" was anything but a product of science, it served its master's purpose to a nicety, since he seemed endowed with a sense of direction that was little short of amazing.

* * *

LANKY GUNBOAT SMITH came off a naval cruiser with a long overhand right that he dubbed the "Occipital" punch. From the mere fact that more often than not, this leather salvo landed in the region of the base of the skull.

It was this punch that the Gunner employed the afternoon that he almost drove Gorgeous Georges Carpentier through the ring floor in their Gay Paree joust just before the World War.

And to this day, none other than Jack Dempsey himself, will tell you that the hardest wallop he absorbed during his entire career, was this same devastating "Occipital" of the Gunner's.

Bat Nelson's favorite sock was his "scissors" blow. In reality, it was a crucifying left hook to the liver. Not exactly a kayo wallop, it served Bat admirably in the old "finish fight" days, since its continual use could break down the resistance of the best of them.

The old ex-middleweight king, Stanley Ketchel, employed a murderous blow in his "Double-Shift." This blow was particularly effective with a terrific hitter like Ketchel. He would miss with one hand, taking care not to swing off balance, then immediately swing back with the other mitt. With Ketchel's immaculate poetry of motion, it enabled him to get terrific momentum in the swing.

* * *

CEFERINO GARCIA'S "Bolo" punch is nothing more than the imagination of sports writers and fans. Actually, it is a swinging uppercut, a blow that countless thousands of other fighters have, at some time or other, employed themselves.

Using their imagination to the extreme, sports writers like to tell us that Garcia developed this swing in cutting sugar cane in his native Philippine Islands. However, all the sugar cane we ever saw cut, was done with a downward sweep, and how an uppercut can be developed by down swing is beyond us.

But we do admit that Garcia's "Bolo" or uppercut, whichever you will, is a deadly weapon, make no mistake about that.

The "Hesitation" punch was a product of George Chip's, one of the 158 pound champs of a generation ago. George used to fool his opponents plenty with this one. He would launch a punch, then apparently decide not to let it go, hold it a split second, then let it fly.

George possessed a knack of handling this sock that few if any other ringmen ever possessed. However, Chip "hesitated" once too often himself, and let a crude awkward southpaw by the name of Al McCoy, nail him on the whiskers and relieve him of the middleweight title.

* * *

BACK in the days when ring officials weren't as strict as they are today, Jack Dempsey used to wreak havoc with the now frowned upon "Rabbit" punch. Jack used to get tremendous power into those short chopping blows to the base of the skull, and in more instances than one, Jack fell back on the "Rabbit" punch

LINGER ON

By T. W. McNIEL

to open up foes that otherwise couldn't be induced to expose their chin or tummy to a direct attack.

* * *

LOU NOVA'S publicity staff gave us a lot of dope on the Alameda Adonis' murderous "Javelin" punch. We never saw it in action, but imagine it was a plain old straight right, tossed perhaps, with a sort of overhand motion. But something must have been lacking the night Lou took on Tony Galento. Perhaps the blow failed to "Jav."

And so it goes, this parade of strange enticing socks that fighting men bring to the ring wars. Socks that we are led to believe are the apex of ring destruction, blows from under which the best defense is guaranteed to crumble.

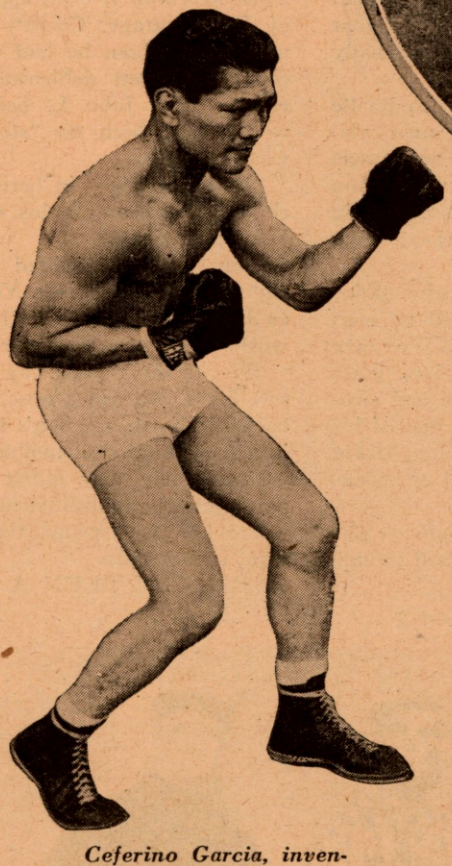
But they do make good publicity, even though after all, none of them are anything more than variations of the old jab, hook, cross and uppercut.

But what strikes us as strange is why those real sockers of pugdom, fellows like Dal Hawkins, Charley White, Young Otto, George Chaney and Paul Berlenbach, didn't make sure of a place in posterity for themselves by tacking an awe-inspiring monicker on their Sunday socks. Something we could have really remembered them by.

Henry Armstrong, please take note.

* * *

WHEN Harry Markson, publicity manager for Mike Jacobs, turned loose the publicity for the Conn-Lesnevich championship fight at Forbes Field, he decided that every title match must have at least one new punch, so he broadcast the statement that for this fight Conn had invented a new punch called the "Conn Death Ray," and Bettina had invented a blow called the "Whippoorwill Punch." What these punches were none of the fight experts nor the fans seemed to know, because there was nothing new used in the contest, unless the stabbing of Bettina's face by Billy's stinging left, was a new sensation for Bettina.



Ceferino Garcia, inventor of the Bolo punch.

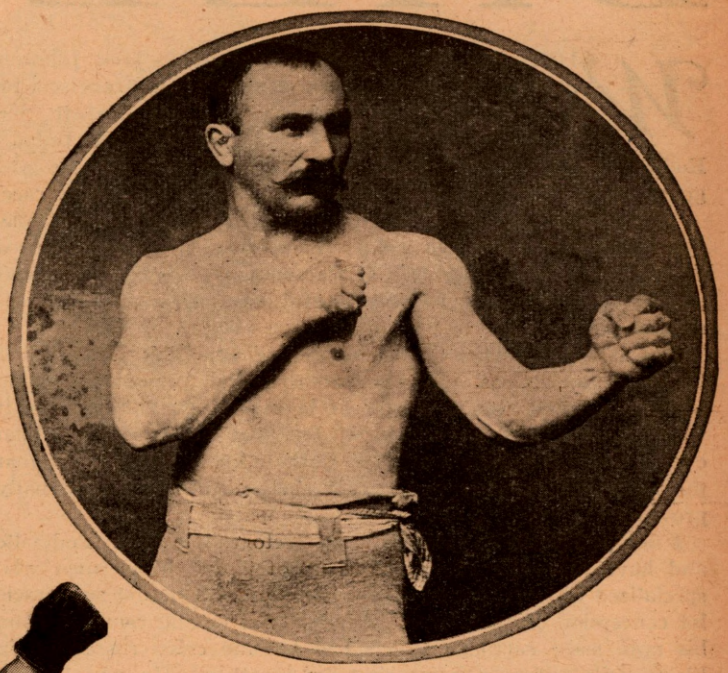
Bob Pastor turned up with something new, at least so far as publicity was concerned, when his clever manager, Jimmy Johnston, told of his famed "Cradle Punch." When asked what the blow was, Johnston, without as much as a twinkle of the eye, replied:

"Don't you know? And you call yourself an expert? It's a punch that rocks you to sleep."

But when Pastor fought Joe Louis, in both fights, that "Cradle" wallop was missing. Perhaps it simply backfired? We don't know. Yet it made great publicity.

George Dawson, Australian lightweight, unearthed the "Kidney punch." It was a stinger that paralyzed the lower portion of the body and so dangerous was it that the fist fathers decided against it and it was eliminated. Now it is a foul punch for which a fighter is penalized if he uses it after a warning.

Joe Gans, recognized as one of the greatest lightweights of all time, used the "cruller" punch. He shot it across with a half turn of the hand before striking. It was deceptive in that an opponent didn't know whether the punch was coming for the jaw or body. Tom Sharkey had "The Navy Crusher." It was a terrific right cross with nerve-deadening effect.



George Le Blanche, the man who made the pivot punch famous.

BUT it is with regard to the blow itself that fighting has stood still and refused to avail itself of the general scientific advance. The punch, of course, is the whole thing in a fight, and yet the proper way to deal a blow, the best place to land it, has never been made the subject of careful, systematic study.

Footwork has been improved, systems of defense perfected, and ring generalship studied, but the punch itself—its where, when and how—has been left to accident for its development. What new punches we have now are the result of slow evolution or sheer chance. No fighter, for instance, has yet been astute enough to study the human body and figure out the weak spots. Sometimes a chance blow in training has opened up a new spot for attack, again whirlwind infighting has brought a vulnerable point into view, but never has there been minute, microscopic examination of the body above the belt in search of breaks in the armor.

When the gladiators fought in the ancient amphitheaters, their huge hands girded with the cestus, they hit at the temple, where the skull was thinnest. Hundreds of years later under the oaks of England, we see the temple still the object of attack, with new blows coming into use as the result of some lucky chance.

Tommy Ryan was probably the first modern fighter to really invent a blow and to this day it remains peculiarly his own. Always careful of his hands, he fell into the habit of dealing a flail-like blow with his wrist, and in this manner discovered that a blow on the neck, just back of the ear, was wonderfully effective. Small wonder, for it thunders right over the mastoid process, torturing and paralyzing.

George Dixon, in breaking away from a clinch, casually walloped his man on the small of the back just to show that he could. The fellow winced, gave a sharp grunt, and Mr. Dixon straightaway added the punch to his repertoire. But it was not until long afterward, when others had adopted it, that fighters knew that it was the kidneys that groaned under the punishment they had been receiving.

Old John L. Sullivan perfected the knockout punch to the jaw, and depended on it almost entirely. Joe Goss, Ryan, Flood, Elliott and Kilrain all journeyed to *(Continued on page 44)*

BALLYHOO

WHEN Jim Jeffries began training for Jack Johnson at Rowardenan, 83 miles south of San Francisco, he brought with him to his camp, Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, Walter C. Kelly, the "Virginia Judge," Eddie Leonard and others to whoop up the fact that he was going to try to regain the heavyweight title for the white race.

The presence of Jim Corbett in itself was a master stroke. Jim had fought Jeff twice and as champion of the world he used Jeffries as a green spar boy at Carson City when Corbett was getting into condition for the fateful meeting with Bob Fitzsimmons.

It was good publicity, that matter of engaging Corbett and Choynski to act as sparring partners and confidential camp buddies. Corbett was a master at laying on the "salve" and it wasn't long before he convinced Jeff that he was better than ever, when, as a matter of fact, Corbett knew in his heart that the giant boiler maker was only a shell, as the fight eventually proved.

I saw Jeff when he came to New York to do a little vaudeville and have his stiffened elbows treated by an old German who specialized in such matter, with a studio which outdid any movie lot conception of an inferno. Also Jeff was having removed from his nose some cartilage which had become criss-crossed up in his nostrils and was hampering his breathing. He was leaving nothing undone in order to be fit.

It was my privilege to watch both the electrical treatment for the stiffened elbows and the burning out of the cartilage with a red hot wire. Both were breathtaking experiences. We were in a darkened room and Jeff was sitting on top of a long glass table in a glass chair. When the power was turned on and electricity began to roar through Jeff's body, he held up one of his shoes. Blue streaks of the mysterious juice, 10 feet long, sizzed out of every nail in his shoes, making a most weird spectacle. Few men would have undergone the ordeal.

That scene was sufficient to prove to me that Jim Jeffries was as courageous as they come. He never as much as winced though he would have been justified in crying out loudly.

JEFF was fat, round-bellied, and to this day I can't understand how he whittled himself down until, on entering the ring, he LOOKED like the Jeffries of old, save that his hair wasn't so thick. Ah, that was it, he only LOOKED like the Jim of old! Shell he was and as a shell he collapsed under punishment. Johnson didn't knock him out in the sense that he was rendered unconscious. Poor Jim just crumpled when his stamina, once the wonder of the world, deserted him like some painted jane who had found another guy.

A stirring incident happened one day after Jeffries, chased from California, had moved his camp to Reno, Nev. Corbett still was in charge of the master-minding and he was doing a slick job of it, too.

John L. Sullivan, reporting the fight for the now defunct New York *Morning World,* appeared at the gate of the yard in front of Jeff's cottage. Corbett had heard that the Old Roman, the man from whom he had won the title, was on his way to the cottage. Corbett deliberately locked the gate against his arch enemy. Had John L. been allowed to enter peacefully, there would have been no "story." Balked by Corbett, it made the wires sizzle.

"You don't pass in here," Corbett snarled, tickled pink at the chance to embarrass his one-time ring antagonist, and to help Jeff's publicity.

"I'm a duly accredited news correspondent and I demand the right to talk to Jeffries. You are only the hired man around here as I see it and I insist that I'll interview Jeffries. As one-time world's champion, I declare myself in the right," roared Sullivan.

"If you don't get away from here, I'll bust you right in that torchlight you call a nose," replied Corbett. And so they argued, back and forth, Corbett's brown derby pulled down over his eyes in a true rough-and-tumble glare.

Fortunately they didn't come to blows and years later they patched up their differences when Sullivan, after inviting Corbett up to his hotel room, threw his arms around Jim's neck and wept as he said:

"JIM, I'VE BEEN A DAMNED OLD FOOL!"

And so ended the long and bitter feud between these two old gladiators, champion and his conqueror.

* * *

EVERY time a champion goes into training, as a rule, for some reason or other, he coaxes some former title-holder to join his camp force. Bob Fitzsimmons, his glorious ring star now dimmed, became a member of the Jeffries camp when Jim was training for the second fight with Jim Corbett in San Francisco.

Jim's camp was up in the California mountains at Harbin Springs. There had always been such bitterness between Fitzsimmons and Corbett, following Bob's "solar plexus" victory for the title at Carson City, that Bob invited himself to join the famous boiler maker. Bob wanted Corbett annihilated. He knew then that if Corbett was successful against Jeff as he almost was at Coney Island in the first fight, Bob wouldn't have much chance to regain his title from Corbett. Bob didn't want Jim to be champion again.

Men who helped train Jeffries—left to right—Jim Jeffries, Jack Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Jim Daly and Billy Delaney.

AIDES

Bringing Champions and Old-Time Pugilists to the Training Camp to Help Publicize a Show, Is as Old as the Hills

By HYPE IGOE

So Bob pitched in and Jeffries came to the ring in Mechanic's Pavillion, San Francisco, about the best conditioned heavyweight champion who ever crawled through a set of ropes. Bob saw his old enemy boffed out in the twelfth round and he was elated.

Tommy Ryan, perhaps the greatest fighter for his weight who ever lived, was hired by Billy Brady to school Jeffries for the Fitzsimmons fight at Coney Island. Brady and Billy Delaney, both having sidetracked Corbett, felt that there must be some way to whip the freckled champion. They knew that Fitz was a dastardly hitter. When he popped them they disintegrated and staid put just where they fell.

Ryan studied Jeff's stance, his attack, his punching and he came up with the idea which brought the title and victory after victory to big Jim thereafter.

* * *

TOMMY was keen enough to fancy that Jeff's great stock in trade was his left hand. The fellow had terriffic power in that left and Ryan figured that if he made Jeff go into a crouch, the first in ring history among heavyweights, and extend his left out on a line like a wagon tongue, it would be a difficult matter to reach his jaw, his body or his vitals. In the meantime Jeff could be shoving that tremendous arm at Fitz and either hurting him or keeping him at bay.

The trick was a huge success and the world acclaimed Ryan as a master tactician. The "Jeffries crouch" became as famous as Jeff himself. Fitz was taken completely by surprise and when the man whom he expected to be "straight up" came at him bent over low with his long, powerful left stuck out straight at his body, Bob went to pieces for the first time in his life!

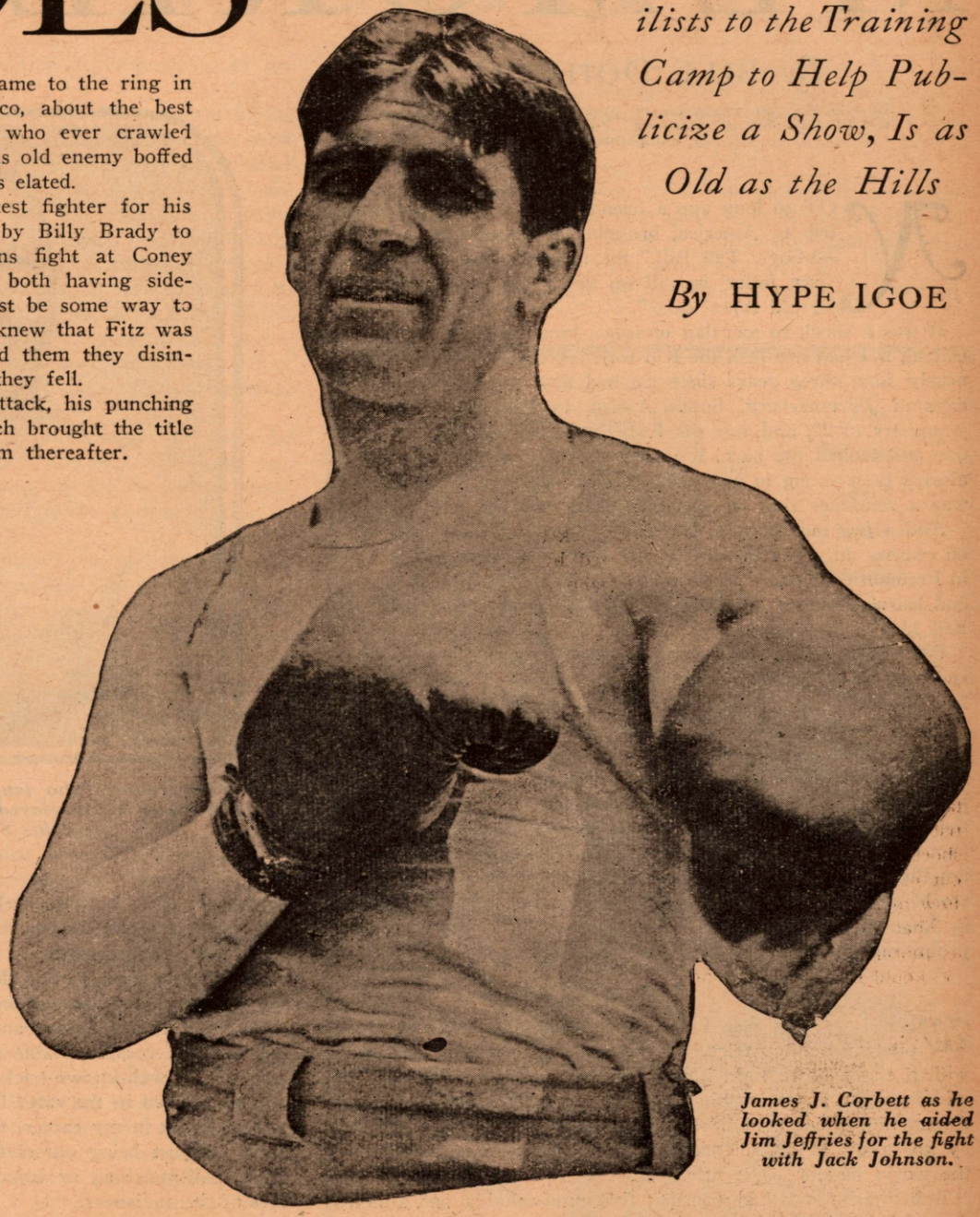
Then came a strange shuffle of the cards. Ryan and Jeffries quarreled. Tommy didn't think he got enough credit from Jeff. Words and words and they parted bad friends, Tommy vowing that he would join Jim Corbett and see to it that he would whip Jeff as he had him whipped at Coney Island, only to run into a left hook while dreaming about the color of the tights he was to use in his billing as the only man ever to regain the heavyweight title.

Ryan, true to his vow, did join Corbett at Crolls Gardens, Alameda, Cal., when Jim started to condition himself for the second fling at Jeff.

Ryan now was confronted with the problem of undoing what he had done for Jeff. He knew that Jeffries would stick to the crouch. He knew that Corbett and himself would have to evolve a defense and an offense against Ryan's brain child, the "crouch." So they worked day after day and they thought that the puzzle had been solved.

The two Jims met and history tells us that "old man" Corbett was no match for "young Jim." Once, in a clinch, Corbett leaned over the ropes and yelled down to Tad, the cartoonist, and myself in the press row:

"Pretty good for an old man, eh wot?" said Corbett.



James J. Corbett as he looked when he aided Jim Jeffries for the fight with Jack Johnson.

That's what Corbett thought. "Pretty good" never was quite enough against Jim Jeffries when he was at his best. Corbett's natural boxing ability stood him in good stead for a few rounds and then Jim's long left began to rake Jim's belly like a machine gun. A horrible hook to the ribs and Corbett went down like a dead man.

* * *

WHEN Kid Carter was training at Crolls Gardens for his fight with Joe Walcott, George Gardner and others, a lean, happy Negro became one of the spar boys. His smile and friendly nature made him a welcome adjunct to an otherwise dreary camp. I used to watch him box and there was the unmistakable mark of the ring genius about him. What impressed me more than anything else was the fact that Carter nor any of the others ever reached his face with a blow.

This brown man, indeed, was a wonder at defense. He had come up from Texas and his name was JACK JOHNSON, some later day to be the conqueror of Jim Jeffries and the heavyweight champion of the world! Few around the camp gave him a tumble. Surely this fellow never would get anywhere. But he did and he goes down in ring history *(Continued on page 49)*

MEMORIES *of*

By BILL DOHERTY

Ex-middleweight champion of South Africa and heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."

NOT so long ago a friend of mine, returning from a trip to America, brought me a message from Kid McCoy. "Tell Bill," the message ran, "that the old 'foxy feller' is still on deck, and sends a greeting for old times' sake."

It was a shock to me, that message, because at the time of receiving it I had not seen the Kid for over forty years, and it was nearly forty-three years since we had first met—in the roaring days of Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1896 when he was a youngster of 23, and was the Kid, the "Real McCoy," to everyone and looked the part. It was a shock to me because he had always been young in my memory, and now here in the greeting was a reminder that he was old—that we were both old.

And a few months ago, I received a greater shock still when, on ceasing duty one evening at the Harbour Trust Patrol Office in Fremantle, Western Australia, I picked up the afternoon paper and learned, almost with the first glance at the cable page, that Kid McCoy was dead.

Of course I had been aware in common with the rest of the sporting world of the triumphs and tragedies of his career—had known that he had won a place with Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Corbett, Jackson, Choynski, Sharkey and others among immortals of the ring, and had made and spent fortunes, and eventually had been accused of manslaughter and sentenced to 20 years gaol. I knew that he had been released for good behavior long before the expiration of the term, and that the episode belonged to the past to such an extent that he had been free for years. Yet I could not think of him as old, or realize that he might pass out of the world even before I should—perhaps because, unlike his friends in America, I had memories of him only as he was in those early promising days of his career when he was only a kid—Kid McCoy.

* * *

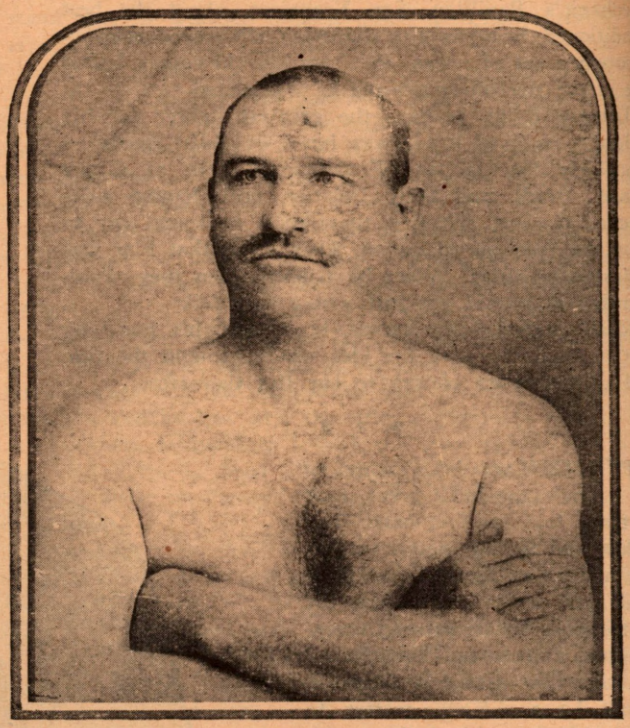
WHEN we first met I was undisputed middleweight champion of South Africa, and he came to me in Johannesburg with a challenge to fight him for a side wager of £500 and the middleweight championship of the world. He also was an undisputed champion, as holder of the welter world title; but it was by no means beyond dispute that we were entitled to fight for the world middleweight title.

Bob Fitzsimmons had won that title unmistakably, and although then fighting in the heavyweight division, he had not renounced the crown. Hence, when Kid McCoy strenuously denied that Bob could make the middle limit, doubts about the facts of the situation were by no means completely dispelled. However, when I accepted the challenge, our forthcoming fight was billed as for the world title with the consent of the boxing authorities in Johannesburg, and in view of the fact that Bob Fitzsimmons actually was finished with the middle division, as can be seen now from his record, the claim was sufficiently well grounded.

The other claimants to the title were Tommy Ryan, Tommy West, Dick O'Brien, Jack Bonner, Frank Craig, and Tom Lacey, and of these, Ryan and West were easily the leaders. Both had already been beaten by McCoy. As for myself, I had not only defeated the reigning middleweight champion of South Africa, Bill Heffernan, but had beaten the Australian middleweight champion, Tom Duggan, as well.

* * *

I LASTED nine rounds with Kid McCoy and was beaten by a knockout, so the failure was by no means a disgrace from my point of view. It was a financial blow at the time to me and to many others because I was favorite, but the bout increased the



Mick Dooley, who taught Kid McCoy much of the cleverness he displayed upon his return to America from his South African tour.

reputation of us both to such an extent that in one way or another, the losses were soon made up and the affair ended satisfactorily for all concerned.

We became firm friends, Kid McCoy and I, after the fight, in the course of long association together in a contract with a circus company in South Africa, and I found him to be one of the most friendly and companionable men that I have ever met, notwithstanding his well-known trickiness and complete lack of the quality of mercy when in the ring. In this contract, I touched the financial highlight in my career, for we were paid £40 ($200) a week each, for just being ourselves, so to speak, sparring with each other, ball-punching or engaging in challenge bouts with members of the audiences.

There was a standing reward of £5 for anyone who would stay four rounds with Kid McCoy. There were plenty of aspirants for the award, but it was never won.

* * *

HE was a confirmed gambler and it was through his leanings in this direction that I was able to recoup some of the losses over the fight by myself and friends. Joe Goddard was in South Africa at the time and he was even more ready to bet on anything and everything than was McCoy. I remember that we won a considerable amount from the Kid over backing Dan Creedon against Jem Smith in England and Fitzsimmons against Corbett in America.

Kid McCoy was so enthusiastic over his fancy on one occasion that he announced that he would throw in a new suit of clothes each for us if we won, and when in due course our man came out on top, he insisted on adding a brand new silk top hat to my suit of clothes. That high hat was the worry of my existence in the weeks that followed and I did my level best to lose it, but without success. It eventually became so well known in Johannesburg where we were at the time, that if I left it anywhere, even in the most out of the way place, it could be relied upon to turn up

KID McCOY

at my hotel by special messenger within an hour or so of my taking it off and "mislaying" it.

The Kid was the most earnest and painstaking student of the science of boxing that I have ever known. He also was the most successful in showing practical results for his efforts. He tackled the task of learning his profession as a man would learn accounting, by day and by night—and as a matter of fact, he woke me up on many occasions in the dead of night in our hotel room when on tour, for the purpose of getting me to practice with him some fancy hit or parry that he had thought out and wished to fix to perfection in his mind by translating it into action. I didn't like this procedure too well, as will be readily understood. I threw a few hard punches on occasions in the hope of discouraging him, but only elicited from him a grin of complete understanding, and no cessation of the experiments.

I don't think it was solely through sheer hard study that he succeeded in graduating as a master of the noble art in an age of master boxers. It was the coupling of the faculty of study with wide travel and experience that put the finishing touch on his education.

Even at that time, when he was but 23, he had traveled considerably in America, England and Africa, and had sparred or fought with or been in close association with the holders of world championships in several divisions. In Africa, it will be remembered, he had Mick Dooley as a sparring partner when training for the fight with me, and Mick was the greatest living exponent of the Jem Mace style of boxing. He had known and worked with Jem Mace at the famous Foley school in Sydney. Dooley never visited America and it is perhaps not fully understood there how much he taught McCoy.

* * *

McCOY himself well knew that he had benefited greatly by his South African experiences and more than once told me that he had; and of course his subsequent career in America confirmed the correctness of his belief. Incidentally, I profited to a great extent from my association with him and at a time when he was beating heavyweights in the U. S. A. I was doing likewise in Australia, my homeland, where I succeeded in winning the heavyweight title and retaining it for three years.

When I was about to leave South Africa, McCoy tried very hard to induce me to go with him to America, but I decided not to go and countered with an earnest invitation to him to come to Australia with me—an invitation which he in turn refused. When I sailed for my native land, Kid McCoy was on the pier at Cape Town to see me off, and with him were Joe Goddard, Mick Dooley, Tut Ryan and Artie Tully. I get a spasm of loneliness now when I remember that of that happy band, only Tut Ryan and myself are still on deck.

My refusal to go to America, I now realize, was dictated by wisdom, for on looking over the years that have rolled by, I can see that the middle and heavy champions in America at that time were too good for me, and that if I had gone there, it would have been only to obtain concrete proof of their superior ability. As a matter of fact, they proved too good for McCoy in one division at least—the heavies.

None of the middleweights succeeded in beating him, but he soon outgrew that division and as there was then no recognized light-heavyweight championship class, he had to take on heavyweights—giants like Joe Goddard, Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher, powerful and well-nigh unbeatable sluggers like Joe Choynski and Tom Sharkey, and the matchlessly scientific true heavyweight, Jim Corbett.

His style reached perfection I think in 1900, when he was 27. Then a complete and polished master of the noble art at a time when its prestige was higher than it had been for nearly a hundred years past. Greater champions had not ruled in the game since the great days of the Corinthians and bloods of the regency when Mendoza, Jackson, Belcher, Cribb, Molineux and Spring still lived.

In 1900, his greatest year, Kid McCoy beat Peter Maher, Joe Choynski, Dan Creedon, Tommy Ryan and Jack Bonner in a total of thirty-four rounds, and was knocked out by Jim Corbett after five of the most scientifically fought rounds ever seen in a glove contest.

And there I will leave him, for in that picture, I see the Kid McCoy that I knew in the long ago, young, hopeful, happy and supremely confident in a contest of skill in his loved profession, and even in defeat adding luster to his renown.

Kid McCoy, true friend of the days of my youth, good-by!

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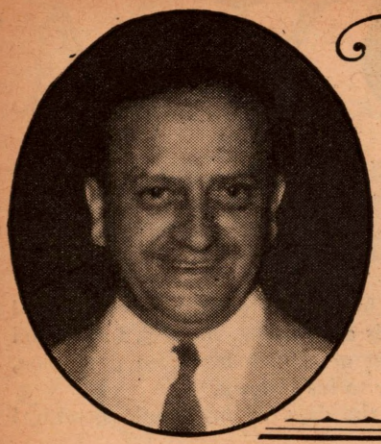


Nat FLEISCHER says:

Public Hails Repeal of the Fight Films Law
Pat Comiskey Looms as Best Heavy Prospect
Armstrong and Louis Most Active Champions

THE long fight for the repeal of the 28-year-old law prohibiting the interstate shipment of prize fight films has finally succeeded. When President Roosevelt signed the repeal measure he did away once and for all time with an obnoxious situation, one that breeded contempt for law and order. The law which banned such shipments was enacted two years after Jack Johnson had won the world heavyweight championship from Jim Jeffries, and was passed because of racial feeling that had resulted in riotous acts in many parts of the country when the Jeff-Johnson films were displayed.

But it has been proved time and again that there was no further need for such a protective measure. The rise of colored fighters in all divisions came in leaps and bounds following the world war, and those who gained the topmost position, with few exceptions, were boys of good character, well liked by fight fans of all races and creeds. When Johnson won the heavyweight title he brought about a new order in fisticuffs because he was the first of his race to gain such high honors. But since he relinquished the crown to Jess Willard things have changed.

The rise of many colored boys to fistic fame has brought about a better understanding. To Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong, the greatest Negro boxers of recent years, goes much of the credit for bringing about the change in the law. Their exemplary conduct, their splendid fighting qualities and their fine influence on youth of America, made of each a hero. They are models for all boxers to follow.

The use of the radio and the rise of picture papers and magazines has brought into the homes of thousands fight pictures which otherwise would not be available to them. Some states were able to show the film of famous fights, while others banned them, thus bringing on an unfair situation.

Boxing is a healthy sport. It is virile and entertaining and, as such, ranks as the most popular of all sports. Our congratulations to President Roosevelt and the American legislators who saw fit to erase from our national statutes the law that was a reminder of race hatred which has no place in the life of American citizens.

* * *

ONE of the features of the Galento-Baer card was the performance of Pat Comiskey, the Jersey heavyweight who looms as a strong prospect for heavyweight honors. If this young lad keeps developing during the next twelve months, we'll find him battling for the world crown.

A few months ago Pat was just an ordinary fighter with little to offer other than a hefty sock, if he could land it. Today he has a left that is a corker, the kind that is a great asset to any fighter. Of all the youngsters recently developed, I look to Comiskey and Bill Poland to make the greatest headway this year. They each have what a good heavyweight needs—a terrific punch and with it they possess points that spell success.

* * *

THE announcement by Chairman Joe Triner of the Illinois Boxing Commission that his board had dropped the Harry Thomas case for lack of substantiating evidence to prove his charges that his bouts with Tony Galento and Max Schmeling were fixed, brings to an end an affair that had failed to arouse the public as Thomas had hoped it would. The charges were so ridiculous that, to me, it seemed amazing that Archie Ward, famous Chicago sports scribe, who aired them in his column and brought about the three state investigation, should have paid any attention to them.

Those who saw the Schmeling bout couldn't have left the arena with any other thought but that Herr Max so far outclassed the mediocre Thomas that Harry didn't belong in the same ring with him. As for the Galento battle, the less said the better. It was one of the worst contributions to the manly sport I had seen in my entire career. Each should have been tossed out of the ring.

Thomas' charges, published in the Chicago *Tribune* by Ward last October, have fallen by the wayside, as was expected by those who are close followers of boxing. The investigation lasted six months and covered every possible angle.

Charges of this kind are made every now and then, but in the long end boxing is cleared. The honest fighters in the game far outnumber the unscrupulous type. So long as Boxing Commissions are on the alert and competent officials are appointed to rule the sport, boxing in this country, at least, will continue to thrive.

The sport is as honest as any athletic competition. For every one scoundrel located in boxing, there are 1000 honest youngsters giving the public the best in them and striving to reach the heights. The sport can well do without its Thomases.

* * *

ELSEWHERE in this issue is a story by Daniel M. Daniel giving the lowdown on the Galento-Baer fight and an analysis of the heavyweight situation as it now stands. As he correctly states, we are back to the pre-Louis days, with the same heavyweight contenders in the spotlight now as were parading before the public five years ago. The Baer-Galento contest proved nothing more than that Livermore Max is Tony's master, and that by taking the measure of Galento, who rated tops as challenger for Louis' crown, Max now occupies that position and must be given first call.

The fight was a savage brawl, the kind designated in "Old New York" as the dock variety. Rules were disregarded and it seemed that everything went, at least so far as Galento was concerned. His butting and backhand tactics constituted the worst offense in boxing the metropolitan district has seen in many years. Much of it was deliberate.

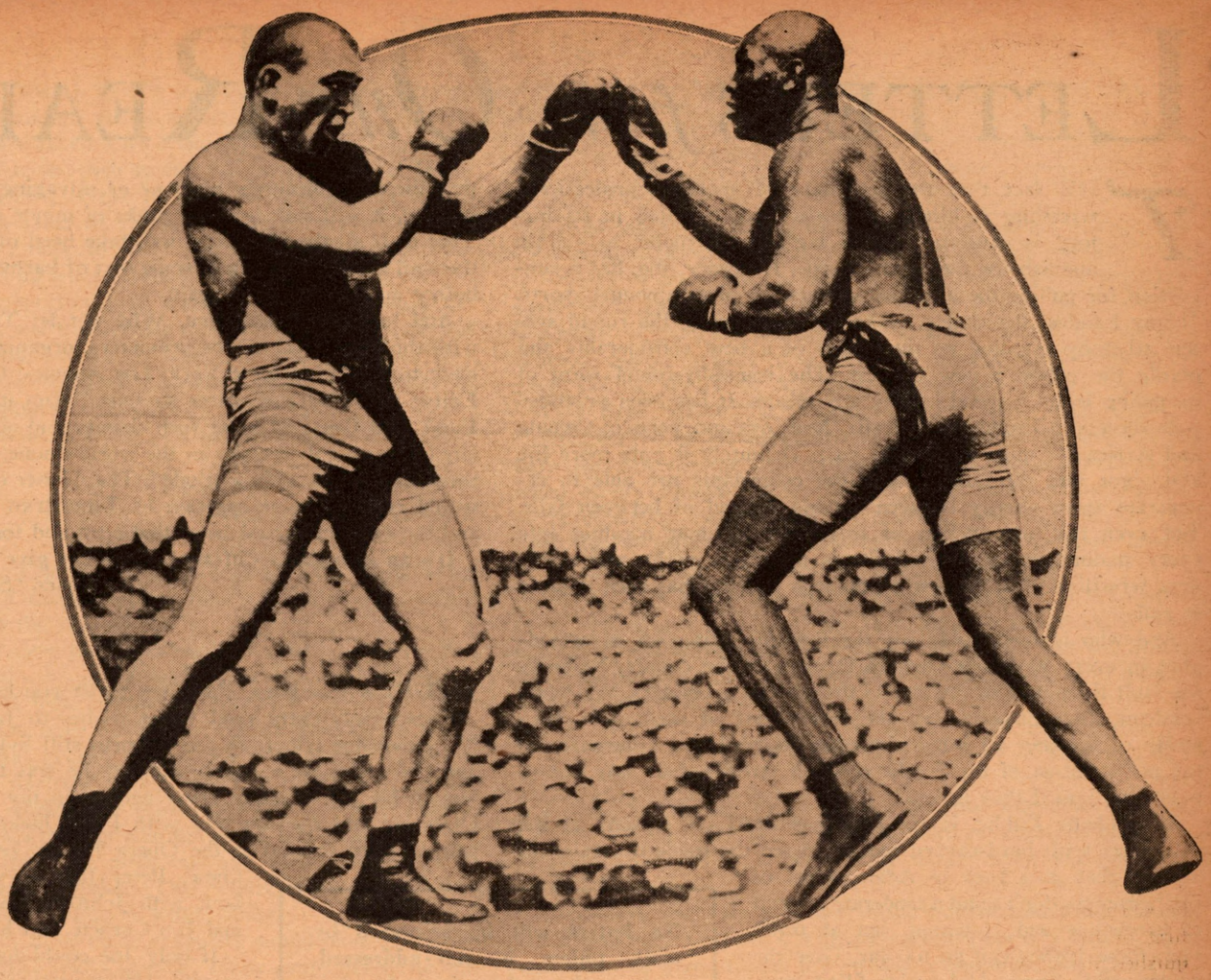
Despite the hard hitting and the roughness of the brawl, there were no knockdowns. Your Editor, the knockdown timer, figured on having a busy night, but found that his services were not required. The nearest to a knockdown came in the seventh round when Max clouted two terrific rights to Tony's mid-section. They sank wrist deep and caused Galento to groan. He rushed forth and grabbed his opponent about the body and, as he did so, he slipped and one knee touched the ground but he was up before a count could be started. It was not a knockdown. Just a slip.

For a time Baer was a reminder of the Livermore Max who dropped Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera on previous engagements. In each of the seven rounds, except the sixth which was a tame one, Max pummeled his rival. Body smashes and powerful right uppercuts that aggravated the cut lips of Tony, landed with

regularity. When Tony found he couldn't halt the barrage legally, according to the rules of good sportsmanship, he tried the other means—butting and back hand tosses. Once, in the fourth, Referee Joe Mangold penalized Tony the round, but that was unnecessary as Baer already had gained it by a wide margin, as he did every other round.

The reaction of the crowd as Galento kept up his foul tactics, proved that even in his home burg they stand for sportsmanship. The applause that greeted the announcement that the fourth round had been taken from Tony, indicated where the fans stood.

Tony, always a wide open target, had great difficulty preventing Baer's body blows from reaching their mark. Twice he was on the verge of collapse in the seventh, but each time he held himself up by using Baer as a human support. He received the worst beating from Baer he has ever had, even worse than what he took from Joe Louis when Joe stopped him at the Yankee Stadium.



The final stand of Jim Jeffries in his attempted comeback in his bout with Jack Johnson. It was this fight that brought about the enactment of the Federal law prohibiting interstate transportation of film pictures. The present Congress and President Roosevelt have earned the thanks of fight followers for repealing this obnoxious law.

It was a primitive affair, a throwback to the Stone Age. The bragging brawlers who had ballyhooed their fight into a gate that grossed $98,004, paid out by 22,711 persons, meant business in this grudge fight and the spectators were treated to exactly what they had expected.

Galento, the rough, tough, fearless beer baron who always has been indifferent to training rules and fighting rules, saved himself from the ignominy of a knockout by sitting in his chair after the bell had sounded for the start of the eighth round. He pleaded that his cut lips and an injury to his hand were too much of a handicap, and the Commission doctor agreed with him. Thus Referee Mangold had no alternative but to declare Baer the winner by a technical knockout in the eighth round.

Commissioner Abe Greene, who had his first experience in the staging of a bout of such proportions, did a fine job. His force cooperated 100 per cent with Mike Jacobs. There wasn't a hitch in the proceedings.

* * *

JUST as we went to press Henry Armstrong stopped Lew Jenkins in the sixth round after flooring him six times and Lew collapsed during the rest period. That bout was another in the production series of Mike Jacobs, who, during these times of international strife, with the world unrest playing havoc with business and pleasure, has kept the minds of the American sports public occupied with something besides war.

The public owes a vote of thanks to Jacobs for the chances he has been taking in keeping boxing going at a time when he would be justified in shutting down until conditions changed. Not only has he been staging more summer shows than ever, but each to date has furnished plenty of excitement.

First came the Ambers-Jenkins fight in the Garden that ended in a new champion being crowned. There was plenty of action in that one to satisfy the most ardent fight fan.

Then came the Conn-Lesnevich light-heavyweight championship bout in Detroit. Though that one was a bloomer financially, it was productive of excellent milling, with Conn coming through the victor. The Godoy-Louis heavyweight championship tilt gave the public an opportunity to forget for a few hours the terrible reports from the European battle front; and then followed the brawl between Max Baer and Tony Galento. No other promoter in the history of American pugilism has staged so many high class shows over a stretch of half a year as has Uncle Mike.

The criticism we and others heaped on him in the past, bore fruit. Mike is giving all comers a chance to show at his parties. Boys from every nook and corner who show merit are welcomed with open arms.

Cities that can prove their right to a title shot have been cared for. Detroit, Jersey City, Boston have been the scenes of some of Mike's productions, and now he announces that he will give Chicagoans a chance to see the Brown Bomber against the Galento-Baer winner. We, who are free with our criticism, should be just as free in tossing bouquets when deserved and THE RING Editor takes this means to show his appreciation for the efforts of Mike Jacobs on behalf of boxing during trying times. So long as he continues along the road he is now following as a promoter, we can find no fault with him.

If Hitler had a few men like Jacobs to keep up a sports parade, the world wouldn't be seeing humanity mowed down by bullets.

* * *

PRIOR to his fight with Jenkins, Armstrong resumed his warfare with Paul Junior of Maine and again successfully defended his title by scoring a knockout, this time in the third round. The bout, which took place at Portland, was a repetition of their last affair in Boston, *(Continued on page 46)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

THE fact that the time-honored sport of professional wrestling is hitting a slump unprecedented in its history is causing many a big-time promoter to yell in anguish for the aspirin bottle. Everyone, too, has a suggestion for pulling the game back to its top place amongst sports. Jimmy Londos, the champ, writes of introducing the round system whereby speeding up the action of a bout considerably and giving the public a new interest. The round-by-round form of grappling is not a novel one by any means. It has been practiced with success in England, Australia, New Zealand, parts of Canada and Africa for quite some time past. Definitely it puts more life and vigor into the matches and the contestants are able to recuperate spent energy between rounds instead of between falls. But even the introduction of this mode of mat mauling into every stadium in the United States tomorrow night, would not drag wrestling from the low depths into which it has been allowed to sink.

And who is responsible for the drastic falling off of attendance in every wrestling stadium throughout the country? Chiefly the fault lies plumb in the laps of the various promoters. We won't condemn all promoters, but the better part of them have been guilty of hoisting all sorts of freaks, bearded and otherwise, on the public. Most of the freaks couldn't wrestle their way out of a subway jam if they had to!

Mr. Johnny Public, in the past, has lined the pockets of the promoters with hard-earned money to see the modern version of a sport that goes back to Adam. Most of the customers don't mind a moderate amount of acrobatics and clowning, but at times even these frolics can go too far. Give the paying public good, solid, action-filled grappling and they'll be lining up at the turnstiles again.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Another little thing annoying every regular ringsider and causing him to seek his sporting pleasures elsewhere is the varied and ever-increasing list of "world champions." Usually a different one appears on the bills monthly. Many of these so-called "titlists" are officially recognized by some perfectly legitimate wrestling organization which complicates matters even more. These bodies, in many cases, are hindering the advancement of the mat sport by creating their champions. What they should be doing is helping wrestling back on its feet, instead of knocking it down.

Incidentally, according to a recent American tally, there are no less than twenty-seven claimants to the heavyweight championship of the world. Think of it! Frank Gotch and his mentor, Farmer Burns, both in Valhalla, must weep silently as they see the foundations they helped lay slowly crumbling into ashes.

Of course, amongst the roster of these twenty-seven worthies there are those who are entitled to call themselves "world champions," but they hang on to the title and are wary about whom they defend it against. Get rid of this multitude of champions and, as sure as the sun rises in the morning, wrestling will be restored to its rightful place in the spotlight.

Then, just outside the world championship pale are personalities like Karl Pojello, Lithuanian holder of countless European trophies and titles, and Earl McCready, a Canadian thunderbolt, who reigns supreme everywhere the Union Jack flies. Also, there is such home-grown talent as Orville Brown, Jim McMillen and Ruffy Silverstein of Chicago, Everett Marshall of Colorado, Ernie Dusek and Doc Len Hall of Omaha, Ed "Tarzan" White, Jesse James of Texas, Yvon Robert of Canada, and others, all deserving a chance to wear the world crown.

We might go on record here and now by saying that one of the greatest bouts we ever witnessed during fourteen years at the ringside was between Jim Londos and a gangling Canadian scissors-king. Need we say that the Canuck's name was Earl McCready? The contest, one of skill and daring, contained no hippodroming and was a thrill-a-second spectacle.

One would think by reading what has been already written that there is absolutely no hope of salvaging wrestling and that, in time, it will sink into the ranks of minor sports. But it won't. That is, if all the promoters will take heed of the handwriting on the wall and try to work in some sort of harmony. It has been done before and can be done again.

And here is a suggestion. Why not let THE RING Magazine, with the consent of all the promoters, organize a gigantic tournament to be held in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago or wherever Editor Nat Fleischer cares to select. Run it in aid of the Milk Fund, Red Cross or some such charity and open the entry lists to any heavyweight wrestler in the world—none, regardless of whom their manager is, to be excluded. The winner of such a tournament would receive the recognition of THE RING as world champion, and the question would be settled once and for all.

It's an idea that's different. Why not give it a trial?

CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL,
London, England.

* * *

JUST a few lines, old-timer, to let you know your last RING issue was extra swell. Best wishes to Jack Johnson for his extra fine tribute to the old man still living up at Cincinnati, Joe Choynski. As a near champion, he was tops with me. I saw him in his prime many years ago up in my home town, Akron, Ohio. He was then on tour with Peter Jackson, then also in his prime. They showed at the Opera House. In those days, as you know, Peter Jackson was trying to get a bout with John L. Sullivan, but he failed and Jim Corbett beat him to it.

If only Joe could have entered the ring around 180 pounds then, with his great punch, I think he would have been champion. He gave away from twenty to thirty pounds to all the great ring men of forty years ago—and that's a lot of weight.

Joe Choynski, in my opinion, was one of the greatest heavyweights of all time. Despite his weight, he, like the great Sam Langford, clashed with the best talent in the heavyweight division and more often than not came through with a wonderful performance.

HARLEY GILLETLY,
Oakman, Alabama.

* * *

DESPITE the fact that I have seen many letters in your excellent magazine conveying their praises, and sometimes criticism, I hope you will not mind me adding my congratulations for compiling every month such an interesting and to-the-point pediodical. I first came across THE RING in the hands of a friend who, incidentally, reached the final of last year's A. B. A. championships at the Albert Hall, London, but lost on a casting vote in the welterweight division.

I have been reading THE RING now for four years and as soon as I have read one edition, I am eagerly looking forward to the next. It is interesting to note that the house where I was born and lived for fourteen years was previously occupied by the well-known theatrical man and boxing referee, the late Eugene Corri, who refereed one of "Kid" Lavigne's bouts in London and many other important contests.

My opinion of Joe Louis, the present heavyweight champion of the world, is that he is a great boxer, but not as great as Jack Dempsey, Jack Johnson or Jim Jeffries.

I would like to go on writing about Fistiana indefinitely, but I will close with the hope that THE RING will be available for many moons to come. It is indeed the bible of boxing. We soldiers realize its full value. Too bad we can't get more copies sent over here.

PTE. J. A. WALKER,
The Wiltshire Regiment,
England.

IT is with regret that I inform you that I am no longer in a position to continue my yearly subscription to your excellent boxing monthly. I have taken THE RING for some years now and have looked forward with relish to the next month's copy. However, I am now a member of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, and will be going overseas at the conclusion of my training in a few months' time. I hope to write you again at the conclusion of hostilities and take up where I am now leaving off.

May I take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the quality of THE RING and the articles therein. We out here do not always agree with you, but we do appreciate that you invariably give both sides of any discussion on the merits or demerits of various fights and fighters.

And now I must close, wishing you and your publication every success in the future.

KEN EVANS,
Wanganui, New Zealand.

* * *

TEN months ago I bought my first copy of THE RING. Since then I have had many pleasant hours of reading, enjoying each copy more than the last.

At first I did not care for the wrestling news and write-ups, but this is all changed now, as I enjoy them very much. If suggestions to THE RING are welcome, here's mine:

For a long time you have done your utmost to clean up wrestling. Yet, while it has greatly helped, much of the rubbish still continues. You help aspiring young wrestlers greatly by giving them space in your world-wide publication, but you also publish the pictures of freaks who help ruin the game and make it a joke. Why not quit printing their write-ups and pictures and ignore this kind of grappler altogether. This would force them out of circulation as THE RING's help is what counts.

The promoters who show these grapplers would have to change and show only men who really wrestle. Many grapplers write and say that they need your publication's help. Sure they do, so why not give the wrestling space only to your correspondents' news and to those grapplers worthy of it?

You have also done your best to have one real world heavyweight champion crowned. There can be no doubt as to your sincerity, but you get little cooperation. Each wrestler who claims the title says he will wrestle anyone. Some will, others won't. Why not get your best grappling expert or experts to compile a list of the ten best wrestlers in the world. These may be in different parts of the world, but if they are earnestly desirous of cleaning up the game, they will come to the place stipulated by you to enter an elimination, the winner to wrestle Londos (the champion) for the crown. The elimination should be in a city where there is a promoter of known repute. The referees who officiate should be known by you to be impartial.

THE RING can do it. If any of the first ten would not agree to such terms they would be left out of the elimination and their claim would thereafter mean nothing to anyone.

Hoping this warrants publication.

ALLAN CLARIDGE,
Kelowna, B. C.

* * *

IT was with interest that I read your comments upon the remarkable antics of the N. B. A. Why is it that such organizations spring up mushroomlike in almost every land where the Noble Art is practised and appreciated?

Over in Europe we had the I. B. U., which body turned in several almost unbelievable performances, one, for example, when it designated big Gawge Godfrey as the world's heavyweight champion at a time when Gawge was doing more wrestling for his "poik chaps" than boxing. Indeed, I believe the fight wherein he was named kingpin by the I. B. U. was his last bout!

I believe that you, with your far-reaching organ, THE RING, can do a great deal to do away with these boxing dictators. So let your punches go, Nat, don't pull 'em, and don't send 'em low, just let 'em go!

By the way, it was a real pleasure to see THE RING winking its colored eye from the stand of the main bookshop here on Juarez Avenida. I got it on the day after the May Day celebrations. And did I enjoy it!

DAVE FORBES,
Balderas, Mexico City, D.F.

* * *

I AM taking the liberty to write my first letter for your wonderful page in THE RING, "Letters From Our Readers." This is concerning the National Boxing Association, which has made itself the laughing stock of the fistic world. The N. B. A. vacated the titles of Ambers and Archibald and now have their own champs. Surely anyone who is a follower of the boxing game won't fall for the N. B. A. "phony" champions.

Two days before the Armstrong-Paul Junior title fight at Boston, the N. B. A. stated that as Junior was a lightweight, the fight was not for the title. However, the N. B. A. didn't object when Henry fought Barney Ross for the welter crown, and if memory serves me correctly, Armstrong weighed 133 for that fight. Junior came in at around 139 and had he defeated Henry, he would have been regarded as the world title-holder.

The N. B. A. had better change its rules soon or it won't amount to a "row of pins" as far as the fight game is concerned. If they don't stop setting up their own champions, they'll put the boxing game in the same position that the wrestling game is in today—double champions.

JOHN R. PURTILL,
Westerly, R. I.

* * *

I HAVE been a regular reader of your excellent magazine for a few years and I decided that in appreciation of the pleasure and interest it provides, I would write and voice my opinion by letter.

THE RING not only provides inside information about boxing, but it also helps to make it a bigger success than it is today. Credit must also be given to the present-day champions, Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong, who have added interest to the sport in the last few years.

In your April issue (1940) of THE RING, under the heading of "In Our Question Box," you received the following question, "What happened to that promising welterweight, Andre Shelaeff?" You said you had no record of him. Well, Nat, he died in a San Francisco hospital at the early age of nineteen. Shelaeff passed away on the 13th of December, 1938.

A. LAUER,
Shanghai, China.

* * *

I AM penning a few lines to you in appreciation of the very interesting magazine you send over here to the Australian fight fans. It is our only means of knowing what is taking place in boxing all over the world and who are the champions and leading challengers in the different divisions.

We have nothing like it in Australia. You are always prepared to praise any good fighter, no matter what country he comes from, and to give him the right rating which he deserves.

C. R. E. GORDON,
Gayndah, Queensland, Australia.

* * *

THIS is far-away Sunny South Africa calling, not too sunny at present—too many dark clouds on account of the war. According to a recent issue of THE RING, I see a fellow South African, in the person of Mr. Ken Duncan, belittled our wrestling champion, Johannes van der Walt, to which he was called to order in a later edition by Mr. Miller of Cape Town.

I quite agree with Mr. Miller that Earl McCready did not have it all his own way in their return match at Durban. The formidable Earl knew then that he was practically a beaten man. In their first fight at Johannesburg, van der Walt entered the ring a cracked man, hence big Earl easily pinned him. Strange as it may seem, McCready wouldn't fight van der Walt again after their Durban match.

EDDIE MORRIS,
Rosmead, Cape Province, So. Africa.

RINGSIDE TALES

THERE was something glamorous about Tex Rickard. It might have been because he was a bold gambler who came along when money was plentiful; it might have been his fearlessness which led him, unarmed, to face down a vicious gunman in a Nevada saloon; it might have been the vivid imagination that made him bill Carpentier and Dempsey as the Battle of the Century, when Carpentier was just a good light-heavyweight. More likely it was all those things rolled into one—with a few surprising trimmings thrown in.

For boxers in that era of big money and loose, if any, commission control, Tex was full of surprises.

Tex wanted to put on a Willard-Moran heavyweight championship fight. He sent an agent to dicker with Big Jess. The agent had instructions to offer $40,000. Rickard then had a meeting with Moran, and offered him half that or $20,000.

Willard wasn't anxious to fight—at least he pretended not to be. He knew he was the champion and without him there could be no title bout. So he held out for a bonus before he would sign the contract. The agent, without authority from Tex, promised Jess $47,500 and signed him.

When Rickard heard how his agent had disregarded orders, he was furious, but he stuck by the promise.

The fight was held in New York. The big champion, a clever boxer and supremely confident, toyed with Moran, turning his head to look out over the audience now and then—with a laugh. It wasn't much of a fight, but it made money.

After the bout Moran came to the office for his purse. He had no contract; he merely took Tex's word that he would be paid.

Rickard handed him a check.

Moran glanced at it, started to put it in his pocket, and then looked back at it again. His eyes widened.

"Say, Tex," he objected. "Are you sure you haven't made a mistake? I was to get $20,000 and this is made out for $23,750.

"I said I'd pay you half what Willard got, and I had to pay him $7,500 extra," Tex replied. "That means $3,750 extra for you—and there it is. You were worth it if he was."

Moran never got over it. He had known other promoters.

* * *

THE mention of Big Jess brings a story to mind. One of the most impressive things about the Willard-Dempsey fight—an angle which you can clearly see in the pictures — was Willard's confidence. He scarcely paid any attention to Dempsey. He intended to outbox and maul his smaller opponent, perhaps turning aside to laugh now and then as he did with Moran. Dempsey—on the other hand—glued his eyes on the floor, as if avoiding Willard's gaze.

Dempsey explained it to us once. "I was scared to look up," he confessed. "That man was so big, and so strong, I was afraid that if I looked up at him and saw how big he really was, it would get my goat before the fight started."

It's easy to see why Dempsey was nervous—he looked like a little boy beside the champion—but not so easy to see why Willard was overconfident. He hadn't started out that way in life. If anything, he was timid in his early fights. One time Billy McCarney was managing him and stopped off in Kansas City for a few days. Willard worked out there in a gym, but he had no one to spar with.

One afternoon, another big fellow dropped in for a little exercise. He was an adagio dancer on the vaudeville circuit. He weighed about two hundred pounds and was powerfully built. He put on a thin pair of gloves and started to punch the bag.

"Say," said Billy, coming over, "Willard hasn't anybody to box with, and you look as if you knew something about the game. Why don't you put on the gloves with him?"

"With THAT guy?" said the adagio dancer, looking at huge Jess so uneasily that the whites of his eyes showed.

"Sure. He ain't much," urged McCarney. "Just starting. He don't know anything."

"He wouldn't have to," objected the dancer. "One swipe of that paw and he'd take your head right off your shoulders."

"Naw," denied McCarney. "He can't hit. He's too slow. Anyhow it's only in fun and it's understood there's to be no hard hitting."

* * *

VERY reluctantly the adagio expert donned the gloves and entered the ring. He stood in the far corner, as far away as he could get.

"Jess," said McCarney, "I've got a guy to box with you."

"Who, him?" asked Jess doubtfully. "He's pretty big, and awful strong, and my nose isn't—"

"Now, listen," barked his manager, realizing he'd have to go through the arguments all over again to coax his own man into the combat, "this guy ain't dangerous. He's a dancer and he's muscle-bound. Moreover, he told me he has a glass chin, and there ain't to be any hard hitting under any circumstances. Just box. It'll do you good."

"Well, if that's the way it is . . ." Jess agreed, plaintively. McCarney didn't wait. He gave the signal: "Time!"

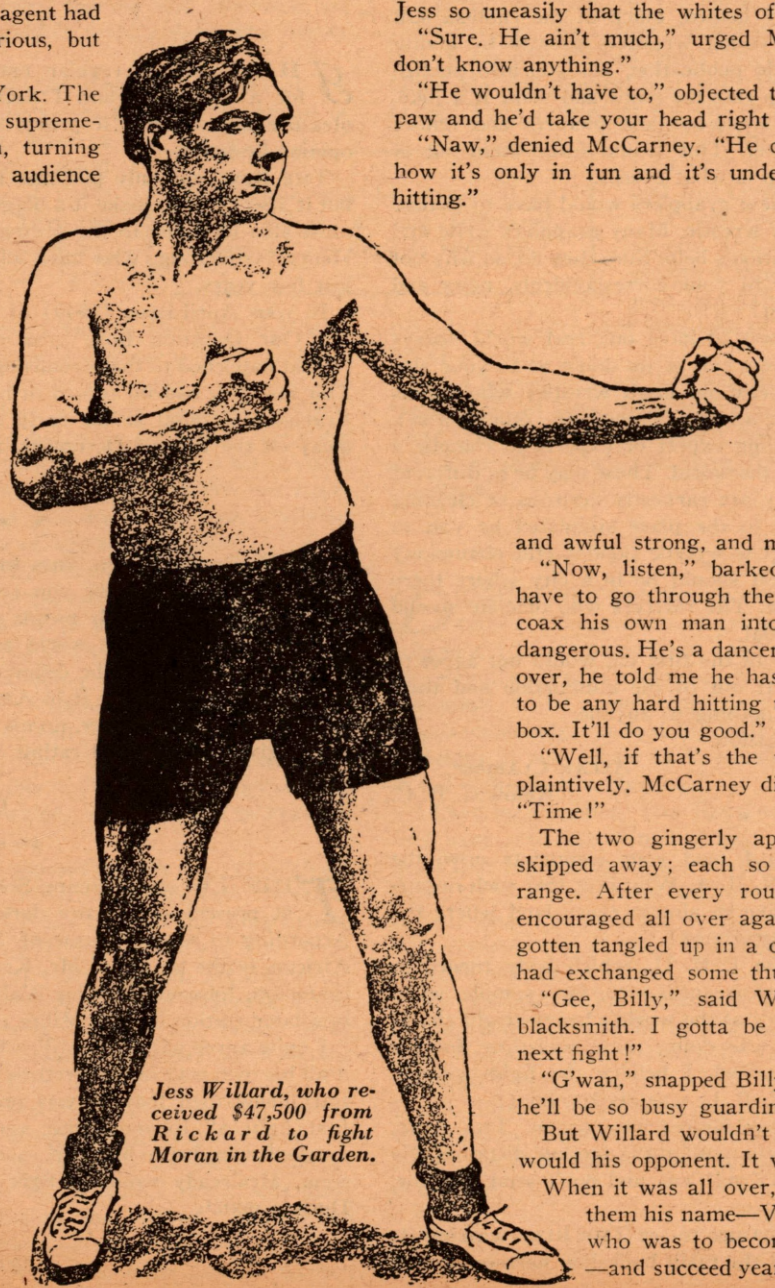
The two gingerly approached each other, tapped, skipped away; each so leery he wouldn't get within range. After every round the two giants had to be encouraged all over again, particularly after they had gotten tangled up in a corner and in their excitement had exchanged some thunderous wallops.

"Gee, Billy," said Willard, "that guy hits like a blacksmith. I gotta be careful of these ribs fer my next fight!"

"G'wan," snapped Billy. "Smack him on the chin and he'll be so busy guardin' he'll forget about yer ribs."

But Willard wouldn't take any chances—and neither would his opponent. It was a very gentlemanly affair.

When it was all over, the vaudeville performer told them his name—Victor McLaglen. The same Vic who was to become a pretty good heavyweight—and succeed years later as a moving picture star.



Jess Willard, who received $47,500 from Rickard to fight Moran in the Garden.

IT wasn't until Jess won the championship from Johnson in Havana that he really got confident. From that time on, he thought himself unbeatable. In an interview before risking his title against Dempsey, he declared:

"I'm not worrying about what Dempsey can do . . . after what Johnson did. In one of the early rounds he broke my ribs with a left hook—it didn't bother me while I was still warm—but when I cooled off! Wow!

"He broke my cheek bone with a right-hand punch. I heard the bone crack. It didn't shake me or affect my fighting. No matter how hard Dempsey can hit he won't hit me any harder than Johnson did and any punch he can land won't have any more effect."

Jess found out he could take it in the Johnson fight. No wonder he thought he could beat Dempsey easily. Dempsey was much smaller than Johnson. But after the first terrific punch, Willard couldn't move fast enough to get out of the way.

Dempsey might as well have been punching a sandbag. Jess stood up under a continuous bombardment. He could still take it. Just *one* of Dempsey's punches had knocked giant Carl Morris so cold in New Orleans that Morris fell on his face with his mouth open—his tongue stuck out so far it was covered with rosin.

Tex Rickard, who almost floored Frank Moran with a $3750 punch to the pocketbook.

Big Jess took dozens of such punches. He wasn't knocked out; during the rest between the third and fourth rounds he decided he had taken all the punishment he could bear. So he stopped.

Willard was overconfident before the fight. He didn't realize how exceptional Dempsey was. Even the doctors didn't. They were astounded, in testing Dempsey's heart before the fight, to find that it beat only forty-four times a minute. This was even slower than Bat Nelson's; and Bat's slow heartbeat was said to be the cause of his tremendous endurance. Normal would be about seventy-two.

Dempsey's small size was deceiving, too. He's bigger today than he was when he beat Willard. When he was a kid he was small enough to be a promising jockey. Until Jack reached the ripe old age of thirteen he whipped home many winners on Utah and other mountain region tracks. It looked like a career for him, until he began to grow.

He only weighed 187 when he won the championship. Willard weighed 245, 58 pounds more.

According to Jack Kearns, Dempsey was right-hand crazy when he started fighting. To cure him of it, Kearns had the boys tie Jack's right to his leg with a punching bag rope. Then, as he boxed and punched the bag, he had to learn to do it all with his left. Because he had no right to block with, he developed that bobbing and weaving style which he later made famous.

He was then ready to take advantage of any breaks that came his way. It wasn't long before he fought his way to the top.

* * *

"BEING ready to take advantage of the breaks is most important—in any walk of life." That was Willie Ritchie's philosophy—and it brought him the lightweight title. For he broke into boxing as a substitute—and made a name for himself in another bout as a substitute that put him in the challenger's position.

It was back in 1908 that Willie went to an arena in Oakland where Tommy Simpson was promoting. Willie was to second a man named Frankie Edwards in the ten-round main event.

Also on the bill, as a preliminary boy, was a kid named Willie Richardson, who failed to show up.

The promoter looked around, grabbed the 17-year-old Ritchie,

By

BOB EDGREN, JR.

and shoved him into the preliminary in Richardson's place. Poor Willie was stopped in a round and a half—outclassed so far it was ridiculous. He made up his mind never to be caught unprepared again.

About three years later, Willie went down to Los Angeles where world champion Ad Wolgast was to fight Freddie Welsh. The bout was scheduled for Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1911. But at midnight on Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day Wolgast was rushed to the hospital and operated on for appendicitis.

The promoter had sold a lot of tickets and was hard pressed to find a substitute on such short notice. Willie Ritchie looked like his best bet—the kid had scored something like twenty-one victories in a row.

Of course Willie had no training for the bout, but because he had determined to keep in good shape and to be ready, he was able to accept the fight, even though the final terms were not decided until the semi-final opponents were in the Vernon Arena ring!

* * *

WILLIE hopped into his ring togs and stayed the full twenty rounds with Welsh. Charley Eyeton, the referee, gave Welsh the decision. "And," says Willie, "it was 100 per cent just." But the reputation Ritchie made, climbing into the ring without training to go twenty stiff rounds with Welsh, made him famous.

Willie went East and joined Packey McFarland under Manager Emil Thiry. McFarland was signed for an important bout with Young Erne in Philadelphia. Sure enough—Ritchie's luck held out; Packey got a black eye the night before the bout and refused to appear in Philly. Ritchie had no particular fight to train for, but he was in very good shape. He was ready to take advantage of this break.

Thiry went to the promoter, Jack McGuigan, and suggested he substitute Ritchie for McFarland. McGuigan refused. Thiry then offered to bring Packey over and have him explain why he wouldn't fight. But Packey wouldn't appear in public with his black eye. He had never been marked up before.

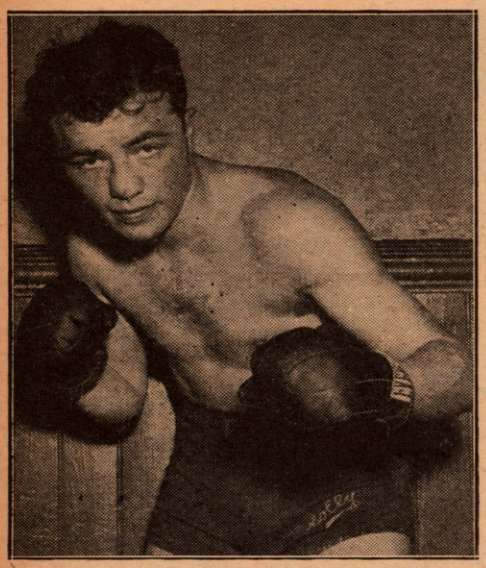
This left McGuigan with a sellout house—a bad case of nerves—and no fight. Thiry brought Ritchie to Philadelphia and persuaded McGuigan to take a chance. The Philadelphia promoter was still so doubtful of his show that he announced to the crowd they could get a refund before the bout started, because Ritchie was substituting for the advertised McFarland.

However, the fans wanted to see a fight; nobody made a rush for the box office. Willie Ritchie then climbed into the ring and gave Young Erne a going-over. The bout was a no-decision affair, but newspaper accounts gave the nod to Willie. McGuigan was so amazed that he leaped into the ring and kissed Willie.

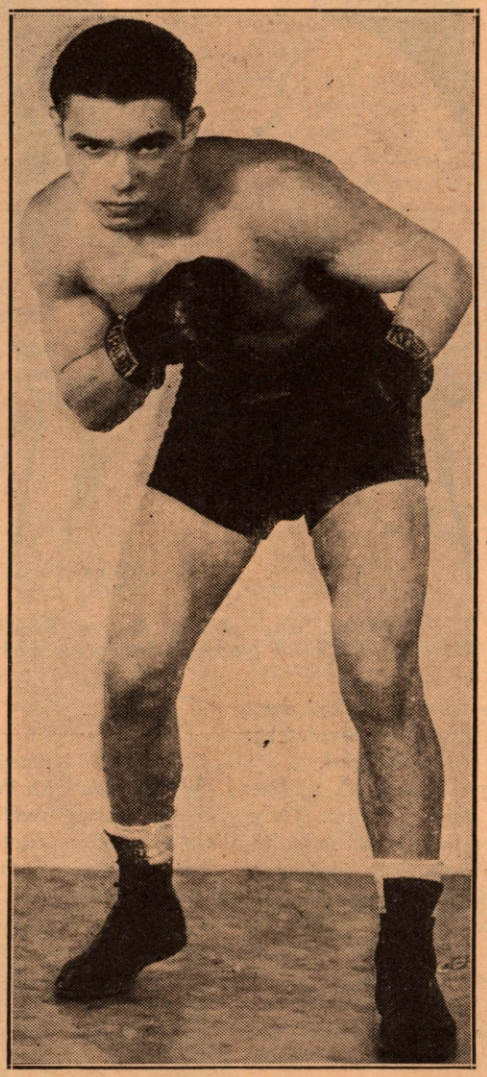
On the strength of this showing, Ritchie got a bout with Wolgast—a four-rounder. It was a short, vicious mill—to no-decision. Ritchie pursued Wolgast around the country and finally got a title fight in the Daly City arena—one of Jim Coffroth's two San Francisco places.

Ad went along well in the first ten rounds; then faded and landed some low blows which made Referee Jim Griffin raise Ritchie's hand. The kid who had made up his mind always to be ready had won the championship.

NEW FACES



Solly Gerstler, New York welterweight.



Terry Young, slashing junior welterweight.

TWENTY straight victories in as many pro bouts without amateur experience is something not many youngsters can boast of, but that is the record of Angelo DeSanza, fast-rising lightweight, who battles under the name of Terry Young, the same one his uncle fought under thirty years ago, and 18 years later, the name his father used in the ring. It is with great pride and high anticipation that the two older East Side Terry Youngs watch the progress of Angelo.

Angelo was born on April 27, 1921. After graduating from P.S. 19, his father began to teach him the art of boxing. Patiently he showed his fifteen-year-old son the proper way to stand, the right way to hold up his hands, how to shoot left jabs, how to move, block and to fight in close. He drilled the youngster with care, showed him how to punch, how to conserve his energy and how to make his foe spend his own. The elder DeSanza was in no hurry for his son to enter the ring. He wanted Angelo to mature, to become strong and ready for a vigorous ring career. That is why—when Terry Young, the Third, started to box less than a year ago, he was fully prepared.

Angelo "Terry Young" DeSanza is being capably managed by Jack Reilly and Irving Cohen and trained by Whitey Bimstein. Among Angelo's victims are, Eddie Cooper, Joe Echeverria, Solly Pearl and other good boys. He has kayoes over Patsy Spataro, Joey Rayo and the rugged and experienced Al Ragone. His favorite sport, next to boxing, is swimming. His favorite pastime, dancing. His style in the ring is two-fisted aggression.

Always advancing, "Young" Terry Young sets a hot pace for his opponent. He weighs 130 pounds, and fight experts say that when he scales 135, he'll rate with the best.

* * *

Billy Carrigan

BALTIMORE, the home of many youngsters who have made good in fisticuffs, has a former amateur champion who looms a good pro prospect. His name is Billy Carrigan. He is the former feather and lightweight Golden Gloves title holder and now fights in the money chasing ranks as a junior lightweight.

Since turning professional he has engaged in 25 fights and has won all but two. He is a clever boxer and a pleasing one. In the last two starts he has won easily over Charlie Gilley and Joey Greb of New York. Carrigan has a good following in Baltimore.

* * *

Larry "Bombardier" Baker

JOE DOW of Boston has a young light-heavyweight who should go places in his chosen profession. He is Larry "Bombardier" Baker, twenty-one years old and scaling 170 pounds. He has been growing so rapidly that it is expected he will be fighting among the heavyweights in another year.

Larry as an amateur in 1937 won many titles, including the New England Golden Gloves, Rhode Island Diamond Ring and the Massachusetts State title in the 160 pound class. After winning he spent two years in Wyoming where he developed his muscles and perfected himself for a fighting career. Since getting back home, he has had six fights and won all.

His best performance was the defeat of Tiger Ted Lowry who prior to their meeting, scored eight consecutive knockouts.

* * *

Lou Laurie

HE was born in Cleveland, O. November 19, 1917, of an Italian father and a Slovak mother. Lou graduated from East Technical High School and went to work as a service station attendant. He was amateur acrobatic champion of Cleveland for two years.

Lou started to box four years ago. Although he competed in only 22 amateur bouts, he accomplished a great deal during that time. He reversed the decisions in the 5 bouts he had lost. Then he annexed the U. S. flyweight championship in 1936 and went to Berlin with the Olympic

Johnny Colan, young New York middleweight.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By FRED EISENSTADT

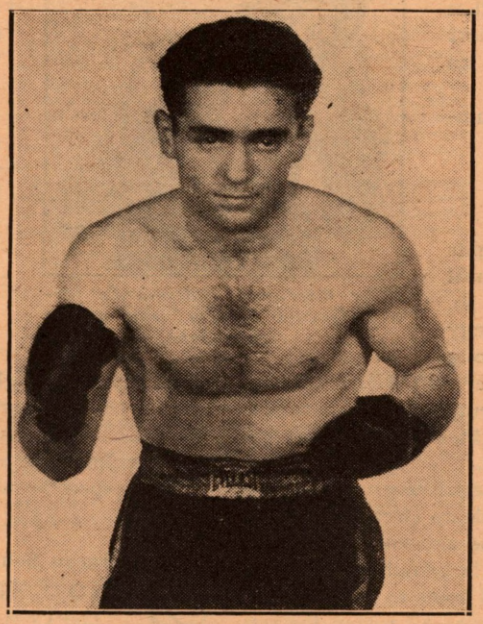
team where he won three out of his four bouts. So impressive was Laurie's boxing style that he was requested to give an exhibition. He remained in Germany two months and was presented with the VAL BARKER trophy for being the most scientific boxer in all classes that year.

From Berlin, Lou traveled to Hamburg. Then he went to Harve, France. Then to Cobb, Ireland, Plymouth, England and parts of Holland. When Laurie came back home, he turned pro under the care of Sam Barber, who had started Paul Perrone. Lou fought eight battles, losing two of them.

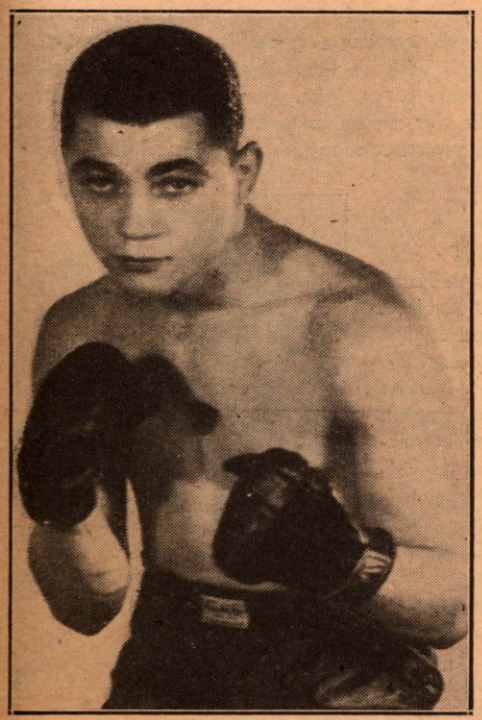
He went to Chicago where he had six bouts under Jack Hurley's banner. After defeating Eddie Lander, he returned home, got his old job back pumping gas and gave up boxing for one year. Then, heeding the advice of his friend, Max Minnich, promising heavyweight, Lou Laurie re-entered the boxing game—and won a six-round bout from Dave Crawford at the Ridgewood Grove.

Jack Bluman, manager of Julie Kogan, is now handling the affairs of this clever battler. Lou, who weighed 122 pounds in his last ring appearance, claims he can make the bantamweight limit — 118 pounds. If this is true, it won't be welcome news to such lads as Georgie Pace, Lou Salica, Aurel Toma and others near the top. Laurie is a handy man in the roped square. He has speed, plenty of boxing knowledge and carries a wallop.

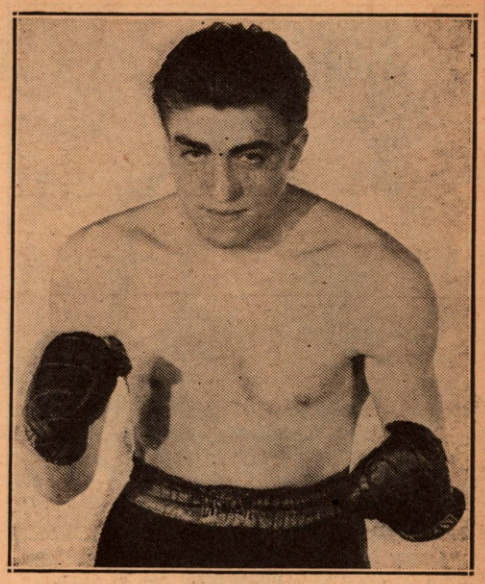
Lou Laurie, former Cleveland amateur feather.



Aaron Seltzer, Bronx hard-hitting feather.



Charley Varre, Brooklyn 130-pounder, who is making good.



Augie Fleischauer, a promising Eastern welter.

Solly Gerstler

SOLLY GERSTLER, born October 3, 1917 and has a fine chance to succeed in a business that requires a stout heart and much courage. He is making fine headway.

Gerstler graduated public school and Seward Park High. He sold men's hats, and at the age of 19, started boxing as an amateur. After he had only eleven bouts, he deserted the simon-pures and became a pro leather-pusher under the management of Harold Scadron, the man who managed former light-heavyweight champion, Bob Olin.

Gerstler was a slam-bang battler right from the start. He waded in and poured leather at his foes, giving them no breathing spell. Strangely enough, Solly's pugilistic idol is the clever boxing master and one-time welterweight champion, Barney Ross. But Gerstler's style of fighting in no way resembles that of the estimable former great fistic star.

Solly depends mostly upon infighting. He wears his rival down with body blows.

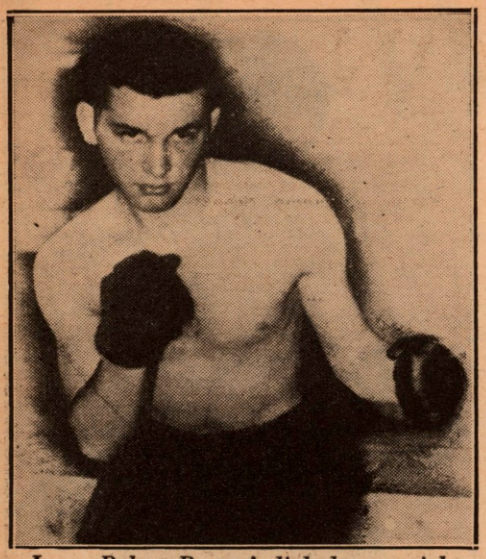
The fair-skinned, rosy-cheeked Gerstler is a member of the Nordacs Club. Since turning pro in August, 1938, Gerstler has had 35 ring battles—fours and sixes.

* * *

Otto Blackwell

HONOLULU'S outstanding professional fighter at present is a colored boy by the name of Otto Blackwell. Otto, as he is popularly known among the boys, is the recognized welter and middleweight champion of the Islands. Coming to Hawaii about three years ago virtually an unknown, he gradually won the following of local fight enthusiasts by his aggressive and pleasing style. Today he is one of the most popular fighters in the Hawaiian Islands.

Otto Blackwell is a fearless fighter. A few years back, when Ceferino Garcia stopped in Honolulu on his way to the United States, Blackwell fought the bolo puncher twice. Although he was defeated both times, Blackwell made creditable showings. Since then, he has improved tremendously and many of his backers are of the opinion that he would have a good chance against any of



Larry Baker, Boston's light-heavyweight prospect.

the present top-notch welter or middleweight fighters.

Otto's success in the ring might be largely credited to his genial manager, Carl Vianelli. It was this spaghetti-loving Carl who took the discouraged Blackwell into his stable and found him a job when the latter was about to give up the ring for good. And Carl is the finest fight manager in Honolulu. For one thing he has a thriving business of his own and manages fighters only because he is interested in the fight game.

Blackwell has decisions over Clever Henry, Johnny Dias and Red Farmer, to mention only a few. How much he has improved recently can be attested by his three successive victories over Clever Henry, who was thought invincible until then. In fact only a year ago Henry had no trouble beating Blackwell. But Otto's most impressive victory is the one over Red Farmer. It must be remembered that Farmer was fighting top-notchers only a short time ago and anyone who can beat him is no slouch at all.

He may soon go to New York for a campaign in the States.

* * *

Augie Fleischhauer

ONE of the most promising welterweights in the ring, is Augie Fleischhauer, but he'll probably outgrow that class in a year or so. Only 21, he was born June 28, 1919, this rangy youngster is five feet 9½ inches tall, is strong and solidly built and carries a clout in either mitt. His managers, Jimmy White and Eddie Reilly, feel confident that with more seasoning and about ten pounds more in weight, Augie will develop into a really dangerous middleweight threat.

After graduating from public school, Fleischhauer entered the New York Industrial School, where he took up electrical wiring. At the age of 18, Augie began boxing in the amateurs. With half a hundred fights under his belt—and with a large number of prizes in his possession, he turned pro, winning 13 bouts to date, nine by knockouts. He fought two draws and lost one—all within the last ten months. He is fast and has a vicious attack.

The flashy welterweight has abandoned the business of electrical wiring for a career of fist-firing. It shouldn't take him long to work to the top.

* * *

Johnny Colan

JOHNNY COLAN, a middleweight from the West Side, was born in Italy, on September 17, 1919. His full name is Colainno. He came to the states when only six months old. After two years at Textile High School, Johnny quit and went to work in a bakery, driving a delivery truck. He started to box only a year ago and had but one amateur fight—with the welterweight champ—which he lost. Al Ramo, the trainer, happened to see Johnny Colan working out in the Pioneer gym one afternoon and although the youngster's movements were rather crude, Ramo saw possibilities in him. Colan seemed so willing to learn. He was working with an experienced boxer and was trying to do what the other did—with amazing success. So Al took the promising boy under his wing.

Out of his 16 pro battles to date, Johnny lost but three. He kayoed the rugged Vic Hale and the clever Tommy Houston. Among his other victims are, Teeko Born, Paulie Griffiths, and Davie Smith. Defeating the latter three fighters is commendable—for a lad with so little ring experience—as they are tough scrappers and hard punchers. But Johnny Colan decisioned them with ease.

Johnny Colan has an excellent chance to become a pugilistic success because he has courage and confidence in himself. Colan is managed by the internationally known handler of fighters, Paul Damski, and Al Ramo. The mere fact that Damski is interested in Colan, is a testimony that he has promise.

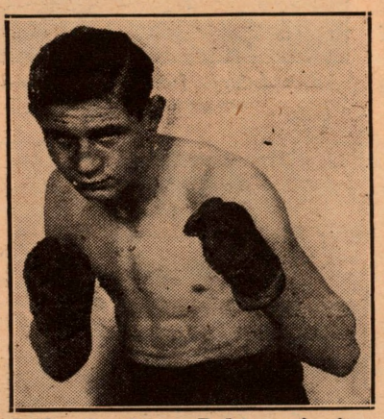
* * *

Charley Varre

WINNING his first bout at the age of five—under his father's instructions—is what started Charley Varre's ring career. Born in the Brooklyn Navy Yard District, on January 29, 1920, Charley is the second of eleven children. While attending P. S. 14 and later the school of Automotive Trades, the idea of becoming a fighter never left his mind. While he tinkered with motors and piston rings, Varre thought of boxing gloves and prize rings. Thus, in 1938, he entered the Golden Gloves—and was thrilled when he kayoed his first opponent in one round.

After winning 26 out of 30 amateur contests, Charley turned pro and started to train at Stillman's—that also thrilled him, training amongst all the well-known boxers. And when he got the chance to spar with his idol, Tony Canzoneri, he was in Seventh Heaven. The fact that Tony smiled and said, "Good work—Charley," gave him a great deal of confidence.

Months later, Paul Swiderski, who fought all the leading heavyweights—Jimmy Braddock and Max Baer included—picked Varre as one of the outstanding feathers. And the youngster has not disappointed him. Out of 31 professional bouts, Charley has lost but 5. He won over Vince Dell Orto, Herbie Gilmore, Georgie Zeitz, Monte Pignatore, Willie Felice, Sammy Crocetti and fought 2 draws with Paco Villa. He holds a five-round TKO victory over the speedy "Texas" Lee Harper.



Billy Carrigan, Baltimore's former Golden Glover, now a pro lightweight.

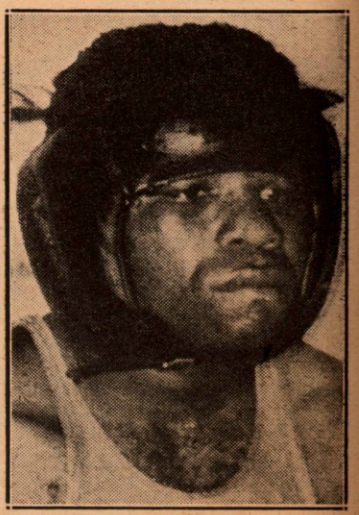
A "stand-up" fighter, Varre has acquired lots of boxing knowledge from his workouts with various seasoned fighters at Stillman's. Charley has plenty of courage. Varre still requires plenty of schooling, but with the steady progress he has made, boxing critics expect he will soon be among the top-notchers.

* * *

Aaron Seltzer

AARON SELTZER, "The Comeback Kid," is making good in his last and final comeback. Forced to quit boxing on several occasions, Aaron conscientiously intends to keep on fighting this time till he gets a crack at the featherweight title. Born March 26, 1917, Seltzer graduated public school, then Monroe High, and went to work in his brother Dave's printing plant. He started boxing as a simon-pure in 1935, winning a Golden Gloves tournament. Was forced out of action because of an injured hand. Aaron re-

(Continued on page 47)



Otto Blackwell, who made good in Honolulu.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

R. H. Lacheur, Channel Islands

Q.—How many managers and trainers did Primo Carnera have during his career and who were they? When Carnera fought Roy Ace Clark in 1930 did Carnera suffer a very bad injury to one of his eyes in the fifth round? Was it the sixth in which Primo won? Where is Clark now? What was his height, weight and reach?

A.—Leon See, Bill Buffy and Louis Soreci were his trainers. Billy De Foe, Ray Arcel and Nick Florio acted as trainers at different periods. He received the eye injury in the fifth and stopped Clark in the sixth. Clark is now living in Chicopee Falls, Mass. He is 6 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 248 pounds and has a reach of 80 inches.

Elino Floredo, Manila, P. I.

Q.—What championship did Pancho Villa hold, flyweight or bantam?

A.—He held the flyweight crown.

George Bissett, Sydney, N. S., Canada

Q.—Can a Canadian enter the Golden Gloves? Why doesn't Tiger Warrington fight more often? Who would win in Garcia-Overlin, Day-Ramey, and Conn-John Henry Lewis fights?

A.—5 feet 8½ inches and weight 150 pounds. Yes. Most of the light-heavies are dodging the Tiger. Overlin, Day and Lewis would be floored. Only Americans can enter the Golden Gloves contests.

Mario Sanchez, Mexico City

Q.—Where were the following fights staged—Corbett-Fitzsimmons; Jeffries-Johnson; Jeffries-Fitzsimmons; Willard-Johnson and Willard-Dempsey?

A.—Carson City, Nevada; Reno, Nevada; Coney Island, N. Y.; Havana, Cuba, and Toledo, Ohio.

Charles Farmer, Oakland, Cal.

Q.—Where was the Battling Siki-Mike McTigue fight fought, Dublin or Belfast? Who won it?

A.—Dublin. McTigue won the championship in that fight.

George Fowler, Dover-Foxcraft, Maine

Q.—From whom did Mickey Walker win the middleweight and welter titles and to whom did he lose each?

A.—Walker won the welter title from Jack Britton and lost it to Pete Latzo. He won the middleweight title from Tiger Flowers then resigned from the division to enter the heavier class.

Richard Fink, Miami Beach, Fla.

Q.—Who were the heavyweight champions and the dates they held the title, before Jim Corbett.

A.—The American champions were Jacob Hyer, 1816; Tom Hyer, 1841-1849; Yankee Sullivan, 1849-53; John Morrissey, 1853-1857; John C. Heenan, 1858-1863; Joe Coburn, 1863-1865; James Dunn, 1865. From then until Paddy Ryan gained the title, the championship claims were many and a number of fighters declared themselves title holder, among them, Joe Wormwalk, Ned O'Baldwin, Joe Goss, Tom Allen, Mike McCoole, Jem Mace, Jimmy Elliott and Johnny Dwyer. Ryan beat Dwyer in 87 rounds in 1880 and gained recognition and he in turn was stopped by John L. Sullivan in 1882 in 9 rounds and Sullivan lost to Corbett.

Martin Dempsey, Dubuque, Iowa

Q.—Was George Chip ever recognized as world middleweight king?

A.—Yes. When he knocked out Frank Klaus in Pittsburgh, October 11, 1913, in six rounds, he won the crown.

Sadie Funston, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—When did Harry Greb start his fighting career?

A.—In 1913.

Q.—Is it true that his family name was Berg and that he took the name Greb by spelling his name backward?

A.—I always thought so, but Billy Conn and Johnny Ray recently told me in Detroit not to bet on that as I would lose. They declare that this is all a fine story but not based on fact. They gave me the name of his family but I cannot recall it. Perhaps if you write to Ray he'll tell you. He is in your city and you can locate him at his gymnasium.

Sencio Dencia, Manila, P. I.

Q.—How many rounds did it take Pancho Villa to knock out Jimmy Wilde? When was the fight staged and how many rounds did it go?

A.—It took place at the Polo Grounds of New York City on June 18, 1923 and ended in the seventh round with Villa the winner.

Q.—From what ailment did Villa die?

A.—From gangrene poisoning caused by an infection from his teeth following his fight with Jimmy McLarnin in 1925.

Carroll Goodwin, Star Route, N. Y.

Q.—What are the heights of Lee Savold, Red Burman, Bob Godwin and Mickey Walker? What is Pinkie George's address? Is 5 feet 10½ inches tall enough to be a successful boxer? What do they do with the boxing gloves after they are used for a heavyweight championship fight? Would it be possible for me to buy a new set of the same gloves which they use for heavyweight championship bouts? Where would I have to send to get them and how much would they cost?

A.—Savold 5 feet 11 inches, Burman, 5 feet 11½, Godwin 5 feet 10½ inches and Mickey Walker 5 feet 8 inches. Height has nothing to do with making a successful boxer. It all depends upon how much ability you have. The boxers themselves usually keep them or give them to their friends. Most championship gloves are turned over to Nat Fleischer of "The Ring." Gloves may be purchased from the maker.

Charles Shelly, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Was Bob Fitzsimmons a citizen of the United States?

A.—Yes, he was a naturalized citizen. He took out his papers just before he won the crown from Jim Corbett.

Frank Thompson, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Who was the cleverest heavyweight since Sullivan's time?

A.—There can be no question about James J. Corbett being tops.

Michael Cavanaugh, Providence, R. I.

Q.—If a fighter falls from exhaustion, what is the procedure in the ring?

A.—The referee may start the count over him or halt the contest if in his opinion the fighter is too far gone to continue.

Stanley Wosch, New Orleans, La.

Q.—What is the usual percentage that a champion receives as his end of the purse?

A.—The rules in most states call for a division of 37½ for champion and 12½ for challenger. However, men like Louis, Armstrong and others who are good drawing cards, demand and receive as high as 40 percent and most challengers receive 17½ percent.

Jose Asuncion, Hawaii.

Q.—Some of my friends who have had experience in amateur boxing say that southpaw boxers are handicapped because they are generally slower than orthodox boxers. Is this true? If so, what is the best remedy to overcome this handicap? Is there any kind of punch you favor or prefer for a southpaw to use in order that he may puzzle his orthodox opponent?

A.—Not necessarily slower. They are more awkward and harder to fight. A good right hand jab and a hook and a left hook or uppercut to the stomach are good blows for a southpaw to perfect.

Billy Brittingham, Augusta, Ga.

Q.—About how many times a year should an amateur fight? What are the weights and heights of the following: Mike Belloise, Lew Jenkins, Lou Ambers and Mike Kaplan? Who would win the following fights? Pastor-Savold, Jeffra-Chavez; Galento-Godoy, Zale-Hostak; Zale-Garcia; Zale-Overlin? I am 5 feet 9 inches, weigh 130 pounds. What will my weight be at maturity?

A.—25 times per year. Belloise 130 pounds—5 feet 7 inches. Jenkins—132 pounds—5 feet 4½ inches. Ambers 5 feet 5½ inches. Weight 137 pounds. Kaplan 5 feet 6 inches—weighs 145 pounds. Pastor, Jeffra, Godoy, Hostak, Zale, Overlin. You didn't mention your age which is important. You might grow another inch or two and put on ten or twelve pounds.

John Schultz, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Who preceded Jeffries as world heavyweight king?

A.—Jeffries stopped Fitzsimmons to win the crown.

Tom Johnson, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What is the difference between a left hook and an uppercut?

A.—A hook lands from the side and an uppercut is struck from under. It comes straight up while the hook is made with a slight twist.

Q.—How many times has Tommy Farr been floored and by whom? Would Conn have a chance to win the decision over Louis if he put on more weight? Who was Louis' toughest and hardest hitting opponent? Was King Levinsky ever a champion or an outstanding contender?

A.—Max Baer floored Farr three times in their New York bout. Very good chance. Max Baer. Levinsky was a top flight heavyweight a few years back.

M. Gustin, Newark, N. J.

Q.—I am 15 years old and would like to take up boxing in Newark. Where can I start?

A.—Any amateur athletic club that caters to boxing.

James Smith, Rumford, Maine.

Q.—What nationality is Babe Risko, Bob Fitzsimmons, Lou Nova? How do you think Billy Conn would make out with Joe Louis? How can I get back copies of "The Ring"? Who is the better fighter Louis or Dempsey? How old was Ernie Schaaf when he died?

A.—Risko—Polish, Fitzsimmons born in Cornwall, England. Nova is Italian. Not big enough. 25 cents each for whatever copies are in stock. Matter of opinion. Schaaf was 25 years of age when he died.

Martin Cheswin, Toronto, Can.

Q.—Do the New York State rules call for deciding a fight on points or on rounds?

A.—On rounds.

W. C. Dubb Jelton, Clarksville, Ark.

Q.—Did Louis fight Carnera and if so what was the outcome? In what round did Davis knock out Canzoneri? Where can I reach Baby Arizmendi, Arturo Godoy, Zivic Bros., Al Davis, Pedro Montanez, George Pace, K.O. Morgan, Simon Chavez, Tony Olivera and Ron Richards? I weigh 130 pounds, am 17½ years old and 5 feet 7 inches tall. What will I be when I am 21? What are Pete Lello's chances of becoming champion? What is his address and did he knock out Lew Jenkins?

A.—Louis kayoed Carnera in the sixth. Third round. Arizmendi—Olympic Auditorium, 1801 Grand Ave. Godoy, Strand Bldg., New York City. Zivic—128 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Davis—c/o Johnny Attell, Brill Bldg., New York City. Montanez, c/o Lew Burston, 1650 Broadway, New York City. Pace—Stillman's gym, 919 Eighth Ave., New York City. Morgan—Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Mich. Chavez, Caracas, Venezuela. Olivera—c/o Bill Newman, Continental Hotel, San Francisco. Richards—c/o Stadium Ltd., Sydney, Australia. 5 feet 9½ inches and weight 145 pounds. Very good. Lello knocked him out last year in seven rounds. Lello—180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Henry Silverman, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Where did Luis Firpo make his American start?

A.—He stopped Sailor Maxted at Newark, N. J. on March 20, 1922 in his first fight in this country.

Frank Arlen, Oklahoma.

Q.—What is the rule regarding a fighter who is knocked through the ropes and lands either on the ring extension or on the floor?

A.—This rule varies. In some states, like New York, the count immediately starts and if the fighter does not return to the ring within the count of ten, he is out. In other states, most of them in N.B.A. territory, a fighter is allowed twenty seconds to return to the ring, as is the case with wrestlers.

Martin Kojac, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever defend his title in this state?

A.—No. He defended his crown in Michigan against Miske and in Montana when he fought Tommy Gibbons at Shelby. He may have appeared in exhibitions in your state but never in defense of the world heavyweight title.

Alyce McPherson, Windsor, Ont., Can.

Q.—What is Al Delaney doing now? Where is he fighting?

A.—He is still fighting. Latest was with Tiger Jack Fox at Reno, Nev. He was stopped in nine rounds.

Roland Loiselle, Greene Island, N. Y.

Q.—How many times did Carnera and Sharkey fight?

A.—Twice. First at Ebbets Field, Sharkey, Oct. 12, 1931, Carnera losing in 15 rounds and on June 29, 1933, Carnera knocked out Sharkey in sixth.

RGV, Reader.

Q.—Where and when did Peter Jackson die and of what?

A.—Peter Jackson died at Roma, near Brisbane, Australia, July 13, 1901 aged 40. From complication of diseases, brought about by tuberculosis. Get full life story in book, Black Dynamite, Vol. I. The Story of Negroes in Boxing, By Nat Fleischer, "The Ring," Madison Square Garden, price $1.50.

John Moskva, Quantico, Va.

Q.—What heavyweight championship title bout ended in the fastest knockout?

A.—The shortest was the knockout of Jim Roche in Dublin, Ireland, by Tommy Burns. Time 1.28 of first round. Next is that of Schmeling by Louis. Time 2.04 of first round.

Elmer Reynolds, Houston, Texas

Q.—If a referee stops a fight during the intermission between fifth and sixth rounds in what round does the record book record the kayo?

A.—In the fifth round. Each round consists of three minutes fighting and one minute of rest. If the bell had sounded for sixth round and fighter couldn't come out of corner, then the fight is recorded as a six round knockout. The N.B.A. enacted a rule a year ago which is contrary to the above. It states that if a bout is stopped in between rounds, the referee must wait for bell to sound for succeeding round then award the decision on a knockout in new round. But that is not according to generally accepted ring rules.

NO CONTEST

THERE aren't so many "no contest" decisions rendered by referees these days as there were before boxing commissions ruled the sport, when fights were conducted on a more rough-and-ready basis. In the old times, it was quite a usual thing for the third man in the ring to chuck out a battler whom he thought wasn't giving all he had, or maybe both principals fell under the official displeasure, which meant that it became a double case of administering the "bum's rush."

Yet every now and then something happens between the ropes which leads to disciplining a couple of glove contenders whose contention smacks a trifle too much of pre-arrangement in the referee's judgment. It looks as though such occurrences run in cycles, so to speak.

A long period may elapse without any such incident being recorded, and then suddenly a couple of fights will fall under the "no contest" ban, one following the other in quick succession. For example, on the night of December 1 of last year, a bout between heavyweights Tiger Jack Fox and Clarence Brown was stopped after the fifth round by Referee Tommy Thomas and declared "no contest." This was in the main event of a Chicago boxing show, and the referee had already warned the principals three times that they were not giving satisfaction.

Of course, both protested their innocence, no fighter ever did admit being guilty of not giving his best unless the evidence against him was so glaringly plain that nobody would believe his denials. But they were ordered to appear before the Illinois State Athletic Commission, and do their protesting there.

And only a few days later, or to be exact, on December 11, a fight in Trenton, N. J., between Larry Lane and Gus Alexander was halted and declared to be "no contest" by Referee Frank Mana. Abe J. Greene, State Athletic Commissioner, ruled that the sluggers must slug it out at a later date on another boxing show card, if they hoped to get any dough as reward for their exertions.

So there were two supposedly "barney" bouts listed, one right on the heels of another. I didn't see either of them, so have no personal opinion to offer as to the rights or wrongs of the scrappers. But, taking it by and large, as the sailors say, it's a safe bet that no modern referee stops a scrap unless he has a good reason for so doing, most frequently the reason being "not trying."

* * *

ONE curious "no contest" affair which sticks in my memory was a bout between Ben Jeby, New York middleweight, and Gorilla Jones, which took place at Cleveland on April 19, 1933. Jeby was then recognized by the New York Commission as world's champion in his class. Jones, colored puncher from Memphis, Tenn., had lost on a foul to Marcel Thil, the Frenchman, in 1932, and had been deprived of the middleweight title originally conferred upon him by the N.B.A. It was in the sixth round of the Jeby-Jones bout that the referee decided that there had been more than enough stalling, and stopped the proceedings, and called it "no contest." The crowd agreed with him, and there was no doubt whatever that so far as it had gone, the so-called fight looked like a crude imitation of the real thing.

Yet I was by no means satisfied that Jeby was actually engaged in putting over a hippodrome. He was always a slow starter, and had an awkward opponent to deal with. For Gorilla simply wouldn't extend himself at all on that occasion. That colored boy could scrap like a demon when he wanted to, as his long record, thickly studded with knockouts proved.

But you couldn't depend on him to do his best. The same year that Jones lost on a foul to Thil, he and Frankie O'Brien were given the gate in Holyoke, Mass., for loafing in the ring. The referee said it was "no contest." It is only fair to O'Brien, however, to state that the club executives laid all the blame on Jones, who, they were convinced, was not giving his best.

In all probability, it may have been that Jones just made Jeby look bad, and I personally, was always inclined to give the New York lad the benefit of the doubt.

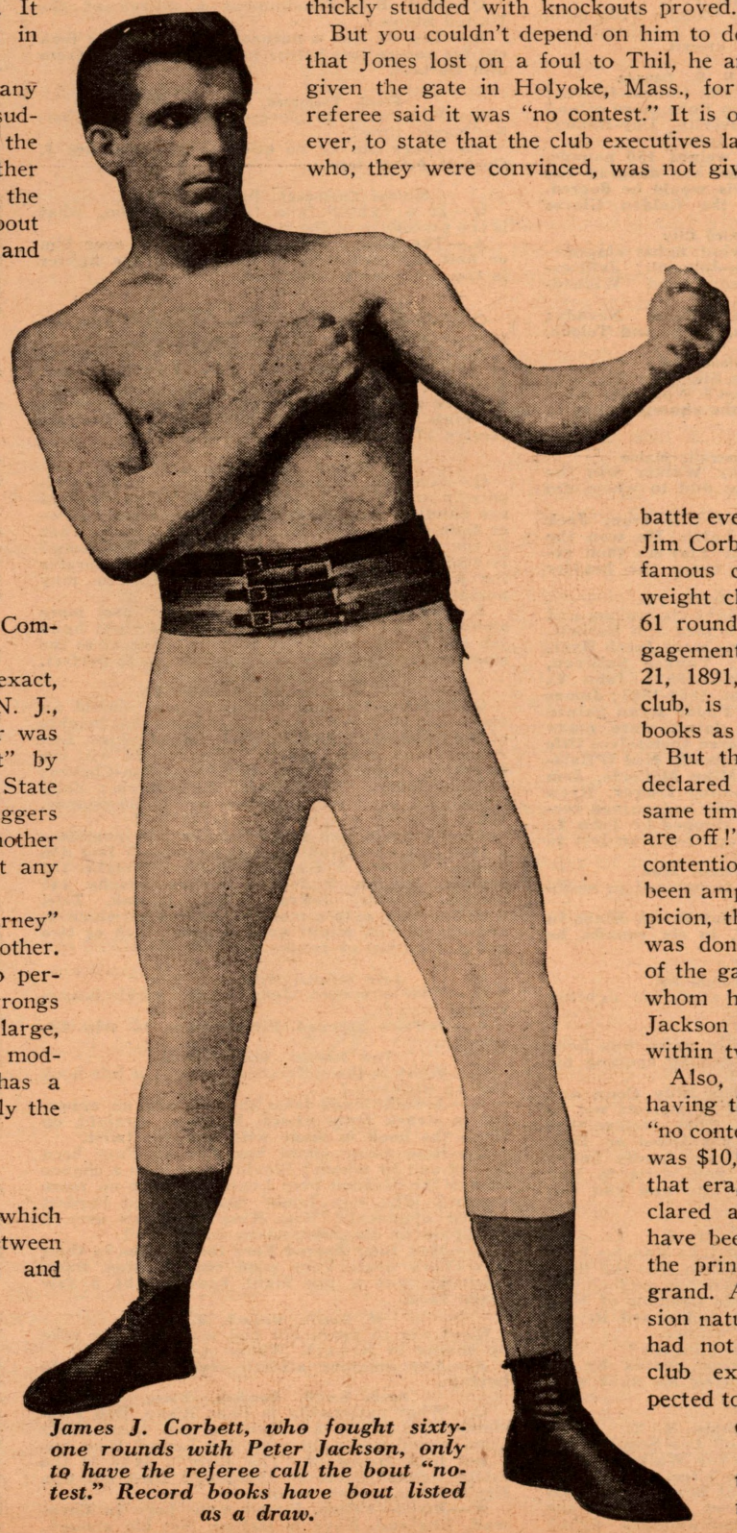
* * *

THE greatest "no contest" glove battle ever fought was that between Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson, the famous colored Australian heavyweight champion, which lasted for 61 rounds. Oddly enough, this engagement, which took place on May 21, 1891, before a San Francisco club, is listed in the fistic record books as a draw!

But the fact is that the referee declared it "no contest," at the same time announcing that "all bets are off!" It was always Corbett's contention, and there seems to have been ample foundation for his suspicion, that calling it "no contest" was done to protect the members of the gambling fraternity, most of whom had wagered heavily that Jackson would whip his white rival within twenty-five rounds.

Also, the club saved money by having the referee brand the affair "no contest." The purse agreed upon was $10,000, a magnificent sum for that era, and had the referee declared a draw, the money would have been equally divided between the principals, each receiving five grand. As it turned out, the decision naturally implied that the men had not tried their best, and the club executives couldn't be expected to pay for goods that weren't delivered.

As a matter of fact, up to the thirty-fifth round, the men had battled furi-



James J. Corbett, who fought sixty-one rounds with Peter Jackson, only to have the referee call the bout "no-test." Record books have bout listed as a draw.

ously, giving all they had. The pace was so fast until then that it was no wonder they tired, and slackened down. After that, they only fought in spurts, but to say that they weren't trying their damnedest from first to last was a lying insult to two of the most intelligent and squarest boxers that ever answered the sound of a gong.

But the club got away with its saving scheme. Not to the extent of refusing to pay anything. That would have been altogether too raw. But each fighter was handed $2,500, a pretty cheap reward for a gruelling battle of 61 rounds.

* * *

IT'S a cinch that the old-time boxing fans must have had a lot more patience in their make-up than modern ring patrons. Somehow you can't conceive of present-day boxing enthusiasts retaining their enthusiasm for the sport to such a degree as to sit through long-drawn out hours of milling as their forefathers did.

There was that fistic marathon between lightweights Jack Burke and Andy Bowen at New Orleans on April 6, 1893, which was declared a draw after 110 rounds had been fought. That was the longest glove contest on record, lasting seven hours and nineteen minutes.

But a veteran who was at the ringside on that occasion tells me that for nearly fifty rounds before the sapient third guy in the ring called a halt, the men simply hovered around the ring without striking any real blows. They were too exhausted to be able to put any sting in a punch. One wonders just why a referee wouldn't interfere at an earlier stage, when it was evident that there was no more fight left in the poor boobs!

The early nineties witnessed many of these long glove battles. On February 27, 1890, two crack welters, Danny Needham and Patsy Kerrigan, fought 100 rounds to a draw at San Francisco, the battle lasting six hours and thirty-nine minutes.

The late Bat Masterson saw that one, and informed me that what principally surprised him was the ability of both men to put on an occasional rally even in the last stages of the fray. Bat said that while the thing wearied him some after a couple of hours had passed, there was always the chance of a knockout, as every now and then there would be a mix-up at close quarters. But I ask you again—can you visualize a modern fight crowd relishing such an overdose of glove-pushing?

* * *

MANY Manhattan sports will remember Buffalo Costello, once a celebrated middleweight, who for years after he retired from active ring service could be seen paling around with Young Griffo—two derelict figures, subsisting on alms, but both boasting long and distinguished ring records.

Costello was fighting in Australia at a time when that country was noted for its formidable fighting men. Although only a middleweight at a time when the scaling limit for that class was 154 ringside, he tackled and beat many heavyweights. How good he was may be judged from the fact that he held the renowned slugger, Frank (Paddy) Slavin to a nine-round draw with small gloves. And Slavin was then in his prime and supposed to have no equal in the Antipodes excepting perhaps Peter Jackson!

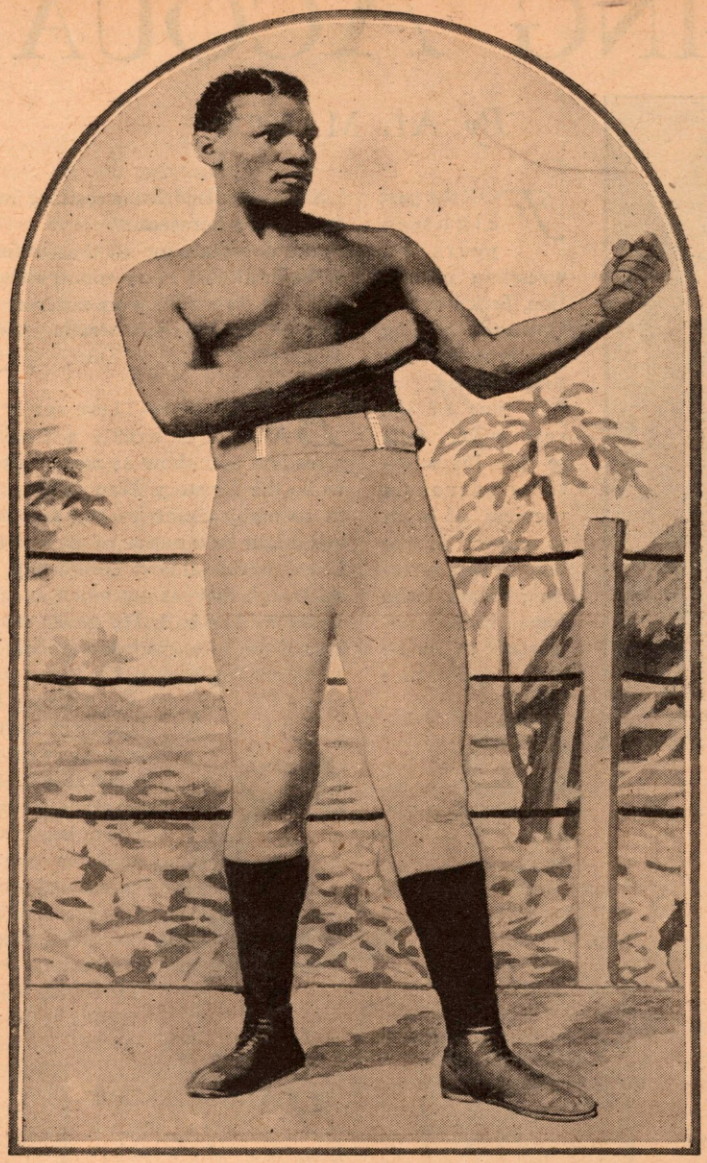
Costello was a little past his peak when he came here and engaged in several battles. His fame was somewhat overshadowed by the arrival in the United States of such popular middleweights as Bob Fitzsimmons and Jem Hall.

He had wonderful endurance and showed at his best in the long fights then customary. Also, he possessed a straight left hand which has seldom been equalled and probably never surpassed for jabbing speed and deadly accuracy. Pitted against Alec Greggains before the Pacific Club of San Francisco, the Buffalo held him to a fifty-round draw on August 30, 1892. Greggains was then considered by experts to be a coming champion and had never been defeated.

* * *

THEY were matched again and met before the Coney Island Club in a battle to a finish with small gloves on November 28, 1892. Costello broke his right hand in the forty-first round, but kept Greggains at bay with his left. Alec couldn't land successfully on the clever Buffalo, and the bout finally slowed down to a walkabout.

The wearied spectators began yelling for the referee to call it "no contest" and let them go home. The official didn't altogether comply with this reasonable request, *(Continued on page 45)*



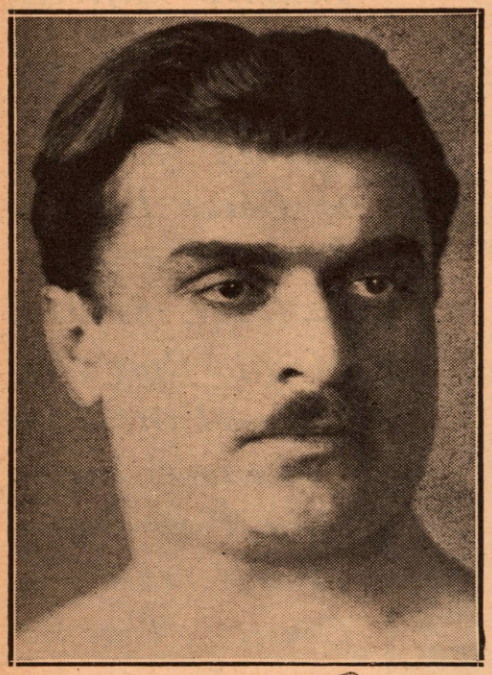
Peter Jackson, great Australian fighter.

In the Old Days of Boxing, Referees, Working With the Club Officials, Turned the Trick to Cheat Battlers Out of Their Money —Today, the Third Man in Ring Acts in Good Faith When Contestants Fail to Give Their Best— Most Notable "No-Contest", That Between Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson

By
THE OLD TIMER

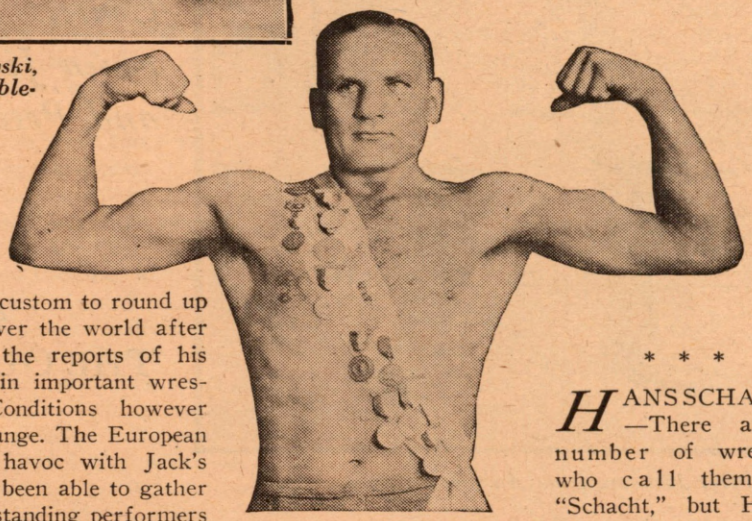
GETTING ACQUAINTED

By AL MAYER



Emak Harkowski, the Caucasian nobleman.

FOR the past eighteen years of wrestling promotion, Jack Pfeffer, Gotham's leading purveyor of wrestling talent, at this time of the year never fails to give his wrestling patrons a preview of what to expect in the way of new wrestling stars who have been contracted to make their appearance in the many leading Clubs in which he is interested. Heretofore it was the custom to round up talent from all over the world after checking up on the reports of his agents scattered in important wrestling centers. Conditions however have caused a change. The European war has played havoc with Jack's plans, yet he has been able to gather a few of the outstanding performers and these he has added to American talent to round out his group of headliners. He has contracted for a number of these stars to appear this winter season. They are the vanguard of many others to come. But let us look them over . . . .



Charley Lappanen, champion of Finland.

* * *

CHARLEY LAPPANEN—Champion of Finland, winner of innumerable European tournaments. Lappanen is not exactly a newcomer. He was here several seasons ago and was very popular.

Passing through disturbed conditions in Finland, Lappanen has kept himself in top shape and his return here is good news. He is looking forward to renewing acquaintance not only with fans of his native land, but the thousands of American fans who have a genuine admiration for the Finnish champion and his clever style of wrestling.

Lappanen will find many new stars which have come along during his absence, young men whose speed and mat tricks have revolutionized wrestling. He will find it all different and puzzling, but Lappanen is a first class athlete and he himself may have many surprises in store for our own stars.

* * *

EMAK HARKOWISKI—Known as the Caucasian nobleman. He is the Beau Brummel of wrestling. Has a neat military mustache, black hair and wonderful physique. He stands over six feet and weighs 220 pounds.

Emak learned his wrestling in Europe. He is well educated and a splendid horseman.

Emak stands for all that is fine in the wrestling sport. He won fame in almost every country abroad in tournaments in which only the best wrestlers were entered. He visited many countries and is as well known in Australia, Africa and New Zealand as he is in Europe.

* * *

BABOO ALI—There surely is nothing handsome about Baboo Ali. He is strictly a freak but then Jack likes to mix his wrestlers and show as many different types as possible. He claims to be the Mystery Man of Turkey, but he has wrestled and lived in so many countries and speaks so many languages, that Baboo Ali might be a native of any of the Near East countries. He has a beard which almost completely covers his face. He is toothless. Although there is not much of him, about 185 pounds, he is like an India rubber ball. He never stops coming, bouncing, and getting in and out of extraordinary contortions.

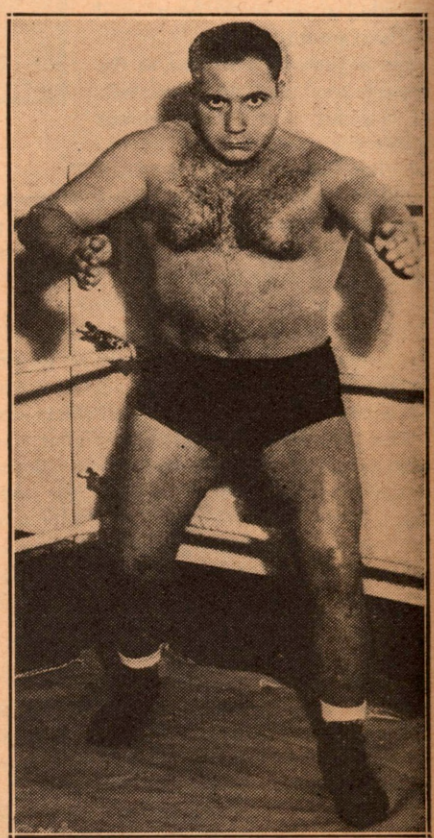
Baboo has been roving ever since he was a kid. He began earning a living by turning cartwheels alongside a gypsy wagon. He learned wrestling because it was part of the show. He admits that the life was rough, tough and uncertain but that he enjoyed every moment of it.

He began wrestling professionally in Turkey and for years he was a well known figure in wrestling meets in the Near East. He is only 25 years old but says he actually has been wrestling since he was ten. A great character is this Baboo Ali and a man who is sure to thrill fans with his clever tricks and contortions. His tactics in the ring have won him much applause.

* * *

HANS SCHACHT—There are a number of wrestlers who call themselves "Schacht," but Hans Schacht is the original one. He was here a few seasons ago and has returned for another campaign. He is one of the big attractions of wrestling. He has fair hair, blue eyes, is very powerful and is a globe trotter. If there is a corner of this globe where Schacht has not wrestled, he doesn't know it.

Every country in Europe knows him. He has taken part in all its leading tournaments. He has performed in Australia, South Africa, New Zealand even the Solomon Islands. He has wrestled in Hawaii, the Philippines and from there boarded a ship because a tournament was due to start in Argentine, a few



Buck Gilbert, Jewish heavyweight from Philadelphia.

months off and he wanted to take part in it. Schacht's return always is awaited with pleasure by fans. He is a colorful matman with a personality all his own.

* * *

LOU KESZ—Was born in Budapest. Kesz is one of the cleverest of all Hungarian wrestlers. He was an amateur for several years and received wrestling schooling in Europe which carries the athlete first through the amateur ranks, then through minor tourneys, until he reaches the major tournaments. Kesz went through all this before he came here.

His first appearance was last season when Pfeffer brought him here. At the close of the season Kesz toured the country, meeting with exceptional success. The 27-year-old Hungarian will be one of the big stars this winter.

* * *

RENATO MARTINELLI—He belongs to one of the most famous Italian wrestling families. Has a small goatee which makes him look older than he really is. The Italian is only 28 years old. These wrestling families are typical of Europe and the Far East where they are found in great numbers.

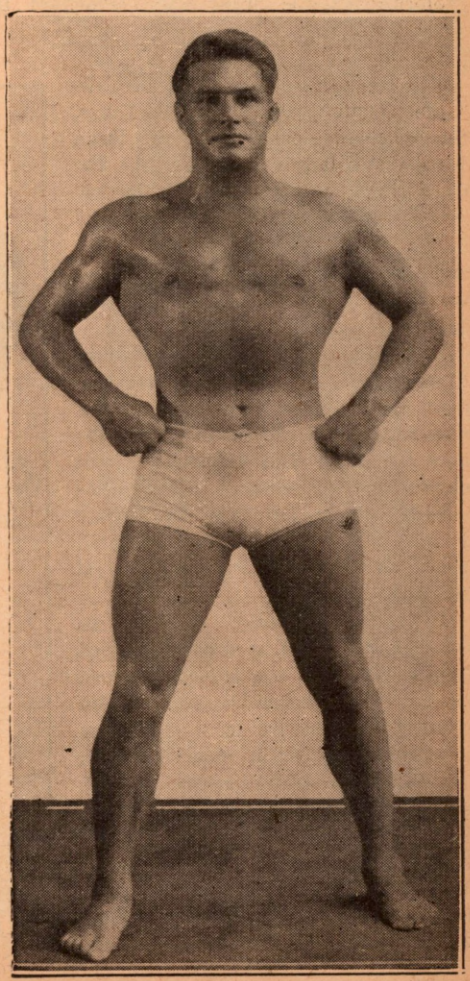
The wrestling Martinellis number three brothers. The game runs from father to son, the younger members being taught the rudiments by their elders. In this way the game is handed down. All of them emerge great wrestlers even before they take part in active competition. Their years of schooling in the "family" learning the tricks, find them the finished product as soon as they are ready for a pro career. There is never anything of the "green" matmen with the Martinellis. Renato is one of the best of the present wrestling Martinellis and looms as top man among Italian grapplers.

It is not always necessary for Jack Pfeffer to go far afield to recruit his wrestling talent. Sometimes he brings matment to New York for near-by places where they are discovered and brought to headlines by the indefatigable promoter. Such a newcomer and "find" is . . . .

Renato Martinelli, who comes from a famous Italian wrestling family.

* * *

BUCK GILBERT—He is Jewish. Stands well over six feet and tips the scales at 226. He hails from Philadelphia. He is a College man. Learned wrestling with the College team. Played football, baseball and was a track star.



Bobby Bruns, Jack Pfeffer's ace in Eastern mat circles.

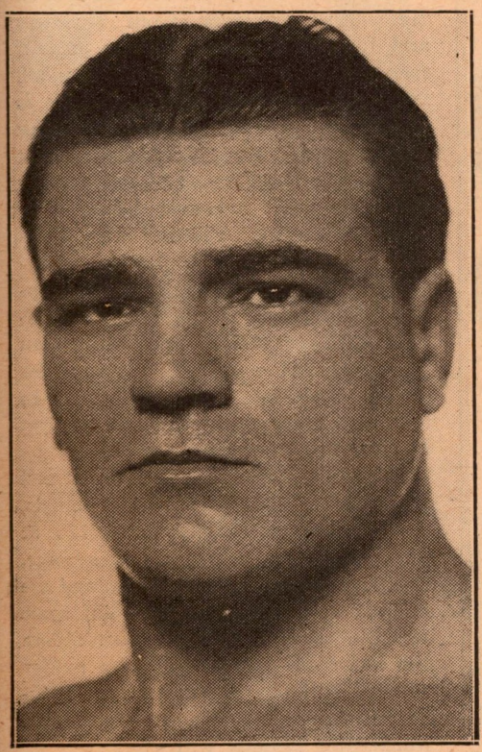
The young Hebrew giant comes to New York at a time when the game needs a real good Jewish wrestler.

* * *

ONE of the best drawing cards in the East this summer is Bobby Bruns, who is one of the many claimants to wrestling honors. Bobby, a classy performer who made a hit when he toured South Africa, has developed into a fine drawing card since his return to America. He is a well proportioned athlete, known as the American Apollo.

Although Bobby has hurled challenges at most of the leading wrestlers, he has met with little success in getting them to accept his defi. He is most eager to meet Jim Londos in a world championship match and may yet reach that stage. Two years ago Bobby was presented with a gold belt by the Connecticut Boxing Commission, which recognizes him as the champion heavyweight. State Senator Albert E. Eccles made the presentation.

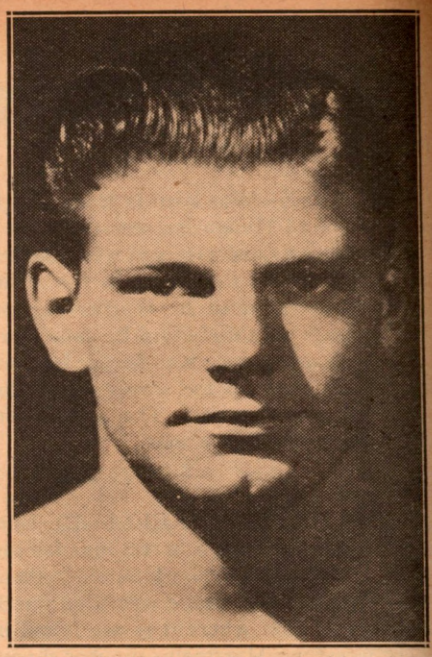
Bruns stands over six feet and weighs 218 and is 28 years old. He was born in Brandenburg, Ger. His mother was the famous diva whose stage name, Lotta Gunther, was well known in Europe.



Lou Kesz, Budapest heavyweight, a classy wrestler.

Pacific Coast WRESTLING

By BERNICE SANDBOE



Bill Varga, a newcomer who rates high in Western mat circles.

THAT astounding noise you may or may not have heard a few weeks ago, was not another California earthquake, but the entire wrestling populace of California heaving a mighty sigh of relief that the International Tournament, staged and produced by Daro and Daro, was at last over. Week after week, dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fans trudged wearily to the Olympic and week after week, Koverlys were pitted against Szabos, and Steinkes against Steins and Dettons against Lopezes and so on, ad infinitum, until every one in the little game had wrestled everyone else at least 15 times. At this point, one Lee Wyckoff came forth and won as was expected, as he outclasses the rest of the bunch. Now it looks like Wyckoff will meet Londos in a world title bout.

Since the end of the tournament we have been having some mighty interesting bouts, the first of which pitted Jimmy Londos against Pantaleon Manlapig, the capable big Filipino. With his customary talent, Jimmy tossed Manlapig out of the ring and ended the fray.

Perhaps the outstanding personage we have with us right now is one Max Krauser, who hails from war-torn Poland. He can really wrestle circles around most everyone else in these parts if but given the opportunity, though I think Wyckoff could beat him.

* * *

OF course the usual array of Californians, such as Nick Lutze, Sandor Szabo, George Koverly, Dean Detton, Vincent Lopez, are like the California sunshine, always with us. Among the up and coming younger matmen, one Bobby Coleman is the shining light in these heah parts and we look for him to climb high the ladder of success.

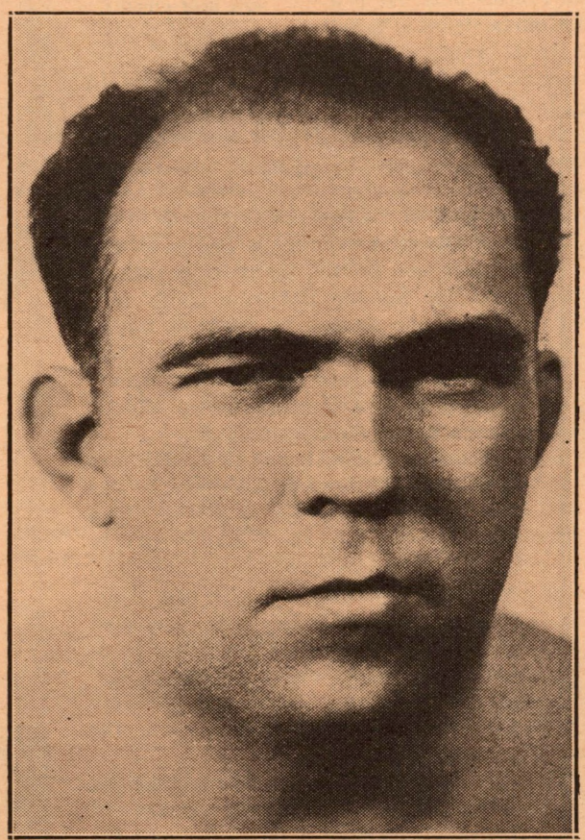
Bill Varga, also known as Young Stecher, and Don Sebastian, are two more up and coming young men. Our major villain at the moment is probably Frederick Von Schact, followed closely by the veteran Chief Chewachki. Other top toughies include Pat Reilly, Rowdy Rudy La Ditzi, Jules Strongbow, Dick Lever, Al Billings, etc., etc.

In the light-heavy division, so capably conducted at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, the super showman on that lot is Dapper Danny McShain who takes off his hat to no one when it comes to colorful clowning. The top honors as real scientific masters among the lighter boys go to Bob Gregory and Jesse James, two of the finest wrestlers in the game today. Yukon Jake, who can only be compared to Leo (Daniel Boone) Savage, continues to add the comedy to the Hollywood bouts, but can surprisingly enough wrestle pow'ful well.

* * *

IT is with a great deal of pleasure that we introduce to RING readers one of the newcomers to wrestling who is really a credit to the sport. Wrestlers come and wrestlers go, but once in a while a fast, scientific and clever young man makes his debut and from then on things begin to hum. That's the way it is with Bill Varga, the son of one of the greatest amateur wrestlers of his day—Joe Varga. Bill has been wrestling now for slightly over two years and in that time has appeared in 200 matches without a single loss. This is indeed an enviable, if not almost unbelievable record, and without a doubt proves that Bill really has the stuff to become one of the topnotchers of his day.

So seldom do we happen upon a young fellow who can really master the intricate and scientific fundamentals of real wrestling, that we have watched young Bill almost in wonderment. However, considering that Bill's father is really a master himself, we suppose the fact that his son is a clever wrestler, is self explanatory.

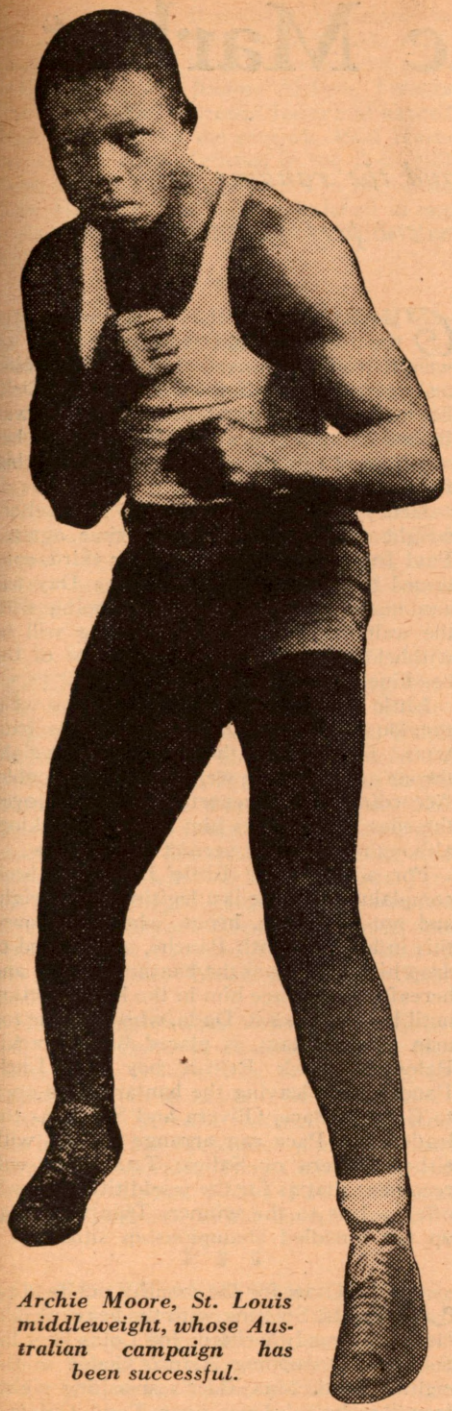


Al Billings, a wrestler of the Tough School, who is a favorite in California.

We have heard praises heaped on Bill's ring technique from wrestlers and fans alike. Hans Steinke, one of the greatest heavyweights of them all, is so sold on Bill's ability, that he is willing to promote a match pitting Bill against any light-heavyweight wrestler in the game, and particularly the "champion" whoever he may be at the moment. Another who sings Bill's praise is Sandor Szabo, recognized as one of the finest, most scientific wrestlers in the world. All concede that here, at last, is a young man who does not bother with the antics of the showman, but gets down to real, fast clever wrestling and has yet to meet his master on the mat.

Bill is 21 years old, stands 5 feet 11½ inches and weighs 184 pounds, although he can easily make 175 at ringside. He is a typical, handsome, clean-cut young man of today and we should not be at all surprised if some day the picture industry didn't lure him away from wrestling. As a matter of fact, Bill has already started making a short subject on wrestling in which Jim Londos will star.

(Continued on page 47)



Archie Moore, St. Louis middleweight, whose Australian campaign has been successful.

Louis Slipping?

(Continued from page 8)

the title intact and only a few minor marks to show for the hectic battle.

* * *

THE head-to-head fight of the first six sessions may not have been pleasing to either Louis or the spectators, but it was earnest milling, with terrific punching, short, snappy blows landed with telling force, marking the fighting. But once Louis found his opponent tiring and was able to straighten him up with a terrific right hook to the jaw, he was like a demon let loose.

Rights and lefts, hooks and uppercuts, straight blows to the eyes and mouth, followed by short rights that snapped back Godoy's head—they came in rapid succession. No man could have withstood that bombardment very long. Louis tried desperately in every round to keep his adversary away with short right uppercuts and solid left-hand body smashes, but without avail until the final two rounds. Then the fans saw Joe at his best.

Stung by hard smashes in the sixth, Godoy's best frame, Louis came out for the seventh to prepare the "kill." He came forth jabbing, moving around his target, until he saw an opening. Then with the precision of a sharpshooter, he let go with all he had. It was the beginning of the end. Godoy tossed a swishing right, and it missed by inches as Louis ducked at its approach. Then like out of a clear sky, Joe caught Godoy with a left hook and a right to the jaw. They rocked the Chilean.

Louis quickly realized that he at last had his man on the run. He wasted no time. Joe unleashed a heavy bombardment.

A savage volley of rights and lefts, mostly the former, put Godoy down. He was now on the canvas for the first time in his career. It wasn't any one blow that did the job. It was an avalanche. Godoy crumpled to the ground where he took a count of six. When he arose, before the referee could wipe the rosin from Arturo's gloves, the bell rang.

It was obvious to all that the end had approached. No man could stand up under such terrific bombardment of powerful wallops and come back strong after only a minute's rest. Godoy is strong, sturdy and game as they come, but not even he could suddenly become a superman.

* * *

LOUIS was well aware of his advantage as the gong sent him on his way for the eighth round. He knew the condition of his foe and he wasted no time.

From his corner he came. His eyes were fiery. He snarled. He was about to avenge the taunts he had received when Godoy had kept on his feet for fifteen rounds. Nothing could stop him now.

Godoy leaped savagely forth to meet his oncoming opponent. Face puffed, one eye badly cut, his body weak from the punishment he had received, Godoy presented a sorry sight, yet he did not falter. It was recklessness to the nth degree, that move of Arturo.

Louis stopped suddenly, met the rushing Chilean and clouted him with a left hook that almost toppled him. Then came a volley of lefts and rights. It was difficult to count them, so quickly did they come.

The jaw and head were the targets. Godoy was rocked, but stood his ground until his senses became numbed under the terrific impact. Bleeding, like one whose face was cut open with a dagger, Godoy still went forward. He didn't retreat an inch under the heavy bombardment. But his cause was lost. He knew it, as did all in that Yankee Stadium.

A right to the jaw dropped him, face forward. He landed with palms of hands touching the floor and he rested on his knees.

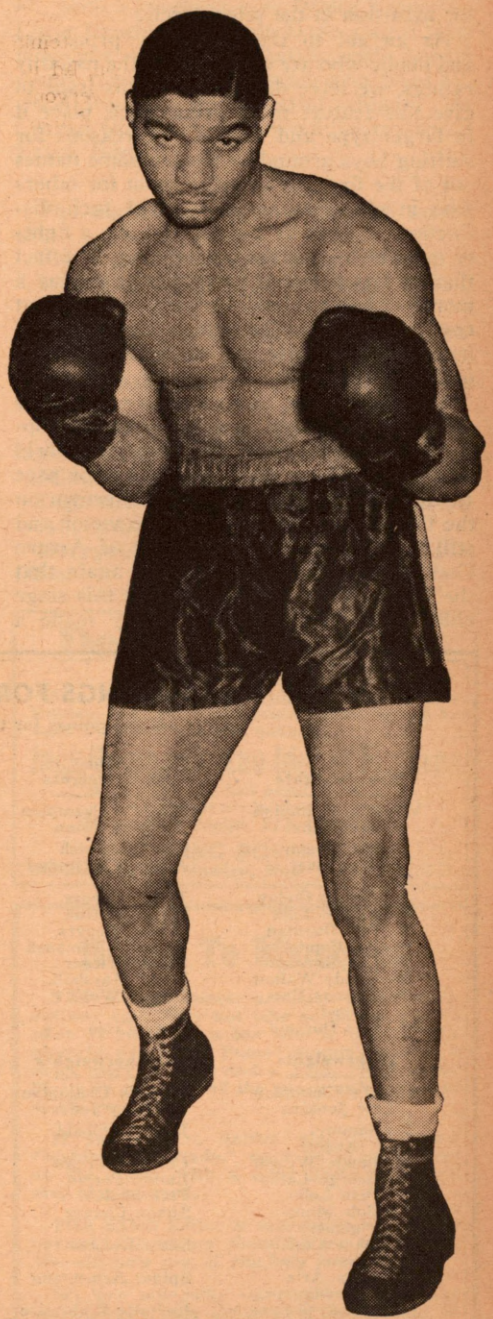
At eight he got to his feet. He was dazed, yet faced his opponent without flinching.

Louis gave him no rest. Rights and lefts found their way to the free target. They seemed to be about fifty tossed in half a minute.

Godoy floundered. He collapsed as did Tony Galento in a previous encounter, and like Tony, he was battered to a pulp.

This time Referee Cavanagh refused to count. The bout was over so far as he was concerned, but not so with Godoy. When he realized what had happened, he leaped to his feet and went forth to fight on despite the official verdict. It took considerable persuasion to force him back to his corner. He was beaten, but not disgraced. He had given the fans a treat in fighting his opponent like a challenger should and they were satisfied.

Joe's punching was lethal and Godoy's face proved it. As in the case of Galento, he presented a sorry appearance. Louis had worked perfectly and by his exhibition, had again proved that he must go down in ring history as one of its greatest standard bearers. He was never in trouble. He had solved the human puzzle to the satisfaction of himself and the crowd.



Lem Franklin, rated among the best of younger heavyweights. He hails from Cleveland.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

OFTEN we receive letters from managers telling us that we erred in not placing one of their fighters among THE RING'S first ten in our monthly ratings. We cannot blame a manager for doing all he can to aid his boy, but we find, upon close examination of the records, that the fighter referred to is short of the mark necessary for inclusion in the select circle.

As an aid to the managers, promoters and public who are interested in the monthly ratings, we have decided with this issue to give this feature more prominence, place it in larger type and to give our reasons for shifting boys around or tossing some names out of the first ten to make room for others who in our opinion, have rated such distinction. To qualify for the first ten, a fighter must be among the outstanding. The fact that he has defeated several boys during a month or has a splendid record, isn't all that counts. The boys he whips must be top-notchers, otherwise the record is just an ordinary one.

The past month, though not a very active one in this country, saw many of the top-flight fighters in action. Joe Louis, the world heavyweight king, continued to set the pace for the field by again placing his crown on the table and again emerging the victor and still the champion. His conquest of Arturo Godoy was a classic and proved again that the Brown Bomber has no one at this stage able to take his measure. Godoy made a gallant struggle, as told elsewhere in this book, but his best was insufficient. The defeat brought him a lower place in the rating, below Bob Pastor and Max Baer.

Baer, by his remarkable fight against Tony Galento, whom he stopped, removed Tony from the select circle and gained for himself second post in the division. Should Galento continue to fight, he will now have to catch up with those who have been placed above him, by proving his right to a position among the leaders. He was too badly beaten to be kept among the top-notchers.

* * *

KEN OVERLIN, who shares with Al Hostak the right to the world middleweight crown, like Louis, proved that he is the outstanding fighter in his division by his splendid work against Harry Balsamo. Overlin, rated by many a second Harry Greb, disposed of three opponents, each a formidable rival. He scored over Ben Brown, Ralph De John and stopped Harry Balsamo in the ninth round. Ken continues our choice for No. 1 man while Hostak, inactive, is fourth.

Solly Krieger, now competing as a 175-pounder, is given a place among the light-heavies, something he didn't have last month. He was dropped last month because of his defeat by Jimmy Reeves, but he has returned to the top-flight section by his splendid victory over Al McCoy. Lloyd Marshall, rated with the middleweights, appears to have outgrown that class and will be listed among the light-heavies in the future.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Titile Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Bob Pastor	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Cocoa Kid
2—Max Baer	Anton Christoforidis	Tony Zale	Milt Aron
3—Arturo Godoy	Teddy Yarosz	Ceferino Garcia	Holman Williams
4—Buddy Baer	Melio Bettina	Al Hostak	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Red Burman	Jimmy Reeves	Archie Moore	Charley Burley
6—Pat Comiskey	Turkey Thompson	Ron Richards	Fritzie Zivic
7—Lee Savold	Solly Krieger	George Abrams	Phil Furr
8—Buddy Walker	Lloyd Marshall	Jimmy Bivins	Maxie Berger
9—Gunnar Barlund	Jimmy Webb	Steve Belloise	Mike Kaplan
10—Gus Dorazio	Tony Cisco	Howell King	Jack Larrimore
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Joey Archibald	George Pace	Jackie Paterson
2—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Tony Olivera	Little Pancho
3—George Latka	Jimmy Perrin	Lou Salica	Little Dado
4—Pete Lello	Pete Scalzo	K. O. Morgan	Enrico Urbinati
5—Bob Montgomery	Simon Chavez	Kui Kong Young	Manuel Ortiz
6—Dave Castilloux	Sixto Escobar	Kid Tanner	Tiny Bostock
7—Baby Arizmendi	Spider Armstrong	Chick Delaney	Small Montana
8—Johnny Bellus	Everette Rightmire	Aurel Toma	Jackie Jurich
9—Jimmy Tygh	Bobby Ruffin	Tommy Kiene	Paddy Ryan
10—Irving Eldridge	Larry Bolvin	Johnny Juliano	Joe Curran

CHARLEY BURLEY, removed from the welterweight ranks because of weight troubles, proved that he is a legitimate welter by scaling 147½ for Carl Dell. Steve Belloise, a great little prospect, was shifted from welters to middleweights because he is rapidly growing and is too big for the 147-pounders.

Henry Armstrong defended his welterweight title for the 'steenth time against Paul Junior, finishing him in the third, continued to top his division. Davey Day has announced his intention of scrapping with the welterweights and his ranking will be withheld until he mixes with some of the headliners.

Little Dado and Little Pancho, who were previously ranked highly among the bantams, fought for the vacated flyweight throne and made the weight without trouble. According to the reports, Pancho enjoyed the edge which gives him a higher ranking, although the official verdict was a draw.

For a long time Little Dado has been complaining that he is a legitimate flyweight and not a bantam, hence, when he proved this in his fight with Pancho, we decided to drop his name from the bantam ratings and hereafter will place him in the lower section until he outgrows it. Dado, who was our top man as a bantam, is placed below Jackie Paterson, crack British boy and Little Pancho, thus leaving the bantam class open to Georgie Pace, Olivera and Salica as the leaders. If Pace can arrange a fight with either Olivera or Salica, THE RING will recognize that as for the world title and will offer a belt to the winner. This will clear up the muddled championship situation.

* * *

AND now for the month's outstanding fights. Starting with the heavyweight class, as already written, Joe Louis kept his position by stopping Arturo Godoy in the eighth round. Max Baer's smashing eight-round technical kayo over Tony Galento, was the next most important battle. Bob Pastor whipped Charley Eagle. Pat Comiskey showed tremendous promise in his stirring one-round knockout over Bob Sikes. Lee Savold triumphed in a no decision contest over Johnny Whiters and also kayoed Red Bruce in the fourth. Whiters whipped Lou Thomas. Buddy Walker won over Jack Wofford.

Gunnar Barlund is showing a return to form. He whipped Jorge Brescia and kayoed Henry Cooper in the seventh round. Patsy Pirroni whipped Unknown Winston and kayoed Jack Owen in two and Jack Lower in four. Tony Musto scored over Curtis Sheppard. Buddy Knox disposed of Jarl Johnson in the sixth period. Henry Wacker won over Eddie Simms. Abe Simon defeated Nick Fiorentino. Carl Vinciquerra kayoed Tommy Johnson in two and drew with Chuck Crowell. Crowell won over Arne Anderson.

Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Al Delaney in the ninth. Bill Poland kayoed Jack Marshall in the fifth. Neville Beech won from Max Minnich and Johnny Aichers. Tommy Tucker whipped Clarence Jones and kayoed Domingo Valin in the seventh. Paul Hartnek kayoed Noel Kellison in the first. Bill Boyd disposed of Dan Hassett in the tenth. Babe Hunt finished Mickey Balaban in one while Newsboy Millich drew with Pat Valentino.

* * *

IN the light-heavyweight division, Anton Christoforidis scored over Joe Sutka. Teddy Yarosz won from Bud Mignault. Turkey Thompson stopped Glen Lee in the seventh round and caused his retirement from the ring. Lloyd Marshall scored over Tony Cisco. Jimmy Webb kayoed Joe Baynes in the fourth round. Solly Krieger won over Al McCoy. Joey Parks kayoed Jack Baggett in the second. Alabama Kid kayoed Les Brander in the eighth and Jimmy Starr in the third. Tiger Red Lewis whipped Al Gilbert.

* * *

KEN OVERLIN, who is making himself one of the busiest of middleweight fighters, whipped Ben Brown, Ralph De John and stopped Harry Balsamo in the ninth. Brown kayoed Frankie Roberts in the fourth. Tony Zale disposed of Baby Kid Chocolate in four heats. Archie Moore disposed of Fred Henneberry in seven and scored another win over Ron Richards. Jimmy Bivins whipped Mose Brown, Frankie Hughes and kayoed Homer Jackson in one. Steve Belloise flattened Wicky Harkins in one round. Coley Welch scored over Babe Verila.

Henry Chmielewski bested Jimmy Shepard. Jackie Donovan defeated Johnny McHale. Nate Bolden won from Honeyboy Jones. Jose Baso kayoed George Costulis in seven. Al Bernard flattened Larry Kellum in five. Jack McNamee won over Leon Zorrita in Australia. Tony Cianciola scored over Tony Bruno. Bobby Pacho disposed of Otto Blackwell in the fourth round.

* * *

HENRY ARMSTRONG'S defence of his welterweight title required only three rounds against Paul Junior. Cocoa Kid whipped Jimmy Leto, Bill McDowell, stopped Johnny Barbara in one and Frankie Britt in seven. Leto whipped Saverio Turiello. Holman Williams bested Milo Theodorescue and Joe Legon. Charley Burley won over Carl Dell. Fritzie Zivic defeated Ossie Harris. Maxie Berger scored over Bernie Miller. Mike Kaplan stopped Tommy Cross in five rounds.

Ernie Roderick kayoed Taffy Williams in the second round in England. Tony Marteliano flattened Pete Galiano in one. Tony Chavez disposed of Everett Simington in the third. Eddie Dolan won over Johnny Bellus. Mike Piskin defeated Bob Reilleu but was kayoed by Mickey Makar in one. Makar was kayoed by Red Cochrane in four who also disposed of Maurice Arnault in five. Eddie Dunne stopped Joey Spangler in five. Jerome Conforto scored over Nick Camarata. Jimmy Garrison drew with Red Green. Pete De Ruzza whipped Kenny La Salle. Dick Turcotte bested Norman Hurdman while Tony Ferrara drew with Frankie Wallace.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—What title did each of the following hold—Marcel Thil, Stanley Ketchel, Eddie McGoorty, Johnny Wilson, Frankie Genaro?

2—What is the shortest heavyweight championship fight on record and what fight is the next shortest?

3—Name three or more managers who handled the affairs of more than one champion?

4—True or false—Bob Fitzsimmons was the first fighter to hold three titles at one time; Harry Greb won the middleweight title from Mickey Walker; Tommy Gibbons went fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey; Lou Ambers won the lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri; Mike McTigue won the light-heavyweight title from Georges Carpentier.

5—Which of the following held world titles—Tony Canzoneri, Harry Greb, Tom Sharkey, Peter Jackson, Johnny Dundee, Tiger Flowers, Fred Fulton, Kid Chocolate, Joe Dundee and Billy Papke?

SAMMY ANGOTT, one of the lightweight leaders, drew with Baby Arizmendi. George Latka who is improving in leaps and bounds whipped George Hansford and stopped Nick Peters in the sixth. Jimmy Vaughn was beaten by Irving Eldridge, Pete Lello and kayoed by Bob Montgomery in the second. Eldridge also whipped Frankie Wallace. Julio Gonzales was beaten by Dave Castilloux and Johnny Bellus. Jimmy Tygh won from Leo Rodak. Billy Marquart conquered George Zengaras.

Tommy Speigal lost to Buck Streator but scored over Eddie Zivic. Johnny Hutchinson whipped Dave Lefton, kayoed Augie Soliz in seven but was beaten by Tod Morgan. Young Polite defeated Toby Vigil. Yucatan Kid won over Lou Fortuna and Paul De Bello. Paul drew with Pat Foley. Carmine Fatta whipped Lew Feldman. Johnny Rinaldi defeated Al Roth while Roth scored over Johnny Cabello.

Julie Kogan kayoed Phil Siriani in the sixth and won from Johnny Ciarlo and Victor Troise. Norment Quarles won on a foul from Herschel Joiner in the third. Aldo Spoldi scored over Lou Fortuna. Mike Gamiere kayoed Johnny Pleasant in two rounds. Red Guggino drew with Billy Bullock. Lou Lombardi kayoed Joe Nemoli in the fifth. Joey Fontana finished Lee Harper in the seventh. Tippy Larkin bested Johnny Rohrig. Charley Varre stopped Al Reid in the third. Eddie Lander scored over Phil Saeli.

* * *

CHALKY WRIGHT, one of the best featherweights in the country, defeated Saverio Turiello, a welterweight. Pete Scalzo stopped Bobby Ivy in the 15th and also drew with Bernie Friedkin. Everette Rightmire drew with Bobby Ruffin. Maxie Shapiro won from Pat Foley. Mickey Miller disposed of Harry Fields in the 13th round in Australia. Danny La Verne whipped Bob King, Bert Osborne and kayoed Bobby Lee in the eighth. Joey Iannotti won over Joe Echavarria and kayoed Ricardo Clemente in the second. Morris Parker kayoed Bud Mangino in two. Mike Raffa won from Pete De Grasse. Joe Marinelli won over Pablo Dano.

* * *

GEORGIE PACE upheld his prestige in the bantam ranks with a one-round knockout over Lawrence Gunn. Kid Tanner kayoed Dudley Lewis in the second and whipped Jim McCann. Johnny Juliano defeated Joey Puig while Joey won from Wilce Rivera. Pancho Villa kayoed Red Hutchins in the seventh.

* * *

JACKIE PATERSON, leading British flyweight, maintained his winning streak with a knockout over Wally Knightley. Little Pancho and Little Dado staged their flyweight elimination battle with honors evenly divided. Jackie Jurich won from Elwood Romero. Paddy Ryan whipped Joe Curran while Curran proved the master of Frank Bonser.

* * *

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—None available.

Bantamweight—Wilce Rivera, Puerto Rico.

Featherweight—Benny Cordova, Albuquerque, N. M.

Lightweight—Jimmy Pierce, New York City.

Welterweight—Ben Montalbano, Birmingham, Ala.

Middleweight—Pat O'Connor, Ireland.

Light-heavyweight—Solly Stark, Deadwood, S. D.

Heavyweight—Max Minnich, Cleveland, Ohio.

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The Forgotten Man

(Continued from page 13)

HIS record shows more knockouts of opponents within six rounds than any other fighter of note in the heavyweight division, except those, like the Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan, who made a business of this sort of thing in their theatrical trips throughout the country. Sam knocked 'em cold with a right haymaker that landed from almost any angle.

When Langford fought, standing shoulder high to his opponent, his hands set for a kayo, he had a habit of shooting his shining head to and fro, a sort of feint with the head to toss his opponent off guard and force him to yield an opening. He would take a pile driving clout to the head in order to get across a haymaker. In that respect, he was the opposite of Jack Johnson, who so often is called the greatest of all ring men.

Johnson was a finished fighter. He was one of the best defensive battlers of modern times. He was the world's finest feinter. He had the best fighting stance except for Jim Corbett. His uppercut and his jabs were superb. He possessed everything in balanced form.

Johnson fought with a glib tongue; Langford was grim and silent. Langford's hook was a thing to marvel at. It was a short right that carried T.N.T. It was much like Joe Louis' left hook. Sambo's uppercut was a jarring crash that invariably raised an opponent off the floor and set him prone on the canvas.

* * *

THE greatness of Langford as a fighter may be gleaned from the fact that whereas today there isn't a heavyweight of note in the entire field other than the champion, Joe Louis, in "Tham's" days, the woods were full of splendid talent. In fact, from bantam through the heavyweight section, the field boasted of the finest gladiators in the history of American, or even world pugilism.

The colored race in Sambo's time had a formidable array of exceptional fighting men, a parrallel to that of the present era. But now the best of the Negro ringmen other than Louis are to be found in the lower brackets, whereas when Langford was in his prime, the Negro race was dominant among the big fellows.

Glance through the record books and note the kind of competition that Sambo faced from his own people, with Jack Johnson at the helm, occupying the top rung of the fistic ladder. Down the line we go to pick out such famous heavyweights as Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Joe Butler, Frank Childs, Jeff Clark, Battling Jim Johnson and Harry Wills among others, making fistic history. There isn't a fighter in that lot that couldn't take the measure of every one of the leading twelve contenders in the heavyweight division today. Yet with that kind of competition, Sam Langford rated kingpin, with the possible exception of Jack Johnson!

* * *

JACK and Sam fought at Chelsea, Mass., in 1906. It was a thrilling contest in which the scribes were of the opinion that Sam gave as much as he received. The decision at the end of fifteen hectic rounds were to Johnson, but thereafter, much as Langford tried to get a return engagement, Lil' Artha ducked the issue. Sam chased Jack all over this continent and Europe and even followed him to Australia, but couldn't obtain another chance.

"I would 'uv knocked Johnson out ef he gave me another chance," said Langford in discussing this fight. I wanted to fight him in a cellar, jes him, me an' two seconds an' referee to be present, but he couldn't accept that, neither. He wuz afraid 'uv me and he had reason to be, 'cause I gave him the worst shellackin' he ever got in a ring bout. That's why he ducked me an' won't fight me nowhere."

Sam's version of that mill is not shared by those who saw the fight. It was a give-and-take affair, with Johnson well in the lead, though Langford doesn't think so. In the ninth, Sam was floored and when he got to his feet, Johnson went down. Langford declared it was from a right hook, but Johnson said he was wrestled to the mat and so did the ringside scribes. However, the fight was a humdinger!

Langford was normally only a light middleweight. When he fought that vicious contest with Johnson, he scaled only 147 pounds to 186 for Lil' Artha, yet the "Tar Baby" gave Jack one of the toughest fights he ever had.

* * *

TO keep himself in employment, Langford had to keep his meal tickets in the spotlight and that accounts for the number of draws in his record. In those days it was no disgrace for a fighter to permit an opponent to stay the limit with him! The fans thought nothing wrong with such procedure so long as they were treated to a thrilling encounter!

There can be no denying that Sambo at times fought "to order" as he even admits to this day. He did not always extend himself when he saw a chance to save his man for a future engagement. Discussing that phase of his career, the "Tar Baby" remarked:

"Ah had to do that. The run around ah got from Johnson was nothin' to what the white folks gave me, an' I had to care fer those who wuz willin' to meet me."

And so it was. Once he began to show how truly formidable he was, other fighters dodged him as they would the black plague. The Black Thunderbolt struck his best only when he felt like it and when he did, there wasn't a man, black or white, who could stand up before him. Usually after he let an opponent stay the limit, he would get a return bout and then smash his way to victory in a jiffy via the kayo route.

Though Langford prefers to play the neutral role in discussing present day heavyweights, he is not backward in declaring that the present crop doesn't compare to the leading heavies of his time.

"They'd be a cinch for most of the tough 'uns I fought," says the "Tar Baby." In that he is backed by the fistic experts who have been looking 'em over for thirty or more years. When one discusses the great heavyweights, he must keep the name of Old Sambo close to the top.

* * *

THEY came on greater than Sam. Down the line—Godoy, Galento, Pastor, Paychek, Farr, Schmeling, Savold, Burman, Mann, Toles, the Baer brothers, Max and Buddy, Junior Munsell, Buddy Walker—there isn't one in that list of the outstanding contenders of today who could have stood six rounds before the real, savage Sam Langford. He would have ploughed through the money-mad, pampered heavyweights of today like an army tank through a corn field. Many of the old timers, the writer included, are of the opinion that even Joe Louis at his best, the Bomber who annihilated Max Schmeling and tortured Tony Galento into submission, would have heard the birdies sing a lullaby in a fight with the Langford who stopped Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and went fifteen rounds with Jack Johnson.

Langford, who gave the fight fans a million dollars' worth of entertainment in almost twenty-seven years of fighting, and received, comparatively speaking, a million cents in return, lives in darkness but he enjoys his laugh as he listens to what others have to say about the "greatest heavyweights of all time."

Crammed with color is the career of the "Tar Baby." The "Forgotten Man of Pugilism"—that's what we might dub him. Perhaps those among the experts who have been singing the praises of Dempsey, Louis, Tunney, Fitzsimmons, Johnson and Jeffries, in their comparisons of Joe Louis with the "greats of another era," will now give a thought to the man with one of the most devastating punches ever exhibited in a ring—Sam Langford, the old gladiator, who though blind, through the aid of Mayor LaGuardia, holds down the job of "recreation chief" at the Municipal Lodging House in New York City.

Socks That Linger On

(Continued from page 21)

dreamland by the jaw route, for the old style of guarding left the point peculiarly open to the sledge-hammer jolt that Sullivan employed. But when Corbett and Ryan introduced waltz steps and left jabs the jaw ceased to be a short cut to victory.

It was then that attention turned to the body. Peter Jackson found that the heart punch brought the money home almost as well as the crash to the jaw. But it was Fitzsimmons, the shrewd, cunning and resourceful, who discovered the two body punches that are of the greatest and most enduring importance. His solar plexus punch and the "shift" were, however, the result of accident more than anything else.

Corbett, by marvelous defense of head and chest, forced Bob to play for the stomach, and it was not until doctors learnedly discoursed of the solar plexus that Fitz knew what he had done.

The shift was another favorite of the Cornishman. It is at once terrible and deceptive. One hand starts, goes half-way, then the position is suddenly reversed and the other glove crashes into the body at lightning speed. Ketchel improved upon the shift and it occupied first place in his repertoire of tricks.

Fitzsimmons also perfected the uppercut at close range, and this was also a favorite punch of Tommy Ryan's. Both men could deliver a knockout at six inches, however, which made the punch peculiarly their own.

No Contest

(Continued from page 37)

but he compromised by stopping hostilities after round 80 had terminated, and said it was a draw.

It was as a result of this long-winded bit of milling amusement that the promoters began to frown on the finish-fight idea, and it wasn't long before bouts were cut to twenty and twenty-five rounds all through the East.

Shortly after his battle with Greggains, a Roby, Indiana, club matched Buffalo with Denver Billy Woods in another finish affair. George Siler was referee. It was a lively bout up to round 30. Then Costello hit Woods with a left hook that sent Billy through the ropes over the press stand.

Woods climbed back under the ropes in a dazed condition, but had sense enough left to buckle into a clinch as Costello rushed him, and the bell gave him a welcome rest.

Still he was rather groggy when he came up for the next round, and was also handicapped by a fracture of a rib on his right side, an injury sustained in his fall. Now would have been Costello's chance to put his man away!

But unfortunately for the Buffalo, he had broken his trusty left hand when he smashed Woods through the ropes with it, and he was unable to do further damage with the busted mawley.

The punch that put him down had imbued Woods with a wholesome respect for Costello's slugging powers, and he kept discreetly out of range of another possible sockdologer. Billy didn't know that Buffalo's hand was gone, nor, on his part, did Costello know that Woods was suffering from a shattered rib.

So, with neither man able or willing to take the offensive, there was little doing in the line of real punching. In the words of the old saying—"one was afraid and the other dassent!"

Now and again acid comment by the referee, mingled with cat-calls of protest from the crowd, spurred the contestants on to do some desultory sparring, but that was all! Finally, along about the 60th frame, Referee George Siler addressed the spectators as the principals went to their corners.

"If you folks have had enough of this circus, I'll swear I have, too," declared the irate George. "We all want to get home and to bed some time this morning. So here's where I call this 'no contest' and declare all bets off!"

What Siler said went! The Columbia Club officials could have held the purse up as a result of Siler's decree, had they so desired. But being decent chaps and true sportsmen, they paid up in full. Which, after all, was as it should have been. Because up to the thirtieth round, when Costello's hand was crippled and Woods broke a rib, the fight had been a rattling one, and the onlookers certainly got their money's worth.

There's no getting away from the fact that the old-time scrappers sure had to earn their dough. Times are quite different now, and our boxers may well be glad that they are performing in a more benevolent age.

One thing is certain—when a bout is declared "no contest" today, it isn't a trick to enable the club to cheat the battlers out of their money. But that sort of a swindle stunt was pulled more than once in the "good old days."

Paddy Carroll, once a prominent heavyweight and later a co-promoter with Jack Curley in Chicago, often related what he thought was the meanest attempt to euchre a couple of punchers out of their wages.

In 1899, Paddy was matchmaker for the California Athletic Club. He matched Sam Fitzpatrick, then a noted Australian welter, with Paddy Meehan, a Coast slugger. Purses were slender, compared with modern standards, and the welterweights had agreed to go to a finish for one thousand dollars.

They fought in hurricane fashion from the first bell. Meehan was down twice in the second round. Fitzpatrick was floored in the third, but neither took a count. In the fourth both rushed, and both swung savage rights for the jaw.

Slam—bang! Both rights went straight home on the jaw-points. Both men dropped, and neither moved a muscle as the count reached ten! They were still out when the seconds dragged them to their corners and revived them.

There wasn't a shadow of a doubt as to the knockouts being genuine. But the club magnates went into conference and then announced that, having consulted with the referee, the conclusion had been reached that it was "no contest," as neither won!

Carroll then went into action. He told the "wise men" that if they didn't pay over that purse, $500 to each principal, he would visit every newspaper office in San Francisco next morning, tell the whole story, and disgrace them in the eyes of all decent men.

The magnates didn't like this, but they saw Carroll meant business. The money was duly paid, and Carroll resigned as matchmaker for the organization.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—Marcel Thil held the world middleweight title; Ketchel, middleweight; McGoorty, middleweight; Wilson, middleweight and Genaro, flyweight.

2—Shortest heavyweight championship fight was between Jem Roche and Tommy Burns, latter winning in 1.28, first round. Next, Louis' knockout of Schmeling, 2.04 of first round.

3—Bill Brady managed Corbett and Jeffries, heavyweight kings; Al Weill managed Lou Ambers, lightweight and Joey Archibald, featherweight. Billy Gibson handled Gene Tunney, heavyweight; Louis Kid Kaplan, featherweight and Benny Leonard, lightweight; Hymie Kaplan managed Lou Salica, bantam; Lew Jenkins, lightweight; Ben Jeby, N. Y. State middleweight. Tom O'Rourke managed George Dixon, bantam and feather; Joe Walcott, welter; Joe Jacobs managed Max Schmeling, Mike McTigue; Pete Reilly managed Andre Routis, Bat Battalino and Freddie Miller and had an interest in Max Schmeling.

4—False. Fritz won third title after losing the heavyweight; False—Greb won middleweight title from Johnny Wilson; True—Gibbons lost to Dempsey in 15 rounds; True—Ambers won title from Canzoneri; False—McTigue won title from Battling Siki.

5—Canzoneri, Greb, Dundee, Flowers, Chocolate, Dundee and Papke held world titles.

Wrestling News From Hawaii

By TED YAMACHIKA

HONOLULU wrestling fans were at one time all for heavyweight wrestlers. But that was before the junior heavyweights were introduced. Now at least ninety per cent of the fans are in favor of the lighter boys as it was proven by a poll taken only recently. The reasons, as voiced by these people, are that the junior heavyweights are more colorful. They show more speed and stamina than the heavier boys.

Among the heavyweights are the usual run of freaks, something we seldom find in the lighter class. Of course there are a great number of really good heavyweights here, but generally speaking, there is bound to be a faster, cleaner bout when two junior heavies tangle. In other words the curiosity of the fans to see freaks, fat men, phoney counts and angels has passed, and they now crave wrestling as wrestling should be.

The return of the popular Tetsuo "Rubberman" Higami to Honolulu wrestling circles was welcomed especially by his old time followers who remember him as the most popular figure to show in Honolulu. The rubberman, as he is called because of his ability to squeeze himself out of almost any kind of hold, has drawn more people to the Honolulu auditorium than any other single grappler simply because he is a colorful veteran who can take care of the big fellows by his cunning and skill.

Proving that he had lost none of his old time fire he made his debut by pinning the youthful Whitey Walberg, two out of three falls, without much trouble. Moreover he introduced a new hold called the "snoozer" which is a brain paralyzer and effective.

Hawaiian champion Billy Venable still holds the upper hand among Honolulu grapplers. Recently he beat Joe Parelli and Kimon Kudo, two of the best men here.

Many of Higami's backers insist that the rubberman is ready for the champion right now but we feel that inasmuch as the Japanese wrestler has just returned to Honolulu, he must first prove his worth by taking on all the other wrestlers. Such a policy is a good one to follow. If the man is really good, he'll survive the test and in so doing build up a following which would greatly benefit the gate receipt for the title bout. This should apply to the introduction of new boxers, too.

Honolulu fans have been disappointed quite often by the miserable showing made by reputedly world beaters. A situation like this leaves the promoter holding the bag because he cannot show the same fellow again. It is the easiest way to lose the confidence of the fans and without the fans any sport dies an easy, natural death.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 27)

except that this time, Homicide Hank had much easier sailing. It was Henry's eighteenth successful title defense as a welterweight and he looked good enough in that mill to prove that there is no one in the division at this writing who looms strong enough to dethrone him.

However, we would like to see Armstrong place his crown at stake against some real, high class talent for a change. It is all well and good to keep busy, but it would be far better for boxing if the champ were to give deserving fighters like Milt Aron, Cocoa Kid, Izzy Jannazza and Holman Williams a chance. Armstrong should follow in the footsteps of Joe Louis and tackle all comers.

To date, too many of Hank's opponents have seen their best days. There was no excuse for giving Junior a return engagement and shunning those more entitled to the break.

* * *

AMERICAN friends of St. John (Tiny) Dean, the man who handled the South African Olympic Boxing team at Berlin and who refereed several bouts, will be interested to know that "Tiny" has joined up for the third war in his active career. Dean, secretary of the Transvaal Sporting Club, one of the best informed men on boxing in the British Empire, is a member of the South African Defense Force as a lieutenant. As a result of his enlistment, amateur and pro boxing lost the driving force of its best known, internationally famed executive.

Dean served in the Boer War and also in the World War. He has a world of friends among his well wishers. Dean spent a month in New York on his return from the last Olympic Games and among his newly found acquaintances was Jack Dempsey, who gave a luncheon in his honor. As a story teller, "Tiny" rates as high as he does as a sportsman and boxing official.

In his letter to The Ring Editor, whose guest Dean was for a week, in 1936, "Tiny" writes:

"Tell Jack Dempsey and my numerous other New York pals that old 'Tiny' is now doing his bit to put the kayo wallop on Hitler and his gangsters. It's a tough fight, worse than Jack ever had, but in a fight to a finish I'm sure the Allies will win in the end."

To St. John Dean, The Ring and his New York friends send their best wishes for a happy return to the work to which he has devoted a lifetime.

* * *

TO Lew Jenkins went the 100th belt awarded by this publication to world champions since the system of awards was begun in 1922. The Ring Editor presented the lightweight king with a handsome three panel trophy at his training quarters at Grossinger's resort at Ferndale, New York, before an enthusiastic gathering. Lew was so excited he failed to do his best during the training session. But who could blame him? I know of hundreds of other youths who would be equally excited were they to receive so handsome a gift.

In making the presentation, with Commissioner Bill Brown of the New York State Athletic Commission and Mike Jacobs, promoter among the spectators, The Ring Editor praised Lew as the standard bearer of the lightweight class and asked him to follow in the footsteps of Joe Louis both as to the fighting often and carrying himself as a model for the youth. The belt was the tenth presented to a lightweight king.

* * *

THOSE who saw Ken Overlin stop Harry Balsamo before a packed house at the Queensboro Arena for Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund Show, were amazed at the change that has taken place in the winner since he won the New York version of the world middleweight championship.

Ken is so different from the indifferent gladiator who has so frequently been seen in every nook and corner of the earth. In the past, Ken was content with moving, boxing and using every trick at his command to win on points. Now, with the title in his possession, he has become imbued with a new spirit. In place of boxing, he now takes the aggressive and tears after the opposition as if his life depended on the outcome.

Since whipping Garcia, Ken whipped Ben Brown, a highly rated middleweight from Atlanta, and Ralph De John, a first class light-heavyweight. He then stepped into a match with hard hitting Harry Balsamo and won by a technical knockout in the ninth round after administering a severe trouncing to his dangerous foe. Balsamo called it a day after both his eyes were severely injured, forcing Referee Billy Cavanagh to call a halt.

The transformation of Overlin is remarkable. Conceded to be a veteran of over 200 contests, Overlin has only started to show the fans his versatility and it is within the realm of possibility that Overlin will eventually become a drawing card wherever he appears. His style is pleasing and with the new viciousness in his attack, it is quite likely that Overlin will make ring history before he retires from the ring.

To Chris Dundee goes the credit for making a champion out of Overlin. He had patience and endured many struggles to land Overlin on top. Now that Ken is firmly established, Dundee has another boy in tow, a light-heavyweight who threatens to make it hard for Billy Conn if they should ever meet. His name is Jimmy Webb. Wherever the boy has made an appearance, he has impressed the crowd with both his hard hitting and classy display of boxing. His knockout of Joe Baynes on the Overlin-Balsamo was a classic. He recovered from a hard blow landed by Baynes to flatten his opponent with the next punch.

* * *

THE victory of Pete Scalzo over Poison Ivy in the fifteenth round of their Connecticut battle, was an impressive one. Pete, the N.B.A. featherweight king, injured Ivy so badly that Ivy's manager called a halt. A deep gash in the mouth was the cause for such action. Now that Pete has campaigned with success since the N.B.A. crowned him, I would like to see him get a chance to settle the matter of world supremacy by hooking up with the winner of the Harry Jeffra-Spider Armstrong bout at Baltimore.

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Dempsey Still Hard Puncher

(Continued from page 16)

fight when I hit him for refusing to obey the rules when wrestling and I accepted. Jim Downing, Atlanta's fine promoter, the best in the south, heard the challenge and decided he'd make some dough out of such a fight. He arranged it with the Red Cross as the sponsor and all hands made money, even the city of Atlanta, one of the most hospitable in the country.

"I figure it was easy picking so I asked my manager, Max Waxman, to get me a few more of those tough guys who think because they can toss opponents out of the ring they can lick the world. I intend to take on four wrestlers and if by that time I should win all matches and find myself in shape, I'll ask Waxman to get me one or more of the ordinary heavyweights now appearing around the country with some charity to benefit in each bout.

"I know I'm not what I used to be, physically, but I still think I'm far better than most of the current crop of heavyweights. I have no illusions about my ability at this stage, but who knows what might happen? Bob Fitzsimmons fought when he was fifty-one and did ok. Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Jim Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford —they all showed good fighting form when they came out of retirement. There's no telling. We may yet have Mike Jacobs see the return of the million dollar gate in a Dempsey-Louis fight.

"Max Waxman is handling my comeback with extreme care and caution. He'll see that unless I'm fit for the job, I'll not tackle fellows who might injure me. If he thinks I'm no longer fit, I can depend on him keeping me from further fighting. There is no better judge of the fight game and fighters than my manager. It's all up to him. If I get by the wrestlers, Waxman will get some third rate fighters for me. Everything will depend on how I look in each fight. No new match will be arranged until after I have finished the one on hand. I'm not the least worried."

* * *

WAXMAN in an interview with me later added:

"Mike Jacobs is looking for a real gate attraction. He's worried because Louis' opponents can't draw beyond $150,000 gates. The public has been fed on stories on how Jack would have fared against Louis, when Dempsey was in his prime. Well, he no longer is in his prime but I consider him a greater and more punishing fighter than any heavyweight now in the spotlight except Louis and Jack's protege, Red Burman, a boy who is being shunned because he can knock out any of the contenders who so often have been named as possible opponents for Louis. If anyone thinks this is the bunk, let them try to get the leaders to meet Burman.

"Uncle Mike may yet be surprised. He may wake up some day to find that he has his million dollar man right in his own building. If Dempsey should stage half a dozen or more good fights, Mike may realize his ambition—a million dollar gate in Detroit ball park, with Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey the opponents. I'm not talking out of my hat, either.

"The public and scribes may laugh at this, but I dare anyone prove to me that Johnny Paychek, Harry Thomas, John Henry Lewis or several others of Louis' opponents since he won the title, are any better than Dempsey would be with proper training and some fights under his belt."

* * *

THERE you have the reasoning of both Dempsey and his manager in re Jack's comeback. Both are in earnest. They mean business, especially Dempsey, who pleaded with Waxman to arrange the bouts now listed for Jack. How far Jack will go, depends wholly on him. If his Atlanta condition is a criterion, he'll go quite a way before he drops out of competition again.

That first round with Luttrell was a good reminder of the first session in Toledo with Willard on the receiving end. Viciousness and crowding enabled Jack to take an early lead from which he never was headed.

Luttrell didn't have a chance after the first left hook crashed against the Cowboy's chin. Thereafter it was a slaughter. Jack tore into his husky 225-pound opponent with all the fury of a demon. Like an infuriated tiger he cornered his man and pummelled him with terrific wallops about body and face.

Luttrell went to the canvas twice, once for a count of six and again for one of nine, and once, while he hung over the ropes, I counted four over him.

The fourth time the Cowboy was dropped, Dempsey had crashed a left hook to the chin that raised Luttrell off the floor and sent him through the ropes onto the concrete floor where he lay prostrate. He became unconscious and didn't recover until after several hours of treatment at the hospital where he remained for two days.

* * *

THOSE who watched Dempsey's performance couldn't be fooled into believing that he will make a good opponent for Louis or others of top flight skill at this stage, but they were thoroughly convinced that Jack's punching powers have not left him and that he remains the greatest fistic magnet.

He proved this for the second time in his latest venture when he disposed of Bull Curry, a former policeman fighter-wrestler from Hartford, Conn., at a show promoted by Ed Lewis at the Coliseum of Detroit in 1.06 of the second round.

Dempsey's appearance at Atlanta revived boxing interest in that city and aided the sport in other sections of the south. The fight with Luttrell received wide publicity with the result that promoters in nearby sectors were aided considerably.

Jim Downing, an able, national figure in boxing, has some fine talent to draw from in Atlanta and with the new life put into the sport by Dempsey, he plans several good summer shows. In Ben Brown, managed by Sam Sobel, an energetic fellow with long experience, Atlanta has its ace. Brown is the best card in the south.

Neville Beech, the Picayune, Miss., light-heavyweight who made a hit on the Galento-Baer card, is another fine southern attraction. Many youngsters are being developed in and near Atlanta who look quite promising, among them Emory Jackson.

Pacific Coast Wrestling

(Continued from page 40)

His favorite sport is swimming and almost any sunny California day will find Bill at the beach, or maybe for a change, a game of tennis.

He has a brilliant future this young man and we strongly advise you to keep your eyes on him.

* * *

TOUGHIE Al Billings is another California favorite. He has been a menace of the mat for almost ten years. In that time he has mowed down more opponents than he can count and has, in so doing, also acquired a beautiful array of bruises, bangs, broken bones, and black and blue spots. He has been conked on the head with pop bottles, chairs, has bounced out of the ring and landed on his nose, his ribs and his ankle and has parted with six teeth in his chosen profession. However, don't let all this give you the idea that he hasn't dished out plenty of potent punches to his unfortunate foes during his career, for Al is considered one of the most sinister of the mat villains.

Before, however, we proceed with some of the more gory details, let us give you a brief biography of Albert. He was born on June 7, 32 years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, and attended Collin Wood High School there. Even in high school Al began to show promise as a wrestler and when he graduated he became one of those "men who come around"—an iceman.

This profession did much to build up his physique, but Al grew a bit discontent and succumbed to that young boy urge—to travel. He joined the Navy. Two years as a sailor convinced him all the more that he should turn wrestler, for he won the wrestling title of the Navy in no time.

Since turning pro, Al has wrestled all the topnotchers, including Londos, and has given each a merry battle. He says his toughest match was with fiery little Ernie Dusek—a two hour and twenty minute draw.

In California, Al is one of the favorite "hates" of the fans. Lately he has been appearing in team matches, and has had the fans grinding their teeth in fury.

Al is 6 feet 3½ inches and weighs 235.

New Faces

(Continued from page 34)

turned to the ring a year later and after a short siege of success had to quit again. This time because business kept him working so late he had no time to train.

He then quit that job and went to work as a bookkeeper which offered more spare time to train. This comeback netted him eight victories. That was two years ago. Then—Aaron Seltzer quit again—to get married. After six months of honeymooning, the boxing bug bit him again, and at the start of 1940 he turned pro under the care of Jimmy White and Eddie Reilly. He has won all of his six battles, five by kayoes.

Still holding onto his bookkeeping job, Seltzer is making the grade in the fistic trade. He is a cool and crafty boxer. Aaron Seltzer is very serious about his pugilistic career.

Heavyweight Picture

(Continued from page 6)

He continued to fight after the bell.

His supporters were heartened, but quickly Trainer Jimmy Frain informed Referee Joe Mangold that Two-Ton was finished. Whitey Bimstein, also in Tony's corner, signalled the end of the fight, too, while he tried to stop the flow of crimson from the dying gladiator's many wounds.

Galento really made a pathetic figure. When, in the seventh, it became evident he could not continue much longer, his own supporters turned against him. There he sat, repudiated by his erstwhile "friends," battered, bleeding, a sorry sight.

Sitting in his corner after the seventh, Baer was smiling and jubilant. One more bell to call to action, quickly another bell as the knell of Tony. Baer had it all figured out. He was set for the knockout. His corner demanded that the eighth round bell be sounded. It clanged. Baer ran for action. But no Galento came out of the other corner. The fight was over.

Galento, scaling at 244½ pounds, was heavier than ever—far too heavy for a good fight. Thus Tony was far too slow. Baer scaled 23 pounds lighter, was much faster, in better physical and mental shape.

Galento missed those left hooks, he missed those righthanded roundhouse swings, he was terrible in close, he just had nothing but the willing spirit. A 1 to 2 favorite, Tony lost every minute of every round and was just a total bust. He backhanded, he cuffed, he butted, he wrestled, he violated every rule of the ring, and went down to defeat in what his friends hope was his last fight.

Galento was a product of the bicycle pump school of fistic publicity, and now he has got all he could get out of the game with his limited abilities and should retire. He can do boxing no good now, he can do himself only harm.

Galento was a slow-moving target, wide open for anything that came his way. He made Baer look the champion again.

In the first round Galento hooked a left to the head. Not a hard punch, but the signal for a Galento demonstration. Tony missed another left but struck with the left for the body, and then walloped a backhander, for which he was cautioned by the referee. In came Baer with two hard rights to the body, and from then on it was Baer, Baer, BAER.

Max kept pasting rights and lefts. The story of one round sounds very much like that of the other and it would be boresome to carry you through the 21 minutes of stereotyped action. Baer stabbed lefts to the face, he found the swelling lips, he hit the battered eye, he cut him and he hammered him, without mercy.

Galento wrestled, he hugged his man, he grabbed his body, his legs, in utter desperation. This was the Galento who had sent Louis to the floor and carried the fight right to the champion. It was hard to believe!

On they fought, Galento and Baer, through six rounds. Galento started the seventh with two lefts to the face. Baer came back with a right to the head. Galento tried for the body but was weak. Baer warded off the blows and kept driving for the head and body. Galento missed a backhander, then slipped to a knee, and was up quickly.

From then on it was plain murder. Rights and lefts rained all over Tony, and he was finished. Two hard rights at the bell put the quietus on Anthony Galento, mine host of the beer bar, who now goes back to the suds, a definite era in the history of the heavyweight class finished.

Louis Proves Greatness

(Continued from page 15)

man to ever stop Jim, forced the referee to call a halt to their Detroit bout, after his free-wheeling lefts had cut McLarnin badly in the eighth round back in 1928.

Although the second bout was far from sensational, Jimmy evened things with the Chicagoan by winning a ten-round verdict over him before a tremendous Garden crowd early in 1929.

Tony Canzoneri, no slouch himself in those fistic encores, was another victim of McLarnin's return bout magic. This titanic pair met for the first time in Madison Square Garden on May 8, 1936, and after a rocky first round, the Italian rallied to administer one of the neatest trimmings Jimmy ever took to the Irishman. The second bout was something else again, with McLarnin flooring Tony and coasting to an easy ten-round victory over his lighter rival.

McLarnin's impressive string of second-time successes are marred, unfortunately, by the weight advantages Jimmy usually enjoyed in his return bouts. A hard bargainer, old Pop Foster always wound up with a neat edge at the scales for his boy, and the lustre of McLarnin's brilliant career is somewhat dimmed because of this. Against Mandell, Petrolle, Canzoneri and Miller, Jim enjoyed weight handicaps over his lighter rivals ranging from five to ten pounds.

* * *

AS previously mentioned, Tony Canzoneri ranked among the best as a return bout performer. Jackie Kid Berg beat a ceaseless tattoo on Tony one evening in 1930, winning a lop-sided verdict over Canzoneri in ten rounds. Jackie wound up with his nose buried in the canvas when he tried to take Tony's lightweight title, though, the following year, a three-round kayo victim.

Kid Chocolate was another who tried Tony twice to his regret. He made it very close and uncomfortable for the then champion, losing a narrow verdict to Canzoneri in 1931, but succumbed to a second round knockout punch two years later.

Billy Petrolle bulled Tony out of a ten-round decision in Chicago but proved easy for Canzoneri when he made a bid for the lightweight crown in 1932.

Al Singer, enjoying one of his good nights, sped to a ten-round draw with Canzoneri back in 1928, but went down before a light left hook by Tony in the first round two years later, dropping his title while so doing.

The great Benny Leonard seldom needed another try against any rival in his prime, but the few who escaped extinction the first time were usually helpless when they tried it again. Top-notcher Lew Tendler gave Benny one of his roughest sessions in their first match in Jersey, only Leonard's glib tongue warding off disaster when the Philadelphian had him in trouble.

The peerless Leonard, one of the smartest ringmen who ever lived, had Lefty Lew all figured out when they met in their record-setting return contest in 1923 at the Polo Grounds. Tendler's superlative left-handed boxing, a headache to Benny a year before, was an open book to the champion in the encore performance.

* * *

THAT erudite student of ring warfare, Gene Tunney, another good one in a return match, found himself stumped by the unorthodox problem of Harry Greb for a time. Gene was all at sea the first time the Pittsburgh Windmill handed Tunney the only defeat Gene ever suffered. Tunney hadn't quite doped out the solution the second time they met, although he was given a disputed decision. Not the man to allow any problem to stand before him and his ends for any length of time, Gene eventually found the answer to Greb's gyrations and Harry was just another fighter to Gene in their third and fourth meetings, both of which Tunney won.

A smartie along the Tunney and Leonard lines, Barney Ross was one of the best return bout performers. Jimmy McLarnin, Tony Canzoneri, Billy Petrolle and Ceferino Garcia all found the sad-eyed Chicago boy a tough customer in repeat performances. Many of Barney's return battles were close and disputable, but Ross ended up with the verdicts, which is all that matters.

He beat all the good ones mentioned in return bouts. He took two out of three from McLarnin, won a couple of very close ones from Canzoneri, copped three stormy struggles from the Filipino Garcia, and twice humbled Petrolle.

It might be imagined that Ambers' eccentric style might have been solved by smart ringmen the second time they faced the Herkimer Hurricane, but this was seldom the case. Laughing Lou's skipping, cuffing routine proved more baffling the second time than the first to such outstanding warriors as Tony Canzoneri, Pedro Montanez and Henry Armstrong.

All of these trounced Lou in their initial engagements, but the upstate New Yorker turned the tables on all of them the second time they met.

Billy Conn of present day boxers ranks right next to Louis as an encore performer. Conn is always ready to convince any doubtful ones of his ability to repeat. When Melio Bettina and Gus Lesnevich and Fred Apostoli howled for another chance, Conn was right there to accommodate them, which he did handily. He trounced all these worthies in return matches.

The ability of a boxer to redeem a disappointing showing with an outstanding one is one of the real tests of greatness. In meeting this test, Louis certainly qualifies as one of the best. The men whose names have been most lasting in ringdom's roll of honor are those who are remembered for their ability to rise to heights of brilliance in return bouts, and in this respect Joe Louis has no equals in the long history of boxing.

Ballyhoo Aides

(Continued from page 23)

as the greatest defensive heavyweight who ever lived.

Johnson, master boxer, picked Joe Louis to pieces the first time he ever saw him. Jack declared that the Brown Bomber was only "ordinary" among a lot of third and fourth raters. He criticized Joe's stance, his punching and his offense and defense.

One thing he pointed out particularly was Joe's way of edging in on his opponent with his left toe turned inward so that, as he advanced Louis' ankle and not his left toe was pointed at the enemy!

"That's why fellows always get up when Louis knocks them down. He is off balance and there is lost fulcrum," said wise old Jack. So with an eye to becoming the great teacher, time after time, Johnson sought a berth as the technical adviser in many of the Louis camps, especially when there was a tough fight ahead.

Much to the former champion's chagrin, the Louis camp would have nothing to do with Johnson. They resented his attempt to intrude on the teachings of old Jack Blackburn, a great fighter in his own right in Johnson's time.

When Johnson found that there was no open sesame for him, he became vitriolic over the prowess of Joe and instead of getting into the good graces of the Louis camp, Johnson found himself barred.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN once became the sponsor for a heavyweight and the old fellow haunted the camp of his "find" in the true belief that he had uncovered "the next heavyweight champion of the world." Found him in Boston, if you please. His name was "Sandy" Ferguson, and he did put up a good fight or two.

"John L." brought him out to California and made the sad mistake of pitting his red-headed giant against no less a person than Jack Johnson, now a finished fighting machine. Sullivan had ballyhooed Ferguson to the skies and of course when folks listened to John's bellowing approval of the carrot-topped Bostonian, many believed he had something. How could Sullivan be wrong?

Yet he was wrong, woefully so concerning Ferguson. Sandy was a rank in-and-outer. He'd fight like a champion one night and like an old wash-woman the next. Johnson gave Sandy a slick going-over for twenty rounds, and as old John L. came down the steps of the ring when the fight was over, he growled:

"I only thought the falsetta could fight." Johnson had previously defeated Sandy in ten and six rounds.

Jim Corbett picked up a heavyweight in the Northwest one night. The fellow came into Jim's dressing room and told Corbett he could fight. Jim liked the way this big fellow filled the doorway of his dressing room where Jim was doing a turn in vaudeville.

"We'll see about that. I'll send for a set of gloves and we'll go down into the basement of this theatre and have a poke or two," said Corbett suddenly.

Jim was greatly impressed with the performance. He tried all he knew on the fellow and then decided to send Tom Cowler out into the world as his candidate for heavyweight title honors.

No man ever worked harder with a beginner. Jim thought he had struck a gold mine. I saw Jim training with Cowler down at Douglaston, Long Island, N. Y., while Tom was preparing for a fight with Jack Dillon, famed as the "giant killer" of the ring. Dillon was a little middleweight and tough as sheet iron.

The two met in Brooklyn and if Cowler still lives he will remember the licking he got from the tiny giant killer the longest day he lives. Dillon knocked Cowler out and I still see in memory's eyes the picture of Jim Corbett slipping through the crowd before they could start to razz him. That was the end of Cowler so far as Corbett was concerned. He didn't spend another quarter on him and he had squandered a lot on the "discovery."

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, who was a great little fighter up to the day he met Jack Johnson in Australia, has often sung the praises of this and that lummix whom Tommy thought might reach the top of the old flag pole. Tommy, like all the ex-champions before him, muffed a mile. Those old birds just can't put their finger on a prospect. Jeffries has sent a few out of Burbank, Cal., and some fourth rate lout always came along to knock Jim's selections right back to Jim's alfalfa beds.

Tony Galento was perhaps the best ballyhooed fighter in history. He didn't need press agents. He was his own best trombone. He had a quaint, rough way of expressing himself and everybody was a "bum" in Tony's book, not failing to include himself as the "biggest bum of them all." With his own words, Tony filled stadiums when he fought the big shots. He called Joe Louis a "big bum" so often that some of Tony's rooters actually began to believe it and they came like sheep to the arena to see the great Tony prove his words.

He almost did it in the first round with Joe. He banged Louis on the whiskers with a left hook which made Joe's eyes pop out a foot and back again. Had Tony not hesitated the fraction of a second before repeating the blow, he would have been heavyweight champion of the world. Joe's legs were buckled under him every which way, and another swift left hook such as Tony cuts loose must have brought him the crown.

It would have been a travesty on boxing had he become champion, yet he was in there punching for it and whether he might have appeared fashionable or not, at least he would have done a lot to advertise the division. Of course there would have been a return bout and Joe would have regained the title as he proved he could when he got up off the floor in the third and punished Tony unmercifully until he knocked him out in the fourth.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY never was much for bringing the old-timers into his camp for ballyhoo purposes. As a matter of fact, Dempsey never did have anything to say about anything whatsoever when Jack Kearns was the major domo. Kearns was the master shouter. He had more publicity tricks in his ballyhoo kit bag than Dexter Fellows, Toxen Worm and the other great Broadway press agents ever heard of.

Kearns didn't want anybody to detract from Dempsey and himself. There was a great team and Kearns knew it. So why have some left-over Aztec of the heavyweight ranks come in and gather a little limelight for himself? How could they help Dempsey? True, fellows like Jack McAuliffe, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Kid McCoy and Jim Jeffries visited Jack's camps, yet they were not brought in as week-end guests as seems to be the fashion these days. They came because they were curious to see the sort of youngster said by some of the older writers to be capable enough to have whipped any of those just mentioned at their best. I'm one who believes that the Toledo Dempsey was the greatest heavyweight ever born and a sure winner over any of them.

* * *

MAX BAER is a great publicity getter and he does it on raw personality alone. The fellow has a captivating nature and when he swaggers around a camp in his Hollywood costumes he is something at which to look. He does it all by himself, because his tiny manager, Ancil Hoffman, seldom says a word. He is a good story-teller when you get him going.

Ancil, however, steps aside and permits Max to do all the ballyhooing. Baer is a natural braggart. He can talk a winning fight better than any living heavyweight. He so convinces newspaper men that they flee from him finally for fear that he is getting them under some kind of a spell.

If the other camp pops off, then Baer goes to town and the result is bully "copy" for tired war correspondents who come to his camp looking for ideas for a "story." You're not in Max's presence five minutes before he is heading in with "good copy." I guess that's why news gatherers like the fellow.

Dempsey at Toledo never had a word to say. Jimmy DeForrest, his trainer, used to hustle him off to the Dempsey cottage after the workouts, leaving all the talking to Kearns, who never has been tongue tied.

Jeffries was poor copy. Never spoke unless spoken to, and then you had to catch him. Fitzsimmons was tip-top copy. Always gabbing and saying something worth while. Jess Willard was a sphinx. Tom Sharkey was a bag of fun. Jim Corbett was a brilliant talker. Jack Johnson, too. Sullivan was a growler, yet a nice kind of a fellow when you knew him and he knew you. After he gave up drinking there wasn't a more pleasant man around.

Schmeling was pleasant. Jack Sharkey was a blusterer, yet likeable when you got under his skin. Joe Louis is the finest fellow ever I've met in boxing, at all times pleasant, obliging and most considerate of newsmen. I've seen him go through a three-hour ordeal with movie and still cameras without a word of protest. Indeed a credit to his race and the profession he heads!

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

JOE LOUIS, in retaining his world heavyweight title, fully redeemed himself by scoring a technical knockout over Arturo Godoy, the rugged Chilean, in the eighth round of their scheduled fifteen-round fracas at the Yankee Stadium.

Louis opened an ugly gash under Godoy's left eye in the first round and the fight was decided then and there. Round after round Godoy's face was a mask of blood. The sight was anything but inspiring, but the cool, phlegmatic Brown Bomber battered away on the inside with left and right hand jolts. For six rounds it was a fight at close quarters. Godoy buried his head on Louis' body and banged away with every bit of energy at his command.

Godoy returned to his corner after each round, a bloody, gruesome spectacle but the wound was patched expertly by Whitey Bimstein before Arturo went out for the ensuing round. The first punch let loose by Joe immediately reopened the wound.

A series of right and left hand smashes at the close of the seventh forced the stumbling but courageous Chilean into imminent danger. He was floored for the count of five but gamely charged at his tormenter before the seventh round ended.

The end was in sight at the start of the eighth. Louis pursued his opponent without pity. A few rib-crushing left hooks alternated by right uppercuts floored Godoy for an eight count. His face was a bloody smear but there was no halting his attack. He was still attacking in the face of what appeared definite disaster. A short right put Godoy down and this time Referee Billy Cavanagh dispensed with counting and stopped the encounter. Louis walked to his corner in his own stolid, unimaginative manner when the arbiter called a halt to hostilities.

Godoy, sensing the fact that the fight was halted, remonstrated vigorously with the official that he was still able to go on and started towards Louis' corner. Joe's back was turned and he was oblivious of the excitement that was being caused by Godoy's actions. That was the signal for the special officers to rush into the ring and separate what appeared to be certain trouble at that stage. Arturo was finally subdued in his own corner by wise counsel and he took the decision with belated good grace. He was far from disgraced. He made a commendable showing considering the handicap he fought from the very first round to the finish. Louis weighed 199 against 201½ for Godoy. There was 27,786 paid spectators who contributed the gross sum of $149,505 for the much-heralded return engagement between Louis and the man who had previously stayed fifteen rounds with him.

Steve Belloise showed to exceptional advantage with his clean cut one-round knockout over Wicky Harkins. Belloise, who is rapidly outgrowing the welterweight class, is fast developing into a serious titular threat in the middleweight ranks. Belloise weighed 151 and Harkins 148½. Bill Poland showed good form in putting Jack Marshall away in the fifth of their scheduled eight-rounder. Holman Williams gave a classy display of boxing to win from Joe Legon in a slashing six rounder. Neville Beech had plenty of trouble in beating Max Minnich in four rounds while Johnny Shkor disposed of Don Morrow in the opening session of the four round opener.

It was an excellent set of preliminaries which provided plenty of enjoyment. Matchmaker Johnny Attell deserves credit for his splendid work in assembling such a program.

Paul De Bello, after having a big lead on Yucatan Kid, blew the last few rounds and lost the verdict after eight hotly contested rounds at the Coney Island Velodrome. Too much idleness caused Paul's lapse at the close but the fight was still close enough to cause comment on the decision. Al Bernard disposed of Larry Kellum in the fifth of the scheduled eight round semi-final . . . . Henry Ferrara was held to a draw by Frankie Wallace at Yonkers in their eight-round scrap . . . . Tony Marteliano disposed of Pete Galiano in the opening session at Fort Hamilton . . . . Henry Armstrong put Paul Junior away in the third round of their title match at Portland, Maine, before Junior's home crowd . . . . Buddy Moore, ex-Golden Glover and New York State heavyweight champion, intends to turn professional under the management of Eddie Mead. Moore, who has been favorably compared with Joe Louis, both in style and appearance, celebrated his last amateur contest by whipping Wally Cross, National Amateur heavyweight champion, in a special five-round contest which attracted over 4,000 fans at the Golden Gate Arena.

"The Battle of the Bums," as the fighters themselves called it in pre-war publicity, was fought at the Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, and the two casualties who emerged were Max Baer and Tony Galento. Baer won by a technical knockout at the start of the eighth session when Galento failed to toe the mark for that round but it virtually eliminated both so far as potential heavyweight aspirants are concerned.

It was a dirty and vicious battle—devoid of any science—yet it left the fans in a satisfied state of mind because the hero, Max Baer, came through the victor while Galento, the villain, was forced to pay for his rough work by virtually quitting in his corner.

Galento's dirty type of fighting was conspicuous. He butted, back handed, fouled and every bit of conceivable illegality was practised by the Orange Iceman. There was no finesse or delicacy in his tactics. He practised them openly and incurred the wrath of the crowd because of his failure to observe the rules of boxing.

Baer, while winning, showed little that would recommend him for a chance if he gets another title shot at Louis. He proved uncertain in his movements, although he was in front at all times. He hurt Galento with some smashing right hands to the body and bombarded Tony at close quarters with left and right hand uppercuts which inflicted severe damage to Galento's lips. Tony's face was a mass of welts and round after round he returned to his corner a bloody, disheveled wreck.

The bright spot on the program was the form displayed by Pat Comiskey in his one-round knockout over Bob Sikes. Three knockdowns by varied punches were responsible for having Sikes in distress and the referee halted the affair to prevent a needless beating. On the showing that Comiskey made he would have done with either Baer or Galento. A crowd of 22,711 contributed the sum of $98,004 to see the entry of Mike Jacobs into Jersey City as promoter, with Mayor Frank Hague a willing collaborator.

An unusual incident took place when Paul De Bello and Pat Foley clashed at the Queensboro Stadium. De Bello's eye was cut from the first round and Foley suffered from a severely gashed lip in the fourth. Both principals were covered with blood when Referee Joe Vacarella halted the affair in the sixth round and called it a draw. It was a popular verdict and hurt neither boy. Each weighed 136 pounds. Joe Iannotti disposed of Ricardo Clemente in the second session of the eight-round semi-final. Johnny Colan disposed of Lou Villante in the first and Jimmy Casa kayoed Lonnie Welder in the second round of scheduled six-rounders.

Gunnar Barlund made a fine recovery to form when he disposed of Henry Cooper in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round affair at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Cooper was floored in the second round twice but recovered strongly enough to give his opponent a good tussle although he was behind. In the seventh, Barlund floored his opponent twice more before the fight was halted by the referee. Barlund weighed 200 against 192 for Cooper. Henry Morosz whipped Rex Romus in the six-round semi-final, while Max Minnich scored over Danny Roberts in another six-round fray.

One of the finest action programs staged this summer was put on at the Queensboro Arena with the Milk Fund acting as sponsors for the program. Topping the bill was Ken Overlin in an overweight match against Harry Balsamo, Harlem's hard hitting light-heavyweight. For three rounds Balsamo raised plenty of trouble with the New York State titleholder. He forced the fight and outfought Ken at close quarters with two busy fists. But from the fourth round until the finish Overlin increased his speed and backed the aggressive Harlemite all over the ring. The boxer did all the forcing while the fighter did the back pedalling. After Balsamo's eye was cut in the ninth session he lost all desire to continue fighting and asked the referee to halt the affair, because of his injured optic. The fight terminated in 2 minutes and 38 seconds of the ninth round with Overlin being credited with a technical knockout.

In the semi-final, Jimmy Webb, Overlin's stablemate, excelled to perfection when he knocked out Joe Baynes in the fourth round with a terrific left hook. The blow came just after Baynes had delivered a smashing right on Webb's chin and it appeared as if Jimmy was in distress. The finish came with dramatic suddenness. Lou Barbetta scored over Lou Lauria after six slashing rounds by a whirlwind finish.

Gunnar Barlund scored a decisive victory over Jorge Brescia in their ten-round engagement at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Danny Roberts stopped Jimmy Boyle in the fourth while Henry Morosz kayoed Enzo Avon in the third. Johnny Colan whipped Joe Green in another six-rounder . . . . Maxie Shapiro returned to the winning column by getting the eight-round decision over Pat Foley in their eight-round bout at the Coney Island Velodrome. Carmine Fatta disposed of Harry Gentile in the second round of the scheduled six-round semi-final.

Al Roth, Bronx lightweight, made his comeback attempt a successful one by whipping Johnny Cabello at the New York Coliseum. Roth showed the effect of his long layoff but came through at the crucial moments to assert his mastery. Joey Iannotti whipped Joe Echavarria in the eight-round semi-final. Joey scored three knockdowns in the second round and won with little difficulty . . . . Pete Scalzo was lucky to receive a draw in his eight-round scrap with Bernie Friedkin at the Dexter Park Stadium. Bernie, aided by eight pounds, weighing 134½ against 126½ for Scalzo, appeared to have a comfortable edge at the conclusion, but the officials rendered it an even-stephen affair. Charley Varre stopped Al Reid in the third round because of an eye injury suffered by Reid. Varre weighed 131½ and Reid 132 . . . . Lorenzo Pack, retired heavyweight, has collaborated with Henry Armstrong, current world welterweight champion, in a series of songs which they are putting into the market. Lorenzo writes the music while Henry supplies the lyrics and their latest opus "My Moment Supreme" has received praise from many critical quarters. There is no limit to the versatility displayed by our modern pugilists.

Two featherweights who are bracketed among the first ten of contenders waged a furious eight-round contest at the Queensboro Stadium. But at the end of the fight there was little to choose between them and the decision was rendered a draw. The principals were Bobby Ruffin, nineteen-year-old youngster from Long Island City, and Everette Rightmire, of Sioux City, now making his home in the East.

It was a slashing affair with first one taking the lead and then the other rallying to offset the advantage of his opponent. Opinion was so divided that efforts have been made to rematch them over the twelve-round distance. Rightmire weighed 127¾ and Ruffin 129. Sal Bartolo trounced Paco Villa in the eight-round semi-final, scoring two knockdowns and winning decisively.

Irving Eldridge and Jimmy Vaughn continued their rivalry. On this occasion they clashed at the New York Coliseum and Eldridge banged out the decision after eight rugged rounds of fighting. Irving scored a knockdown in the fourth round for a nine count and had the fight under control from that point. Vaughn weighed 136 and Eldridge 134½. Tami Mauriello, undefeated Harlemite, added another victory to his list when he triumphed over Jerry Fiorello in the eight-round semi-final . . . . Chalky Wright's victory over Saverio Turiello establishes him as one of the fistic greats of the present day. A full fledged featherweight, Wright tackled a high ranking welterweight and proved to the fans of Baltimore that he stands head and shoulders above all the featherweights of today and all the lightweights that could whip him could probably be counted on one hand. In the right hands, Wright's ability would be brought out to a greater degree than his standing at the present moment.

Julie Kogan, spotting his opponent nine pounds, turned in a splendid performance in whipping Victor Troise at the Queensboro Stadium in their eight-round tussle. Kogan subbed at the last minute for Lello, who was unable to go through because of a bad eye. Kogan had no trouble and won six of the rounds. He weighed 131½ while Troise scaled 140¾. Lou Barbetta whipped Johnny Cockfield in the six-round semi-final. Jimmy Casa triumphed over Johnny Flores while Pete Asero drew with Pete Muscanera in other sizes.

Joey Fontana settled the rivalry between himself and Lee Harper by putting his opponent away in the seventh round of their eight-round tilt at the Fort Hamilton Armory. The score was one decision apiece until the deciding fracas in which Fontana disposed of his rival in decisive fashion . . . . Youth in the person of Carmine Fatta asserted itself at the expense of age and experience in Lew Feldman at the Coney Island Velodrome. After eight rounds of bitter fighting Fatta, aided by knockdowns scored in the early rounds, won the official verdict. Frank Terry drew with Jerry Fiorello in the eight-round semi-final . . . . Irving Eldridge scored over Frankie Wallace in the feature eight-round fracas at the Long Beach Stadium. Paul Klang whipped Stanley Berl in the semi-final of six sessions.

Solly Krieger, Brooklyn light-heavyweight, turned in an upset when he banged out a ten-round decision over Al McCoy at the Dexter Park Stadium. Krieger's rally in the last two rounds pulled the fight out of the fire. McCoy weighed 180 against 175½ for Krieger. Denny Bartfield whipped Norman Rahn; Tommy Fontana scored over Solly Gerstler while Curley Nichols trimmed Connie Savoie in six rounders. Johnny Bellus proved too tough and strong for Julio Gonzales in the feature eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Norman Silvers surprised the crowd by scoring a technical knockout over Curley St. Angelo in the seventh round of the semi-final. Curley was floored at the end of the seventh and was unable to come up for the eighth. Lou Lauria defeated Johnny Rudd in a special six-rounder.

Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, again gave his admirers some faith in his future. He gave a high class demonstration of both boxing and hitting in his scheduled eight-round contest with Phil Siriani at the New York Coliseum and ended the fray in the sixth round after a spirited encounter. Siriani gave his opponent plenty of trouble and compelled Julie to bring out the very best in him. The fight was practically even before the finishing touches were administered by Julie. He scaled 132 against 135½ for Siriani.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

AFTER an absence of boxing here for two months, Lou Viscusi opened up the outdoor season with two banner shows. Both were held at Buckley Stadium. In the first, Jimmy Leto, local star welter, beat Saverio Turiello, Italy's contender for titular honors. The second found Petey Scalzo successfully defending his National Boxing Association featherweight crown against rugged Bobby Poison Ivy of Hartford. Leto floored the Italian invader seven times in the first round. Leto was never able to land a solid damaging punch after the first heat. The decision by referee Billy Conway favored Leto.

In the semi-final Johnny Mack, former Hartford battler, unveiled his new heavyweight, Larry Kid Lovett formerly of Florida. Lovett left hooked his way to a decisive win over Bill Weinberg of Chelsea, Mass. This was a six-rounder.

In another six, Al Evans, New Haven Negro won a well earned decision over George Pepe, Meriden veteran southpaw. Evans a 140-pounder is an amazingly clever boy.

Leo Dulmaine, Worcester, Mass., lightweight won on a technical knockout when Lefty Isrow, Athol slugger suffered a badly cut eye. It was an even bout up to the time Dr. John J. McLean, the commission doctor ordered the bout stopped.

The four-round opener was won by Jackie Small, Boston Negro over Charley Gilman, New Haven lightweight.

Bobby Ivy amazed a skeptical crowd of 7,000 with his stand against Petey Scalzo who laid his N.B.A. featherweight title on the block for the local puncher. The first round was very close as both boys felt the other out. Ivy went after Scalzo in the second round and shook him up on several occasions. The third was even but Scalzo scored heavily from the fourth through the tenth with a stabbing left jab. Scalzo was a bit groggy in the eleventh and twelfth rounds and rocked severely in the thirteenth. Scalzo forced Ivy to box in the fourteenth and took that round with his rapid firing left jab. Lenny Marello, manager of Ivy refused to allow his charge to answer the bell for the fifteenth and last round. Ivy was suffering from a severely lacerated lip. Ivy had been bleeding from the mouth from the first round on.

The preliminaries were all good as was the main event. In the bout preceding the final, billed as a special four-rounder, Big Boy Carelli, Hartford heavyweight won on a knockout over Eddie Gates, veteran fighter now billed out of Bridgeport. The end came in the second after Gates had been dropped twice.

Larry Kid Lovett made his second Hartford appearance by winning handily over Sam Maltempo of Willimantic in an interesting six.

George Pepe, Meriden southpaw stopped Ray McGuinness, Boston welter in the third of a one-sided contest. McGuinness appeared as a sub for Red Doty of Hartford.

Another southpaw, Young Sharkey of Willimantic scored an easy win over Tony Andreas, powerfully built New London Negro. This was the best bout of the prelims.

Boxers wishing to show in and around Hartford can contact the writer at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford. Fans wishing information about fights or fighters around here can have same by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

ARKANSAS FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

IT has been a good many moons since RING readers have heard anything from this state, hence, with the boxing game taking a turn for the better, we have decided to keep you posted on this and that from this section.

Promoter Leslie Wolfe has been staging some dandy cards at Little Rock and Pine Bluff, drawing fairly good crowds.

Little Rock—In one of the best fight cards seen in a long time, Bob Sikes, Southern champion, and Johnny McCarthy, Des Moines, Iowa, throwing punches with everything they had, the two fighters stood toe to toe and slugged it out until Sikes, holding the edge from the second, finally blasted his opponent to the canvas for good in the fifth round. It was a scheduled ten-rounder.

In the semi-final, Joe Pinter of Pocahontas won over Bill Bailey, Pine Bluff, by a six-round decision. Freddie Richardson of Little Rock won over Ted Voss of Omaha, Neb., while Johnny Lovell jabbed his way to a decision over Joe Ackerman of New Orleans, La. The opener saw Billy Walker, local Negro, knock out Waddell Moon of Pine Bluff in the first.

Janesboro, Ark.—Bob Sikes knocked out Pete Arnold of Detroit, Mich., after fifteen seconds of the second round.

Pine Bluff, Ark.—Sid Scarlett, local heavyweight, strengthened his bid for a chance at Bob Sikes or Neville Beech by knocking out Al Mitchell, Omaha, Neb., in the fourth round. Kid Chocolate, colored, won over the Brown Bomber, colored, of Pine Bluff, six rounds.

Milo Solomito, promoter at Memphis, Tenn., would like to hear from some good boys, all weights . . . . Gene Tunney owns a big slice of Neville Beech . . . . Lloyd Montgomery, the Bauxite fighter, is planning to hit the comeback trail in the near future.

With the amateurs—At Hot Springs, Odell Sellers, 190, Hot Springs, kayoed Tom Tyler, 195, Malvern, first round. Geo. Weaver, 170, Malvern, decisioned J. C. Childs, 170, Hot Springs. Tommy Newton, 142, Hot Springs, T.K.O.'ed Earl Gray, 142, Malvern, second round. Ray Anderson, 140, Hot Springs, scored a kayo over Calvin Snyder, 140, Malvern, first round.

Parazould—Leon Ogles, 127, T.K.O.'ed Jimmie Parrish, 124. Bruce Lewis, 140, won over Odell Goode, 145. Gerald Day, 136, defeated "Stooge" Elders, 135. Othellis Williams, 150, defeated Alvis Jones, 155.

Blytheville—Jimmy Lunsford won over Bill Elmore, 200, of Ripley, Tenn. Afton Chenoweth, 135, defeated Ed Drumwright. Spencer Atley, 145, decisioned Russell Cannick, all three rounds.

Arkadelphia—Weldon Brawer, 145, Hot Springs, T.K.O.'ed J. B. Turncliff, 142, Arkadelphia, in the second round. Jimmy Pranter, Hot Springs, 110, won by a kayo over Jewell Burnett, 110, Arkadelphia, in the second.

Blytheville—Jimmy Lunsford extended his winning streak to seven out of seven bouts by carving out a three-round decision over Arlie Childon, 194. Afton Chenoweth, 135, triumphed with a verdict over Luther Clements, 134.

Do you remember?—Dick Griffin defeated Midget Smith, ten rounds, in Eldorado, Ark., August 16, 1923.

Readers wishing to send me boxing news can reach me at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas. Please mail same to me not later than the first of each month.

Tulsa, Okla.—Clarksville and Hartman, Ark., amateur boxers won four of five bouts from Tulsa (Okla.) fighters.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

FRITZIE ZIVIC registered his second kayo in a month when he stopped Johnny Rinaldi, of New York, in 24 seconds of the first round in the scheduled ten-round main bout at Hickey Park, Millvale. A short left and a looping right to Rinaldi's chin dropped him for the count; he tried to get up at the count of nine but stumbled and rolled over on his face. Benny Leonard was imported and worked as third man in the ring. He carried Rinaldi to his corner and it was all of five minutes before the New Yorker revived well enough to walk to the dressing room. Zivic at 148 pounds had a five-pound weight advantage on Rinaldi. Later in the month, Zivic outpointed Ossie Harris in 10 rounds at Pittsburgh . . . . Bad Boy Irv Sarlin again won, this time over Al Gilbert, of Washington, D. C. The decision was unanimous in favor of the Bad Boy, who weighed 172 pounds, against 170 for Gilbert . . . . Undefeated Sammy Adragna copped a close six-rounder from Woody Boord, of Chest-Nut Ridge. They are lightweights . . . . Whizzer White of Amsterdam, Ohio, lost a disputed decision to Al Spalding, Negro of the Hill. White, at 211 pounds, had a weight advantage of 30 pounds. It was a four-rounder . . . . The opener of four rounds saw Sammy Parotto of the Hill win over Canada Lee. Parotto tipped the beam at 130 pounds, and Lee was just two pounds lighter . . . . The show grossed $2,293, and was staged by the old reliable Jacob Mintz.

Tony Musto, Chicago's rolly-polly heavyweight threat, clubbed out a ten-round decision over Curtis Sheppard, colored, of the Hill, at Hickey Park, Millvale, before 1,070 fans that paid a gross of $1,352. The late afternoon rain really held the crowd away. Musto tipped the beam at 204 pounds and Sheppard balanced the scales at 180 pounds . . . . The eight-round semi-final was a corker between Woody Boord of Chest-Nut Ridge and Johnny Rucker, of the Hill. The officials agreed on a draw, which was approved by the fans. Boord weighed 142½ and Rucker was exactly seven pounds lighter . . . . Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland Negro, outpunched Mose Brown in a six-rounder. Both weighed 161 pounds . . . . Al Spalding again defeated Whizzer White in a four-rounder . . . . In the four-round opener, Mimmie Adragna, brother of Sammy, defeated Red Foley of Canonsburg. This was Foley's first professional bout; he weighed 124½ against 123 for Adragna.

Lloyd Marshall, colored Clevelander, defeated Tony Cisco, of Norristown, in the 12-round main bout at Hickey Park, Millvale. Marshall had Cisco in a bad way as early as the eighth round but the rugged Cisco just wouldn't go down, so Marshall had to be contented with the decision. Marshall weighed 164 pounds and Cisco came in a pound heavier . . . . Billy Miller had too much speed for the veteran Canada Lee, in the six-round semi-final in which Miller won the one-sided affair. Miller weighed 130 pounds and Lee 124½ . . . . Freddie Lenn, 156½, stopped Jim Tizwell in the second round after Tizwell absorbed an awful lot of punishment and the referee stopped the affair. The loser weighed 163 pounds . . . . Jimmy Bivins, the Cleveland clouter, stopped Homer Jackson of Garrett in two minutes and two seconds of the first round, of a listed four-rounder. Bivins weighed 160½ and the loser 158½ . . . . Freddie Bey, of Brookline, won the opener of four rounds against Steve Walters of Sewickley. Both boys weighed 150 pounds. The gate grossed only $1,100.

Hosey Wyer staged one of the best shows seen in Fairmont in a long time when he had the West Virginia state welter and middleweight champion, Carl Turner, oppose Ralph Gizzy in the top ten-rounder, in which Turner won a close decision over the Donora Wind-Mill. Gizzy had been laid up with a broken hand for several months previous to this affair. He tipped the beam at 148 pounds and Turner at 152 pounds . . . . The six-round semi-final saw Joey Mattis drop a close decision to Bobby Williams of Fairmont. Mattis fought on even terms going in to the sixth when he was butted and had his left eye cut wide. He fought back gamely but that round really decided the winner. Mattis weighed 153 pounds and Williams 159 pounds. Bruno Pucci, Charleroi fought a four-round draw with Leroy Frankman, of Fairmont. Both weighed 126 pounds.

JUST A JAB . . . . Red Dougherty is now managing Bob Smith, Hill district light-heavy . . . . Joe Moogerman is doing the business for Bad Boy Irv Sarlin and he is certainly getting plenty to do, as Sarlin is in demand at the present time . . . . Jackie Conn, brother of Billy, is looking better than ever at the moment . . . . Joe Orisini, who formerly refereed local boxing shows, is managing the Keystone Sporting Goods store in McKeesport and is also matchmaker for the McKeesport boys' club boxing shows . . . . Duke O'Hara has opened a training camp in McKeesport. He is a lieutenant in the McKeesport police department . . . . Any information regarding the fight game around here may be obtained, but only if a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed. My address is 1005 Lincoln Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

SAMMY ANGOTT, N.B.A. lightweight champion, did his stuff before Los Angeles boxing fans at the Olympic Auditorium last month, and if his performance against Baby Arizmendi was one of his best endeavors, California has no less than six "lightweight champions." There are that many lightweights out here who could have beaten Angott on that night. Arizmendi was in good condition and made a dandy fight, but, after all, a recognized champion should be able to defeat the Mexican veteran—and the N.B.A. "choice" couldn't do it. In fact, the Louisville mauler was lucky to get a draw.

Arizmendi put Angott on the floor in the fourth round and the Louisville battler did some tall clinching to last the session. The referee credited each fighter with five rounds, which was okeh had the bout been fought cleanly, but, had the referee justly penalized Angott for fouling, the N.B.A. champ couldn't have been given three rounds. Angott weighed 139, Arizmendi 137½.

In the semi-windup, Bobby Pacho, 157, veteran Mexican battler, won from Otto Blackwell of Honolulu by a TKO in the fourth round, due to a cut eye.

Matchmaker Charlie MacDonald of the Hollywood Stadium, was forced to move the scheduled semi-windup between Big Boy Hogue and Al Smith into the top spot when the Latka-Peters bout had to be set back. The contest was a mauling affair and furnished an upset. Smith, the short-ender, won over Hogue by a good margin. Big Boy started out like a winner and looked good for a few rounds, but, apparently not in condition, he blew up and could barely last the distance. In fact, Hogue collapsed immediately after the final gong sounded. Smith weighed 148, Hogue 152.

Eddie Sargota, Fresno heavyweight, won over John Petry of Colorado, by TKO in the fifth round of the semi, the bout being stopped because of a badly cut mouth. Wesley Sellers, 136, scored a TKO over Zeke Castro, 137, Denver, in the third of the special. Castro was down twice for nine counts.

At Ocean Park—Tommy Garland, 167, was awarded a TKO over Red Nibert, 175, when their bout was stopped by Referee Benny Whitman in the fifth round. Nibert was away out in front at the time he was made groggy by a right to the jaw. Many protested that the referee had acted too hasty in stopping it.

George Latka figured to box Nick Peters' ears off. He did. Peters figured to hurt Latka when he nailed him. He did. But, the bout figured to go the distance—it didn't. Latka was credited with a TKO in the sixth round of their contest at the Hollywood Stadium, due to a badly cut lip. A capacity crowd turned out for the clash, for there was the possibility of Peters parking one of his haymakers on Latka's chin and the fans wanted to see what would happen if the Greek did land squarely.

Well, Nick connected a few times in the second round, shook up the Professor and caused him to clinch, but the blows were too high to cause sleep. In the other five rounds, the Greek proved a nice target for Latka's snakelike left jabs and slashing uppercuts. In the sixth, Nick's mouth was bleeding so badly that the referee decided to call a halt, although the roaring Greek was still full of fight and protested vigorously to the bout being stopped. Both came in at 136 pounds.

In the six-round semi, Larry Cisneros, 135, Denver, was awarded the decision over Chief Evening Thunder. In a four-round brawl, Pancho Ramirez, 165, was given an undeserved win over Red Shannon, 161. A decision that caused a mild riot.

At Ocean Park—In a return match, Tommy Garland, 167, Culver City, and Red Nibert, 175, Louisiana, fought six rounds to a draw.

Memo Llanes, a two-fisted featherweight from Mexico, surprised by holding Richie Lemos to a 10-round draw at the Olympic Auditorium. Until this bout, Llanes' chief claim to fame was merely being regarded as a good club fighter and his activities had been confined to the prelims. But, at the end of this 10-rounder, Llanes rated along with Lemos and deserves more plaudits than his better known opponent because Memo was outweighed by seven pounds. Lemos started out like a winner, but Llanes weathered Richie's two-fisted attack and outslugged Lemos in the closing rounds. Memo also scored a knockdown in the seventh. Lemos weighed 135, Llanes 128.

Otto Blackwell, 150, was awarded an unpopular decision over Johnny Jackson, 147, in the six-round semi. Referee Van's raw decision so incensed Manager Wirt Ross that he smacked the arbiter in the eye, flooring the ref as well as closing his optic. This informal one-punch affair was greatly enjoyed by the crowd.

If the Athletic Commission doesn't do something to improve the refereeing here in California pretty soon, the condition is going to bring on something much more serious than a smack in the eye. The atrocious decisions being rendered here have already sickened hundreds of fans on boxing. The Commission should also stop putting out that little book of rules if they have no intention of making the referees enforce them. The fouling fighters are getting away with everything, short of murder.

At Ocean Park—Bomber Bob Bonger, 177, handed Clash Clinton, 189, New Orleans Negro, a lacing in their six-round main event, but could not keep him down for ten. Clinton was floored twice in the first round and again in the sixth.

Wesley Sellers, 137, stopped Marty Gomez, 136, in the fifth round of the semi.

Red Green upset the dope by handing Jimmy Garrison a lacing at the Hollywood Stadium, and Referee Charlie Randolph upset the audience by calling the fight a draw. Green made the best fight of his meteoric career by holding the Kansas City boxer better than even. The Signal Kid surprised his large following by his ability to get inside of Garrison's educated left and beat the veteran at infighting. There were no knockdowns and neither fighter appeared to be in bad shape. Red rocked Jimmy a number of times with hard rights to the head. Jimmy made one of his "Garrison finishes" in the last two rounds, but he fell far short of making up lost ground, although Referee Randolph ruled that he had. Green weighed 140, Garrison 141½. Red Shannon, 160, and Pancho Ramirez, 165, slugged six sensational rounds to a draw in the semi-final. Wesley Sellers, 138, won handily over Elmer Lewis, 139, in the special.

It is rumored that Joe Levy is to promote at the Olympic Auditorium, featuring local talent at popular prices . . . . Eddie Frayne is also said to be seeking the Olympic lease to stage big time fights . . . . However, Jimmy Murray has already staged two shows of his own promotion and has first call on the arena, should he care to promote other shows.

Baby Arizmendi may not be the fighter that he was when battling Armstrong, Ambers or Belloise for title recognition, but he is still good enough to whip a lot of them. Guy Serean of Idaho, would tell you that the Baby must be the champ, for the youngster received quite a shellacking from the Mexican in a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium. In the semi wind-up, Bomber Bob Bonger continued his winning streak by stopping Barney Brock, Georgia heavyweight, early in the fourth round. The gong saved Brock from a KO in the third and when the Southerner was dropped for the second time in the fourth, the bout was halted.

At Ocean Park—Red Nibert, 177, Louisiana, stopped Jack Gallagher, 210, Los Angeles, in the third of a scheduled eight-rounder. Gallagher was down three times.

Toby Vigil was pathetic in his return bout with Richard (Young) Polite at the Hollywood Stadium. Vigil appeared off form in his first clash with Polite a few weeks previously, in which he was awarded a very close decision, but in this second meeting, Toby was even less formidable. He was not the same boxer that faced Garrison, Peters or Sellers in this same ring a few months ago. He was credited with but one round, with two rounds being about even, while Polite garnered the other six frames by big margins. Polite scored a nine-count knockdown in the fifth. Vigil entered the ring a 4-to-1 favorite and his defeat by the New Orleans Negro was the biggest upset in local fistic circles this year. Polite weighed 139, Vigil 134.

Billy Latka, 158, San Jose, decisioned Bob Murphy, Long Beach, in the six-round semi.

In Ocean Park—John Petry, 182, Colorado, stopped Bomber Bob Bonger's winning spree by copping an eight-round decision in a furious, bloody battle. These two young heavies staged the greatest fight ever held in this arena. Bonger was staggered a number of times, but was never off his feet, while the fourth round bell found Petry on the canvas. Both received bad cuts.

LEST I FORGET—It is rumored that Pasadena is to open with professional boxing within the month . . . . Joe Stanley says that Lou Salica is on his way back to the Coast . . . . Although a New Yorker, Los Angeles is "like home" to Salica. Stanley trains Lou out here . . . . Chairman Jerry Giesler of the Athletic Commission has been appointed chairman of the California Racing Board . . . . Chris Cardenas has a good looking prospect in Bobby Castro . . . . The fistic gang staged a party for Jimmy Murray, outgoing matchmaker of the Olympic, who has treated the boys very well while making the matches for the big club . . . . Jack Davidow is now booking the fighting Hogue Twins . . . . Davidow also signs for Memo Llanes, the fiery featherweight from Mexico . . . . Phil Brubaker is conditioning at an Eureka lumber camp for a comeback. He is to be managed by Paul Damski . . . . Jackie Carpenter, promising welterweight of Ohio, is in L.A. . . . . Joe Stanley, former Philadelphian, but now ace trainer of L.A., has a dandy prospect in Cicci Puglisi of San Francisco . . . . Puglisi is a brother of California Joe Roche . . . . Dencio Cabanello defeated Soldier Stanley at Pismo Beach . . . . Cecil Payne of Louisville, who was a great card in California when in his prime, was a visitor in L.A. . . . . Wesley Sellers, classy lightweight, has partly shaken his jinx, winning his last three fights, although having his old eye-cut partly opened . . . . George Tolson is soon to start his colored flash, John Thomas, on a professional career. Thomas is a Golden Glove champion.

Al Nuccio is building up quite a stable of former Oklahoma boxers. Al already has Otis Dedmon, Bob Crittenden and Joe Smithers performing in local rings, and three other Oklahoma amateur stars are on their way out . . . . Claude Varner, veteran California featherweight, has returned home after years of campaigning in Australia . . . . Buddy Scott, Oklahoma heavy, is in L.A. seeking action. Scott is now a stablemate to Junior Munsell, being handled by Rex Graham . . . . Al Smith dropped a decision to Johnny Fasano at Fresno . . . . Jack Dallas, Texas heavy, is to make a comeback under Gus Wilson . . . . Johnny Keyes has added Frankie Mandell, N.Y. featherweight, to his stable . . . . Glen Lee has announced his retirement from the ring . . . . Carlos Miranda, Jack Davidow's ambidextrous Mexican socker, chalked up a nice win in stopping Newsboy Gavras at San Francisco . . . . Richard (Young) Polite and Johnny Jackson, New Orleans colored boxers, have returned home for a visit . . . . Al Lang has a likely looking bantam in Manny Luque, a Mexican kid from Arizona . . . . Baron Stumme is still in Minneapolis, where his heavy, Chuck Crowell, lost to Buddy Knox and won from Arne Anderson last month . . . . Red Green is the most improved fighter in California these days.

Information on boxing conditions in California will gladly be given to any who seek it, but a stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany all such requests. Address to Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

IN what the newspaper writers acclaimed as one of the best fights seen in Western Canada in months, Jimmy Chapman scored a ninth round knockout over Santos Hugo, Los Angeles Filipino featherweight. Chapman outsmarted the Filipino throughout and had the situation well in hand after the fourth round. The fight had the fans on edge throughout every minute of the battle.

Al Delaney, one of Canada's best heavyweights, won an easy ten-round decision over Stan Savold of Minneapolis in a ten-round bout at Calgary. Delaney was too smart and too tough for Savold. Ernie Farr promoted the fight.

Eddie Marcus, young Los Angeles featherweight, scored a very impressive one-round knockout over Gordon Thompson of Calgary. Marcus was very impressive in his short appearance as he had Thompson on the canvas three times before the referee stopped the fight.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES . . . . Jimmy Chapman is scheduled to meet Johnny Gaudes for the Canadian bantamweight championship in August at Edmonton . . . . Ted Moore is preparing for some big outdoor shows in Vancouver . . . . one of the ablest boxing commissioners in the West is Frank Heller, hard working secretary of the Western Canada Boxing Federation . . . . this writer can be contacted at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Under the promotion of popular "Tupper" Toombs, Soo Boxing Club is turning away crowds at its semi-monthly cards. Holding Louis Pezet, Michigan State 135-pound champion, to a four-round draw, the popular "Irish Harp," Freddy O'Hagen, looked good. O'Hagen has lately scored wins over Freddy Welch, "Kid" Ranger and Dave Quarrell.

Three local boys have joined the army: Jack Lown, R. A. F., 1937 northern Ontario champion at 175 pounds; Gordon Boivin, 160-pound Nickel District 1939 champion, and popular Bert Houle, Copper Cliff wrestler.

Any team of four good amateurs wishing to tour the north's five towns as a circuit, get in touch with the writer.

Maurice Foreman, kindly note: Cal Rooney, good Canadian heavy, is back from England with a record of thirty wins out of thirty-eight bouts and is looking for action.

John Ross, Creighton light-heavy, lost to Alan Dunn, Vancouver, in the Dominion Championships at Cardson, Alta. The 1940 All-Canada champions (amateur) follow: heavy, Gerald Berthhiaume, Montreal; 175 pounds, Alan Dunn, Vancouver; 160 pounds, "Buster" Murdoch, Lethbridge; 147 pounds, Frank Petroski, Regina, Sask.; 135 pounds, Webb Frizzell, Lacombe, Alta; 126 pounds, Henry Devine, Vancouver; 118 pounds, Hugh Sloan, Cardson, Alta.; 112 pounds, Tadao Kato, Vancouver.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

LITTLE DADO, of the Philippines, retained his California Boxing Commission version of the world's flyweight championship when Referee Jack Downey handed down a draw verdict after Dado's ten rounds with countryman Little Pancho at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium.

Downey's decision met with the mutual disapproval of 90 per cent of the 5000 patrons who had watched Pancho outbox Dado in a major part of the action, through a scrap that was superfast and viciously contested from start to finish. Dado was always the aggressor and decidedly the heavier puncher, but Pancho's boxing was sufficiently superior to make the decision look decidedly out of line. Both were a fraction of a pound under the 112-pound flyweight limit.

Southpaws are the craziest people, and they can be downright troublesome characters, but Rudy Oden of Los Angeles, who is a pretty fair left-handed lightweight, was knocked out in the sixth round of his Coliseum Bowl main event with Ray Lunny, San Francisco's finest prospect of recent years.

It was Lunny's first encounter with a wrongsider, but after taking a few rounds to make sure of things, he went to work with a short right hand and shortly had punched all the fight out of Oden. Midway in the sixth, a terrific right-handed smash to the solar plexus crumpled Rudy for a long nine count, and when he regained his feet, Ray blasted a right to the jaw and Oden went out face first.

Lunny's cutting left jab, hitherto his chief offensive weapon, was useless against Oden's portside stance, but he showed an amazingly potent right hand in becoming the first to put the Los Angeleno on the deck. Ray improves with every start, and with the new evidence of unsuspected punching power added to his great boxing skill, the undefeated localite will soon be ready for better, if not bigger, lightweights.

Pat Valentino's lengthening string of knockout wins was snapped short on a Monday eve at the Coliseum Bowl when Harold Blackshear, Monterey Negro, kept his Greek-god chassis off the mat for ten consecutive rounds and came uncomfortably close to a victory over the young Excelsior District Italian. Valentino, at 178, spotted Blackshear some twenty pounds but finished a bit the stronger after a tough brawl and deserved the decision he received.

Switch-hitter Carlos Miranda, a double-barreled Los Angeles Mexican welterweight, pounded Newsboy Joe Gavras to the canvas four times in seven and a half rounds and was awarded a technical knockout over the local Greek in the eighth of their scheduled ten rounds at the Coliseum Bowl.

Gavras was helpless to combat Miranda's puzzling attack, which consisted of punching with either mitt, with equal power, from either an orthodox or a southpaw stance. Consequently, Joe took a severe beating—one of the very few he has suffered in his scores of local engagements.

Fred Apostoli, making his first business appearance since returning to San Francisco, bore slight resemblance to a middleweight champion as he worked four rounds with Freddie Graham in an exhibition bout which featured an amateur boxing show at the Olympic Club, Apostoli's simon-pure alma mater. The former St. Francis Hotel bellhop will start his comebacking in the Coliseum Bowl ring, with mediocre Dale Sparr furnishing the opposition. Still a young man, Freddie may yet make the big time again if he has recovered from whatever was ailing him in the second clash with Melio Bettina.

Lloyd Delucchi of the Mission District suffered the most absolute defeat of his professional career when he encountered Little Tiger Wade, ringwise Illinois colored middleweight, in a ten-round main event at tiny National Hall, Delucchi's main theatre of operations.

The stocky colored boy sprayed his favored foe with a wide assortment of blows that were at once fast, accurate and forceful. Unable to score with his powerful left-handed swipes, Delucchi was never really in the running and wound up a weary, well-marked victim with a wholehearted respect for Wade, who is one of those generally unappreciated people and by no means the worst middleweight in existence.

Wade returned to the scene of his crime a fortnight later and stiffened Detroit's Billy Bengal, traveling companion to bantamweight ace K. O. Morgan, in one round of a slated tenner.

GLOVING BY THE GOLDEN GATE—During the month, stylist George Latka put two more notches in the gun he soon hopes to aim at Angott or Jenkins. The San Jose lightweight TKO'd Nick Peters in six and whipped Georgie Hansford in ten rounds, both at Hollywood's Legion Stadium . . . . Rush Dalma, latest bantamweight importation from the Philippines, made his U.S. debut an impressive one by scoring a decisive win over Jimmy (Babe) McCusker of Montana in their ten-round headliner at Stockton . . . . Dalma made it two for two by shellacking Horace Mann of San Francisco on a holiday card at Stockton which was featured by a lightweight topper involving Dencio Cabanela, another Filipino up-and-comer, and Frankie Santos, local Portuguese. Cabenela won easily . . . . Jackie Jurich outpointed Sacramentan Elwood Romero with the greatest of ease in a ten-round finale at San Jose . . . . Johnny Marquez, the smooth Redwood City welterweight, keeps winning in Montana rings.

Freddie Graham, one-time amateur royalist, resumed his professional efforts after a long vacation from the local sock market. During the month past, he fought draws with Buddy Green and Lou Jiminez, kayoed Jack Dancer and Tillie DelNero . . . . Graham, incidentally, plays "Pythias" to Ray Lunny's "Damon" . . . . Hal Fieberling, a strapping Oakland heavyweight who was 1939 Northern California amateur champion, has been taken over by Ray Carlin who directs Louie Nova and once handled Frankie Klick, San Francisco lightweight star . . . . Billy Latka, younger and heavier brother of high-riding George, edged out a decision over Clay Rowan, Stockton middleweight, in their six-round nightcap at Vallejo . . . . Bantamweights Lupe Cardoza of Los Angeles and Horace Mann, local veteran, slugged through ten blistering rounds to a draw in a National Hall top-spot . . . . San Diego's Art Gonzales, the rockribbed Mexican welter who put up some sensational brawls in local rings, went out of action for some time to come, perhaps permanently, when he suffered a broken jaw in his losing fight with Frankie Santos on the Dado-Pancho bill.

Cecil Hudson, a sharp-hitting colored welterweight, is winning repeatedly in San Jose headliners . . . . Carlos Miranda is in line for lots of Bay Region action, following his startling knockout over Joe Gavras.

Write me at 444 Fair Oaks Street, this city.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Boise, Idaho: Kid Matthews, Ola, Ida., middleweight, knocked out Leo Jordan of Spokane, Wash., in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Jordan absorbed a terrific beating before he was finally dropped for the full count.

Al Berro, Boise welterweight, encountered but little opposition in stopping Jimmy Davis of Spokane in the semi-final. Davis went out in the second heat.

At Pueblo, Colo.: In the first pro fistic card to be staged in this southern Colorado metropolis in nearly two years, Billy Pryor, local middleweight, and R. J. Lewis of Denver fought a sizzling ten-round draw. Lewis weighed 153 pounds to Pryor's 160.

Lewis, a colored youngster of 20, strikes this corner as a sure-fire bet to go on to greater heights in the boxing world. A superb boxer and a great ring general already, he is lacking only in actual experience at this time. Keep an eye on this kid.

H. E., Springfield, Colo.: Jim Flynn was of Italian descent, his correct name having been Andrew Chariglione.

At Albuquerque, N. M.: Tony Chavez, Albuquerque welterweight, encountered but little opposition in scoring a three-round kayo over the oft-beaten Ev Simmington of Kansas City.

At Monte Vista, Colo.: Beating back up the comeback trail, the veteran Manassa welterweight, Pug Sutherland, scored a ten-round decision over young Sammy Calabrese of Denver. Calabrese started like a house afire and for three rounds pounded Sutherland all over the premises. However, Sutherland took command from then on and at the end the Denver youngster was a thoroughly beaten warrior.

The semi-windup produced a decided upset when Adam Shank, little known Denver 130-pounder, pounded out a six-round decision over the Colorado 126-pound king, Ross Romero of Durango.

M. M., Des Moines, Ia.: Mike Collins has discontinued his Boxing Blade.

At Las Vegas, N. M.: Billy Firpo, New Mexico's welterweight champion, and Ted "Mustang" Garcia of Las Vevas, fought a rousing 15-round draw. Firpo weighed 146 pounds to Garcia's 134. This was the second draw these boys have fought in recent months, since they boxed a ten-rounder at Las Vegas a couple of months ago that wound up even-steven.

Hank Bath is out with a challenge to Cyclone Lynch to meet him with the Colorado heavyweight crown. And here we were thinking we had already seen the last of Mr. Bath.

At Gypsum, Colo.: Lanky Max Dailey, Minturn, Colo., middleweight, scored an upset victory over Colorado's welterweight champion, Bud McCrea, in a torrid ten-rounder. McCrea's state title was not at stake.

Remember, I have a list of active promoters out here in the Rocky Mountain sector that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry out here, but please don't forget to inclose reply postage. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

R. G., Santa Fe, N. M.: Max Baer was born in Omaha, Neb., so it looks like you lose your bet. Sorry.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

ARNOLDS PARK, Ia.—Three knockouts featured the boxing card here with Lloyd Loers, 158, Arnolds Park, stopping Jack Jones, 160, Fort Dodge, in 15 seconds of the initial canto. Wayne Schultz, 147, Spirit Lake, stopped Bud Holgrave, 155, Fort Dodge, in the second round; Dave Bradshaw, 133, Spirit Lake, stopped Babe Jepson, 135, Rock Rapids, in two. Other results follow:

Don Wright, 124, Terril, beat Russ Gardner, 133, Spirit Lake; Melvin Norton, 78, Sibley, and Buddy Nelson, 80, Orleans, (no decision given); Johnny Costello, 85, Fort Worth, Tex., beat Herb Lindsay, 80, Okoboji; Jimmy Droll, 64, Milford and Harvey Lowry, 61, Milford (no decision given); Keith Bradshaw, 136, Spirit Lake, technical knockout over Bob Livingston, second round; Mickey McTigue, 115, Spirit Lake, beat Francis Johnson, 130, Dolliver; Byron Beller, 135, Templar Park, beat Bud Steyer, 135, Fort Dodge; Kenny Boehm, 118, Spirit Lake, beat Merle Van Cleve, 116, Worthington, Minn.; Elmer Davis, 130, Dolliver, decision over Jimmy McTigue, 120, Spirit Lake, (decidedly unpopular with crowd).

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena. Ted Zanfes, Sioux City boxing promoter, presented the fans with one of the best cards of the season when he featured Andy Miller, Sioux City heavyweight and Frank Jones, Negro heavy from Des Moines. Jones took the eight-round duke. In another eight-rounder Buddy McCrea, Omaha welter, scored over Jack Harding of Sioux City. Wilbur DeCora, of Winnebago, Nebr., gained the nod over Young Kingfish, of Omaha, Nebr., in six; Pancho Villa, of San Francisco, Cal., and Hymie Spiegal of Omaha fought on fairly even terms in their sixer; Wayne Armstrong, of Newcastle, Nebr., stopped Don Chuckburn of Omaha in the second round with a hard right to the midsection.

Arnolds Park, Ia.—A capacity crowd attended the second of a series of weekly boxing cards sponsored by the Okoboji Lakes Commercial Club, with Amon "Curley" Miller doing the matchmaking. Results: Mike McTigue, 112, Dallas, Tex., stopped Donald Booth, 118, Spencer, first round; Forrest Robinson, 86, Arnolds Park, beat Herbert Lindsay, 82, Okoboji; Alex Lenox, 96, Spirit Lake, won by technical knockout over Cal Santage, 82, Spencer, first; Don Wright, 118, Terril, beat Merle Van Cleve, 118, Worthington, Minn.; Jimmy McTigue, 118, Dallas, Tex., and Dean Bradshaw, 120, Spirit Lake, no contest, one round; Lloyd Loers, 160, Spirit Lake, stopped Floyd Christianson, 153, Graettinger, first; Melvin Norton, 74, Sibley, beat Duane Osborne, 75, Arnolds Park.

Richard Morfit, 108, Sibley, beat Willie Salzman, 106, Sibley; Jack Lynch, 155, Superior, beat Roy Mahr, 153, Spirit Lake; Russ Gardner, 136, Spirit Lake, beat Bob Bradshaw, 133, Spirit Lake; Verle Fanning, 138, Hartley, beat Jack Reed, 148, Okoboji, and Lyle Gilbert, 138, Spirit Lake, was given a decision over Jack Tatman, 147, Superior.

Sioux City, Ia., Riverview Park Arena—Sammy Musco, popular Omaha, Nebr., featherweight, dropped an eight-round decision to Jackie Simmons, clever Kansas City Negro. Simmons, who has won all his starts at the Park Arena this season, was too smart and smooth for the Nebraskan. Other results: Levi De Cora, 143, Winnebago, Nebr., beat Al Shapiro, 145, New York City, in six; Jack Harding, 153, Sioux City, knocked out Tommy Melton, 150, Kansas City, fourth round; Chuck Blaine, 170, Oklahoma City, drew with Wilbur De Cora, 170, Winnebago, six rounds; Wayne Armstrong, 155, Newcastle, decisioned Snook Rave, 157, Winnebago, four rounds. Referee—Bob Morley, Ted Zanfes.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Tommy O'Loughlin, well known Minneapolis, Minn., boxing promoter, paid the writer a visit on his way to Des Moines . . . . Officials in charge of the boxing cards at Arnolds Park, Ia., are Amon "Curley" Miller, Dr. G. G. Baker of Spencer, D. C. Mackintosh, Dr. T. L. Ward of Arnolds Park, Dr. C. D. Shope of Terril, and Dr. B. W. Jones, of Spirit Lake . . . . Johnny Marquez, Billings, Montana, middleweight, stopped Kenny Austin, of Omaha, Nebr., in two heats . . . . Lee Savold, Des Moines heavyweight, knocked out Red Bruce of Pittsburgh in four rounds before a good crowd . . . . Andy George is doing the promoting in Waterloo . . . . Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . See you next month.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACKIE RANKIN annexed the Southern Area featherweight title at the Stadium Club, London, when he knocked out Rifleman Billy Walker of Stratford in the eighth of a scheduled twelve-rounder.

Walker put up a stout resistance against the terrific punching of the "Southall Thunderbolt," but condition told its tale in the end, and the soldier boy, who had received only one day's leave from army duties for training, succumbed to a left and a right to the jaw to be counted out.

Jack Hood, the popular ex-welterweight champion, brought his protege, Pete Denley, 19-year-old heavyweight from Warwickshire, to make his London debut against Frank Hawkins of Peterborough in a six-round affair, but we did not see enough of him to offer comment. However, he certainly can punch, for in the first 90 seconds of the first round he unleashed a smashing right hander to Hawkins' jaw that spelled finis, and his next London appearance will be looked forward to with interest.

A/C Billy Hummerston, of Camberwell, rather upset the applecart when he stopped the promising young heavyweight, George Barratt, of Sidcup, in the sixth round after dealing out severe punishment to the Sidcup lad's body and jaw, and it was a relief when Referee Frank Willis stopped the uneven contest and declared the airman the winner.

Jackie Stayton, of Hummerston, stopped Freddie Dixon, of Vauxhall, in the third of a six-round contest after a hard hitting encounter.

It is with deep regret that I learn of the death in action of Seaman Joe Wakeling, a middleweight who was well to the fore about four years ago. Joe was a fireman in the London Fire Brigade, and rejoined at the outbreak of war, and if I knew my Joe Wakeling, he must have gone down fighting, as they never came any gamer.

Al Marson, the Canning Town Cruiserweight, enhanced his reputation when he defeated Bob Firmin of Lowestoft on points, after eight rounds of fast fighting, at the Walthamstow Sports Arena.

Sid Nathan, the promising Aldgate lad, won easily over Frankie Jones, of Luton, in an eight-round contest, and showed improvement over his previous bouts.

Cuthbert Taylor, Merthyr, won by a narrow margin over Syd Worgan, of Llanharan, in a closely fought 10-round contest at Crumlin.

Sergt. Instructor Dave McCleave won with a bit to spare in his ten-rounder with Jack Lewis of Bournemouth, at High Wycombe.

Jim Berry, of South Shields, reversed a previous decision by disqualification when he outpointed Len Harrison, of South Kirby, in a well fought 10-rounder at Middlesborough.

Kid Tanner, of British Guiana, gained a good points win over Jim McCann, of Belfast, after a splendid 10-round contest at Liverpool Stadium.

Jack Carrick, of Hull, seemed to be in a hurry to catch his train home when he started his 10-round contest against Joe Connolly of Glasgow, at the Devonshire Club, London, on the occasion of the testimonial to the popular M.C., Lou "Buster" Cohen.

In the first round Carrick scored with hefty hooks to the head, and Connolly took two counts of eight, and on resuming the second round it was just a matter of time, for after another two counts his chief second skied the towel to save a game lad unnecessary punishment.

One of the most promising featherweights to strike his flag was Joey Vaughan, of Becontree, who after 29 straight wins to his credit, was forced to retire at the end of the fourth of a six-round contest against Freddie Thomas, of Bethnal Green, owing to a badly damaged ear.

Bruce Bishop, of Slough, one of the best middleweight prospects I have seen in many years, again demonstrated his ability when he kayoed Bill Hawkins, of Watford, in the third, with a left hook to the body.

Joe Prince scored a clever points win over the experienced Arthur Long, of Stratford, in a four-round contest.

Ivor Thomas, of Wales, and Johnny Walters, of Holborn, boxed an interesting eight-rounder to a draw.

Pat Palmer, of Battersea, was on the losing end of a six-round contest against the colored bantam from the Gold Coast, Jimmy Norton.

At the reopening of the Premierland, Dundee, the local idol, Billy Andrews, was badly beaten by Frank Rice, of Glasgow, in a scheduled 10-round contest, when the referee intervened in the eighth, to save a game lad being punished unnecessarily.

Freddie Tennant, of Dundee, and his local rival, Micky Malone, gave the fans all that they paid to see and at the end of the 10 rounds Tennant was returned the winner.

Three 10-round contests at Bournemouth ended before the schedule, when Freddie Mills, of R.A.F., stopped Ben Valentine, of Fiji Islands, in the third, when the latter retired with a badly cut eye, and Billy Armstrong, of Blackfriars, defeated Young Chocolate of Jamaica, in the seventh when the referee intervened in Armstrong's favor, and Johnny Ware, of Poole, beat Phil Toone, of Portsmouth, in the eighth, when Toone was in a bad way, and the referee stopped the contest.

Pte. Jack Kiley, of Swansea, regained the Welsh flyweight title when he defeated Ronnie Bishop, of Markham, over 15 rounds, at Crumlin.

Kiley boxed in cool fashion, and did not let the hurricane methods of Bishop overcome him and was a worthy winner.

Ray Price, of Pontypool, outpointed Douglas Kestrell, of Cardiff, in a fast 12-rounder at Crumlin.

Laurie Buxton, Watford's colored lightweight, gave an impressive exhibition of hard hitting, when he lambasted Sid Amer, of High Wycombe around for five rounds, at Watford, before the referee decided to stop the contest in his favor, when Amer received a badly cut eye.

Freddie Barker, of Bedford, shared honors with Harry Wills, of High Wycombe, over 10 rounds, and Harry O'Grady, of Amersham, outpointed Johnny Boyle, of Luton, in a hard hitting contest in 10.

Johnny McGrory, former British featherweight champion, who has been deprived of earning his living as a boxer, at licensed boxing shows until January 1941, has joined the mercantile marine, to participate in the greatest and most important fight this world has yet seen.

Paddy Roche, of Ireland, gained a narrow points win over Johnny Blake, of Notting Hill, in an eight-round contest at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Wally Davis, of Notting Hill, confirmed his previous win over Eddie Oliver, of Charlton, in 10 rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Jackie Paterson, Empire and British flyweight champion, proved too hard a puncher for Wally Knightley, of Sunderland, in their 10-round contest at Chesterfield. Paterson took the lead from the first gong, and dealt out severe punishment to the Tynesider, and it was relief when the referee stopped the contest, and declared the Scot the winner.

Billy Darkie Williams, of Pengam, scored a points win over Trevor Burt, of Coventry, at Crumlin, Wales, in 10.

Promoter John Connell staged his first open air show in Belfast when the brilliant local featherweight, Terry McStravick, outpointed Frank Whithy, of London, over the eight-round route.

Spider Kelly, of Derry, introduced a young middleweight from his home town, in Andy McLaughlin, who proved too aggressive for Barney Wilson, of Belfast, and this contest proved that with proper handling McLaughlin will go far.

Pat Mulcahy, of Cork, defeated Jack Darkley, of Portsdown, in the second, when the referee stopped the contest, after Darkley had taken several counts.

A rather unusual happening occurred at Leith, Scotland, when Taffy Williams, Welsh welterweight champion, met Harry "Kid" Brooks of London, in a scheduled 10-round contest.

In the very first rounds Brooks was ruled out for a low delivery and after a rest Williams consented to meet Brooks again, so as to give the fans a run for their money.

Unfortunately, the same thing happened again, for after repeated warnings, Brooks was ruled out, this time in the fifth.

Bobby Watson, of Leith, gave another brilliant performance, when he outclassed Joe Davis, of Smithfield, in four rounds, of a bout scheduled for 10 rounds, at Middlesborough. Davis retired at the end of the fourth.

It must have been a strange experience for Ernie Roderick, British welterweight champion, to hear the crowd boo him, after he had knocked out Taffy Williams, Welsh welterweight champion, in one minute of the second, at the Liverpool Stadium.

The reason the crowd gave the champ the razz was because, after the bout started the boys on their way, Roderick shot a blow for the body that landed very near the prohibited area, and this paved the way for a right to the jaw that all but put the Welshman away. He resumed the second in a very bad way, and was an easy mark for the hard hitting champion, who put Williams away with a terrific straight right to the jaw.

Harry Mizler, former British lightweight champion, made his debut as a middleweight, when he met Albert O'Brien, of Hoxton, in a 10-round contest at the Tower Ballrooms, Birmingham.

O'Brien, who had come in as a last minute substitute for Charlie Knock, of Hanley, put up a very good show against the fast moving Mizler, but in the sixth a body blow mighty near the border line put O'Brien down. He rose gamely and fought back, only to be put down again by a right to the jaw as the bell ended the round.

In the seventh, Mizler set about his opponent and after O'Brien had taken several counts, he was counted out from a hard right to the jaw.

Jack Hood's young heavyweight protege, Pete Denley, of Warwickshire, gained a two-round kayo over Jim Smart, of British Guiana, with a smashing right hand punch to the colored man's jaw.

Joe Quigley, of Ireland, and Jack Robinson, of Nottingham, fought 10 rounds to a draw at the Nottingham Ice Rink.

On the same card, Liverpool's Pocket Hercules, Joe Curran, defeated Frank Bonsor, of Nottingham, in a great battle over 10 rounds.

Sergt. Instructor Dave McCleave boxed with all his old form to beat Johny Clements, of Scotland, in a 10-round contest, at Eltham.

The Stadium Club, London, put on a show for its members, with the following results:—

Pat Butler, of Battersea, outpointed Frankie Jones over eight rounds. Tom Feely, of Ireland, knocked out Freddie Wells, of Hackney, in the first, and Johnny O'Malley, of Stratford, outpointed Ginger Crewe, over six rounds.

Harry "Kid" Silver, of Clapton, defeated the promising Hull lightweight, Frankie Jackson, over eight rounds at the Memorial Hall, Newmarket, on the occasion of Syd Hull's entry as a promoter in that racing town.

Kid Tanner, (British Guiana) and Dudley Lewis, (Brecon) ex-Welsh flyweight champion, were featured by Johnny Best in the open-air at Wrexham on the Racetrack; a good crowd saw the colored lad plant a left hook in the body of the Welshman in the second of the scheduled 10-round contest and the latter lay sprawled on his back, for the full count.

Harry Watson (Aldgate) again defeated Emile Chang (Jamaica) in the chief bout over six rounds at the Stadium Club, London, after a good contest.

Paddy Roche (Ireland) gave Dick Turpin (Leamington Spa) a close shave in their 10-round contest at Nuneaton, in which the colored lad won on points.

Turpin, who has had quite a lot of contests lately, seems to be going stale, but he did enough to receive the referee's decision at the end.

Len Wickwar, (Leicester) made a welcome return to the ring to outclass Ginger Ward, of Leamington, in the chief supporting contest over 10 rounds.

Another 10-round bout was that between Tommy Shaw (Leamington) and Freddie Carr (Old Ford), the latter was forced to retire in the ninth round when, after he had taken a count for eight, he received a bad cut eye.

Another contest that had to be curtailed owing to a bad cut eye, was that between George Francombe (Abertillery) and Jack Clancy of Liverpool, when the former, after putting up a good contest, was forced to retire in the eighth of a scheduled 12-round contest.

On the same card Jack Hood's up and coming heavyweight again demonstrated his power of punch when he knocked out Jim "Bryn" Davies of Six Bells, in the second of a six-round contest, with a hard right to the jaw.

Again I must remind readers that if ever they find that it is difficult to get their current issue of THE RING to get in touch with the writer, John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin St., London E.1., and forward a postal order for 1/8 (one shilling and eight pence) and they will be certain of getting their copy regularly.

If any reader would like a British pricelist of books out of THE RING Bookshop, let them send me a stamped addressed envelope.

That's all for this month, readers, and hope to give you more next month. So long.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

AGAIN the state of New Jersey captured the fistic spotlight during the past month when Max Baer, the Livermore, Cal. Lothario, rose to the heights again when he knocked out the Orange Beer Barrel Poker, Tony Galento, at the start of the eighth round in Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City. The attendance was 22,711 and the gate receipts amounted to $98,004. Joe Mangold of Atlantic City was the referee and Nat Fleischer of THE RING was the knockdown timekeeper. Galento was seconded by Whitey Bimstein, Jimmy Frain, Dick O'Connor and Johnny Burke. Tony was obviously not in condition for the fight because his weight at 244½ was the highest he has ever registered for a ring engagement.

Gratitude: When Joe Jacobs died Tony Galento cried unashamed and said Joe was responsible for his success. Time marches on. The estate of the late Jacobs is sueing the Orange fighter for its share of Galento's purse in the Baer brawl.

Pat Comiskey, Paterson's blond heavyweight, will be a future Joe Louis opponent if he continues to mow 'em down. As a semi final to the Baer contest Pat flattened Bob Sikes of Pine Bluffs, Arkansas, in 2:12 of the first in a scheduled eight. The rest of the card consisted of fours. Frank Zamaris of Orange outpointed Mario Liani, Italy; Neville Beech, Picayune, Miss., outpointed John Aichers, Grantwood; Emanuel Murray, Norwalk, Conn., decisioned Jim Howell, a Baer sparring partner; Frank Poreda, Jersey City, brother of Stan, after being floored three times, decisioned John Sionas, Fairview, and Frank Madden had it out with Frank Matesic, Pittsburgh.

Rallying after being floored for a nine count in the third, Johnny Juliano, undefeated Paterson bantamweight, outpointed Joey Puig of New York in an eight round bout on the second card presented by Jim Braddock at Paterson . . . . Mickey Makar, Bayonne welterweight, surprised when he flattened his persistent rival, Mike Piskin of Freehold in 1:43 of the first round at a benefit show in Bayonne. It was the first clean knockout ever sustained by Piskin. On the same program Tommy Roman of the home town went four rounds to a draw with Young Jack Sharkey of Union City. Lou Lombardi of Jersey City flattened Joe Memoli of New York in the fifth.

June wasn't a very good month for boxing promoters here because of bad weather . . . . Keith Mason of Ontario is a great booster of Pat Comiskey, the Paterson heavyweight. Pat can be reached by writing to him at Paterson, N. J. Pat took up boxing after his brother, Bill, who is a fair boxer himself, took his younger brother to see him fight. Their manager, Bill Daly, also handles Maurice Strickland, the New Zealand heavy.

New Jersey needs good fighters in all weight classes. Those desiring action can write to us at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Send twenty-five cents and a self addressed stamped envelope for a complete list of active matchmakers and promoters in the state.

Willie Ratner of the Newark *News* nicknamed him "Paralyzin' Paul" Cortlyn and that's exactly what Paul did to Francesco Montanari of Italy in 2:37 of the first round in a scheduled ten at Meadowbrook Stadium in Newark. It was Paul's first fight in Newark since his recent tour of Texas rings. In the main go of the night Aldo Spoldi of Italy won a narrow decision over Lou Fortuna of Philly. Steve Hostak, the former amateur, decisioned Buddy Brewster of Newark in a six. Ralph Baudin of Philly substituted for Benny Levine and outpointed Lew Greenberg of the home city in six. In the fours, Joe Tassi, Elizabeth, knocked out Tony Grillo, Newark, in three and Art Tedesco, Jersey City, kayoed Jim Coakley, Newark, in three. The gross receipts were $1,563.

Morris Parker, Newark featherweight, technically stopped Bud Mangino of Bound Brook the third of the scheduled six at New Brunswick. Promoter Benny Rubin challenged Petey Scalzo on behalf of Parker after the bout and offered the champ a guarantee of $2500. Charley Rausch, Trenton middleweight, outpointed Paulie Griffiths of Garfield in the six-round semi-final. In the third six Tony Willard, managed by Joe Grace, was knocked out by Ernie Knight of Trenton in the first. The fours ended as follows: John Paster, Passaic, decisioned Joe Snedecker, Dunellen; Red Rossi, Dunellen, drew with Burt Szmanski, Trenton; Tom Wallace, New Brunswick, defeated Paulie Wilson, Garfield, and Lo Tomska, Mansville, technically stopped Mike Leto, Trenton middleweight.

Mike Jacobs, the New York promoter, resides at Rumson in this state . . . . To Jim Takonick, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii: The Dempsey-Carpentier fight was held at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City July 2, 1921. It drew an attendance of 91,000 and the gate receipts were $1,626,580.

Joe O'Gatty, Toms River heavyweight, looked good in his drills with Joe Louis. O'Gatty claims he was doublecrossed by the champion on Louis' last training day when the New Jerseyan was floored. O'Gatty says he had a hand injury but was cajoled into sparring with the champion with the promise that no fireworks would develop. As a result of that injury, O'Gatty was unable to go through with a fight at Mt. Freedom with Charley Ketchuk of Binghamton. Instead, Ketchuk fought Paul Pross, who was stopped in the second.

This state has an excellent lightweight in Buck Streator of Collingswood. He recently decisioned Tommy Speigal in a ten at Philly . . . . The writer recently received the amazing record of Kid Mack of Asheville, N. S., who is still knocking out opponents after eighteen years in the ring . . . . At Newark, Kenny La Salle, formerly of Houston but now of Elizabeth, disappointed by losing a decision to Pete De Ruzza. In another eight, Joe Marinelli of Dayton outpointed Pablo Dano of the Philippines.

Don Petrin, the Newark heavyweight, who fought two draws with Tony Galento, is now in the cigarette machine and jute organ business . . . . Sammy Rapaport, the ex-Newark amateur pug, is off to Honolulu as member of a crew on an army transport . . . . Willie Gilzenberg owns a half interest in Maxie Fisher, with Sam Rose controlling an equal share.

Hughie Gartland tried to run three shows at the Stadium Arena in Newark but lack of crowds forced him to quit. It was at that club that we once saw Petrin fight a great draw with Galento. Another fight there featured Lee Ramage, the Californian, when he made his tour through the East . . . . We wonder how Abie Bain, erstwhile Newarker, is doing in Los Angeles?

Freddy (Red) Cochrane, Elizabeth battler, technically stopped Maurice Arnault of France in the fifth round of a ten-round bout at Newark. Arnault was outclassed and had a cut eye so Referee Gene Roman halted hostilities . . . . Freddy Archer climbed another notch when he decisioned Matt Perfetti of Amsterdam, N. Y., in an eight.

Dave Chacon, now living in Elizabeth, won a disputed eight-round decision over Danny Taurello, former Central High School athlete . . . . Carmine Fatta, New Yorker, stopped Tony Willard, Newarker, in the second of another eight . . . . The hit of the show, a benefit for the Prince Street Boys' Club, was Tommy Adams, Newark butcher boy. Adams made his pro debut by stopping Tony Pogrebnek, the "fighting carpenter," in 55 seconds of the first round. The show drew 2800 fans, who paid $3,169.

Tippy Larkin, who is on the comeback trail, defeated Johnny Rohrig of Clifton for the second time at Garfield . . . . Tony Galento fired his faithful trainer, Jimmy Frain, again for the 'steenth time during his training for the Max Baer fight but rehired him the next day as usual.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

LARRY "DYNAMITE" BOLVIN, Rhode Island's promising young featherweight, definitely proved to the local fight fans that he is ready for top-notch competition by gaining a unanimous decision over Lou Transparenti of Baltimore, in a 10-round feature bout at Infantry Hall. The week before, the Providence featherweight had knocked out Transparenti in the eighth round with a solid blow to the chin. At Lou's request, both boys were matched again by Promoter Manny Almeida but this time, Bolvin was unable to duplicate his first performance. The "Dynamite Kid" weighed 123½, and Transparenti 124½.

Jackie Dubois, 153, Sherbrooke, Can., defeated Sammy Shumway, 161, Webster, Mass., in eight rounds. Jackie Small, 135½, Boston, scored a technical knockout over Ollie Barbour, 138½, Apponaug, in the first round. Tony Almeida, 154, Bristol, outpointed Jackie Collins, 150, Boston, in a six rounder. Billy Barbour, 136½, Apponaug, won over Ralph Stanzione, 136½, Bristol, in the opening bout.

Wrestling in R. I. was revived under the capable promotion of Steve McPherson, who really packed 'em in with his attractive shows every week during the past season . . . . John Sorenson, Providence lightweight, was reinstated recently by the Massachusetts Boxing Commission . . . . If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' addresses, send me fifty cents and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Fred Spetrini, 57 Grove Street, Providence, R. I. . . . The Vee Vee gymnasium, operated by Bobby Viti, former manager of Ralph Zannelli, is the most popular and busiest gym among local and outside fighters, in Providence . . . . Joey Archibald, ex-featherweight champion; Al Mancini, local featherweight and Ralph Zannelli, Rhode Island's No. 1 welterweight, have all walked the middle aisle and will be looking forward to the greatest "battle" of their lives.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

TOM SHARKEY, Florida's most promising prospect, right tracked to a professional boxing career in his six-round debut on the recent Ken Overlin-Ben Brown card. The Jacksonville youngster opposed a tough adversary in one Tony Miller of Richmond and walked off with the decision, measuring three knockdowns to widen his win. Sharkey, until recently, was a Navyite and dominated the middleweight rank among the gloving gobs.

"Tiger" Neville Beech, the most colorful of all Southern heavyweights, broke into the big time with a body slashing win over Max Minnich, a four-rounder on the second Joe Louis-Arturo Godoy championship contest. "El Beefo," in winning over Minnich, stopped the latter's streak of eight straight. The Memphis heavyweight's manager, Jack "The Fox" Lazerow, has the capable assistance of Frank "Doc" Bagley, the latter having handled famous fistic stars and Gene Tunney in the early days of Gene's career. Marvin Hunter, business associate of Tunney, who has interests in Memphis, is responsible for this tie-up. The retired heavyweight champion gives valuable advice to the "Beefy One" and this should go far as should Beech.

Buddy Knox, handsome heavyweight from Ohio, got goin' in the sixth canto with Jarl Johnson, Norwegian ace, and scored three knockdowns right there, with the last one good for the evening. Knox and Johnson, giving and taking, put on a fine scrap before a thousand fans at the Miami Biscayne Fronton.

They brought back Bob Sikes and Johnny McCarthy and the Battle of Little Rock was on again. Sikes and McCarthy, give and take, performed before a large house and put on a savage brawl that seldom was witnessed in any Arkansas ring.

Bob won this one with a sensational five-round kayo, having to do the iron-man stunt. In the fourth Bob shot a deadly six-incher hook and followed with a right that crumpled McCarthy like a fallen ox. The latter gamely managed to struggle to both knees at the count of ten. The referee, Jimmy Watts, raised Bob's arm in victory but this decision was not so to the jittery Lou Jackson, Johnny's manager. Jackson went one better by shoving Watts aside and took over referee duties himself. McCarthy, accepting this cue, tore into Sikes. The Dixie Dynamo, infuriated, let go both barrels to the head and body. Johnny went down and was saved by the bell at the five count. The fatal fifth followed with a toe-to-toe slugging session and a game and courageous McCarthy went down for keeps. A total of five knockdowns was registered, four being copped by Sikes.

Ben Brown, Atlanta middleweight, still failed to solve the steady working style of Champ Ken Overlin and lost to the Virginian in a ten-rounder. Ben won only a single round, one called even and Cutiful Ken grabbing eight. Brown and Overlin may possibly appear in their sixth of an ancient feud in Atlanta for a Boys' Club benefiter.

Tripping down to the ole' home town, Jack the Larruper Larrimore, Miami's contribution to Cauliflower Canyon, stepped off long enough in Jacksonville to renew acquaintances with Jacksonville's Joey Dunne and yours truly. Looking tip-top and seeming to like scrapping in northern rings may account for the Miamian's sensational splurge in the Sock Exchange. Accompanying were Quentin "Baby Breese" and George Ades.

Bob Sikes, Arkansas' heavyweight pride, was christened "Robert Edward Lee," namesake to the great and beloved Southern leader, Robert E. Lee, and was born on Lincoln's birthday. His manager is Ed Stein, who is of German stock, and Sikes' trainer is your old friend, Issy Kline, famous Jewish fight trainer. 'Tis good for the books, Ripley. There's Indian in Bob, too.

Ben Brown won the bout through a kayo but he had a very tough time with Frankie Roberts, am informed. It was good while it lasted the four rounds. Roberts trekked to Asheville with Manager Hal Cullen Creighton and ran afoul again and was kayoed in two by Jack Baggett, Chattanooga.

Dave Karess pops up with 18-year-older Joe Baksi, who weighs 205 and reaches the six-foot mark . . . . Pete Montesi finds a nice one in Archie Bell, 19-year-old lightie and should be ringing in victories galore.

Were Al Jensen alive today, he would have been mighty glad to know that Carl Sivers, Jacksonville 140-pounder, is going to let Al's closest pal, Bill Gore, do his work when Florida opens her annual winter season. The one-time Jewish sensation figured wrongly and has told me of his grave mistake. A few hard fights under his belt and I believe Carl to hit tops as when Jensen had him.

B. T. Pate, West Palm Beach fight manager, took his two promisers, Clarence King and Kid Hatcher up north, where each came through with slashing wins over opponents. King, also of West Palm Beach, looked the goods in easily outpointing Leo Dulmaine, while Hatcher outclassed the classy colored featherweight, Snooks Lacey. A match with Julie Kogan for Hatcher, Lake City, S. C. youngster, is in the making. King lost in his second bout to Al Gauthier.

An effort being made by George Romanoff to present Jack Dempsey in a boxing match with Dixie Dick Powell, combination wrestler, fighter, baseball umpire and what not, may click providing Jack does himself no harm before September. Romanoff tells me that the Jacksonville Ball Park will be the site for the fight. Gather 'round while we bring you the following bit of news . . . . Dempsey and Powell have met on two occasions when Jack was attempting that comeback eight years ago. They met in four and then a six-rounder. Jack won the first bout and the next, although the latter fight saw Jack extended to what should have been a draw.

Likeable Sammy Crocetti, Amsterdam, N. Y., featherweight under Dewey Fragetta, was in Jacksonville long enough to renew friendship with this writer, made two years ago. Sammy, a clever boxer, also met a close pal from the ole home town in Steve Kuk, a baseball player on the Jacksonville roster and great RING fan.

This corner thoroughly enjoys in the tabbing of prospects and we bring you a family full, the Kinneys of Clarksville, Arkansas. Ragon Kinney won state light-heavy title for four consecutive years and appeared in the 1940 Tournament of Champions held at Chicago in 1939. In the said finals, Ragon whipped Altus Allen, recent kayo conqueror of Johnny Paychek, duplicating Joe Louis' feat. At present Ragon is a collegiate amateur boxer and is seeking a job as student boxing coach.

His brother, Burleigh, held the heavyweight (Southern) title some years ago. Still another brother battler, Neil, fought for the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* and went to the finals (at Memphis) for the Southern amateur title while Ragon was in San Francisco losing an unpopular nod to his opponent, West. Neil has beaten Jimmy Reeves, a present sensation and former national champ in '39. Neil, in 1939, fought for the Chicago amateur team against the New York squad and won. He was elected to the captaincy of the Chi team. This year he went to the finals in the Golden Gloves where he lost out after being forbidden by the doctor to compete.

In Jacksonville, THE RING can be bought at Jake's Newsstand at the corner of West Forsyth and Hogan Sts. Also at Von Reeden's Place at the corner of Main and Adams Sts. Send in all your news to me before the first of each month. Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

WILLIE NEYLAND, Houston welter, again demonstrated that he is the class of Texas fighters, by flattening Fredrico Flores in one heat, at El Paso. Flores, although a capable battler, had no defense for the varied assortment of punches Neyland hurled his way, and a terrific left hook to the midsection proved the payoff punch.

Augie Arellano (Tiger Pelon) came close to being the victim of one of those things which have all but ruined boxing here. After punching Billy Colbert, Houston fat boy, all over a Galveston ring for ten rounds, Referee Bink West ignored the judges and attempted to raise Colbert's hand. A quick check by the attending Deputy Commissioner, Dr. Mason Kahn, revealed that both judges had given the decision to Arellano by wide margins, whereupon the Commissioner promptly ordered the proper verdict rendered.

Babe Ritchie, protégé of Tony Herrera, former lightweight star, is coming up with a rush around El Paso. In knocking out Mickey Balaban in two rounds, Ritchie again showed that he is the most improved fighter in this part of the country and a far different one from the green, awkward kid who was tossed in with Max Baer, less than a year ago.

Elby Pettaway, one of the best looking youngsters ever to be developed in Texas, settled a local argument to the satisfaction of all when he punched out a 10-round victory over Jimmy McLaughlin. McLaughlin proved tough, but Elby's blistering pace was too much as he came roaring down the stretch to a great finish.

Odds and ends:

Billy Colbert, roly-poly Houston light-heavy has a style reminiscent of Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom . . . . Raphael Esparza, classy Mexican 140-pounder handed Manuel Villa II, a sound trimming . . . . Paxton H. Dent and associates at El Paso have the only really paying boxing club in the state at present. In fact the only one running weekly . . . . Jimmy Finley is scheduled to open a club at Dallas in the near future . . . . Hugh Benbow, former local promotor now operating the largest roller skating rink in the Southwest, has two of the finest looking youngsters around in Elby Pettaway and Bernie Peterson . . . . Ralph Sikes who runs amateur fights in Houston, is developing some nifty looking talent.

Hank Rabun, formerly of Denver and Ft. Worth and this writer's nomination as the best fight writer in the business, has joined the sports staff of the Houston *Press* . . . . Charles Burton, another of boxing's most capable scribes, has taken over as sports editor of the Dallas *News* . . . Henry Hook and Red Hutchins staged the roughest, foulest fight ever seen in an El Paso ring, with everything in the books being used. Hook grabbed a close duke, with both fighters drawing so many penalties, a decision was exceptionally hard to arrive at . . . . Carl Dalio, the hardest hitter among the state's mittsters is enjoying a rest but will be back in action very soon . . . . Raymond Serrano, who boxed a great draw with lightweight champion Lew Jenkins, in which both boys visited the canvas several times, is due to head East for a campaign soon. . . .

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

MEXICAN Joe Silva, considered as one of the game's foremost club fighters, is a free lance. His erstwhile manager, Jack Laken, was permanently barred by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, for false statements made regarding Silva. The Mexican will be doing all of his fighting out of this City and he feels sure that with his managerial ties snipped through the good graces of the Keystone State Solons, of which Leon L. Rains is the Chairman, he will be able to do justice both to himself and his rooters. He has fought the best lightweights in the world and is one fighter who bars no one.

And speaking of Chairman Rains, let it now be stated that he has done more to pep up interest in the Manly Art around these parts than any previous ruler of the sport. The Head-man of the glove slinging industry is always ready to lend a helping hand to all—newspapermen, promoters, fighters, managers, seconds, commission officials and John Q. Public—for the welfare of the sport.

Former Commission Secretary Russell A. Allen, who served under the old and part time under the Rains Regime, is a candidate for the State Senate from the Northern part of this City. From all reports, it seems that though Allen, who is officially endorsed by the Republican Ticket, is certain of winning a seat in Harrisburg.

And Jules Aronson, former boxing promoter, ex secretary of the State Athletic Commission, and one time Commissioner of the fistic sport, was recently appointed to a lifetime job as a Tipstaff in the local courts.

Jimmy Tygh, pride and joy of Frank "Blink" Palmero's stable, recently reversed a decision against Leo Rodak, of Chicago. Tygh lost to the Chicagoan in New Orleans and turned the tables on the Windy City foe here. On the basis of Tygh's recent long string of victories over such foes as Billy Marquart, Tommy Cross, Benny Bass, Eddie Cool and others, in addition to Tygh, the Philadelphia Clouter feels that he is ripe enough to take on two world champions. He is eager to match glove encased fists with Lew Jenkins, ruler of the 135 pounders, and Henry Armstrong, boss of the welterweights. What's more, fans and critics seem to believe that Tygh has a good chance of bringing either or both titles to the City of Brotherly Love, if given the chance.

Another crack fistman in this sector is Bob Montgomery, who also is casting covetous eyes at the laurels held by Jenkins and Armstrong. "Bobcat Bob," as Montgomery has become known, is a perpetual motion gladiator who casts caution to the four winds, cares little for the reputations of his rivals, and is ever ready to demonstrate that he is superior to anyone in the world scaling between 135 and 147 pounds.

Cocoa Kid, the RING magazine's number one challenger for the Henry Armstrong diadem, made a decided hit with Philadelphia fans when he won a one round technical knockout victory over rough Johnny Barbara, of Chicago. It was unfortunate that Barbara suffered a badly cut eye as a result of a headon collision. But prior to the accident, Cocoa Kid showed an assortment of punches delivered with lightning rapidity. The Puerto Rican just about convinced everyone that he is about the only welterweight who will be able to master Armstrong.

Jimmy Dougherty, known far and wide as the Baron of Leiperville, is now one of the County Commissioners of Delaware County. Dougherty will be remembered as the former manager of Big George Godfrey, among others, and the referee who gave Jack Dempsey the official decision over Tommy Gibbons at Shelby, Mont., saving the Manassa Mauler's heavyweight crown.

Jimmy Toppi, Sr., is a fight manager now. He boasts of a stable of more than twenty fistmen of all weights. His son, Jimmy, Jr., is promoting at the Cambria Open Air Stadium and the Leiperville Arena. It is only natural that son should favor father in using his fighters. But Young Toppi won't stand for Dad hand picking the opponents for the gladiators. Come to think of it, Toppi, Sr., also insists that his punchers enter the ring against the toughest of opposition. "That is the only way I could find out whether my fighters have the ability to cope with the better brand of fistmen," said the Elder Signor Toppi.

Dan Hassett, local light heavyweight, after an absence from the ring for quite a spell, has decided to take another fling at the business. Hassett is a type fighter who will make the best of them hustle. In fact there are few 175 pounders around who can boast of any superiority over the blond battler.

Tommy Loughran, retired undefeated light-heavyweight champion of the world, is now employed by the City. He is in charge of the Bureau of Recreation and it is his duty to see that the lads and lassies in the playgrounds get their just share of exercises and body building. In addition, to personally looking after his recreational duties, Tommy is also making the rounds lecturing to both young and old on the methods of proper living.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT SCRANTON—Billy Speary, former National A.A.U. amateur champ from Nanticoke, headlined an all-local "new-talent" fistic card at the Rocky Glen Bowl. Speary defeated Firpo Lopez, colored featherweight from Philadelphia, in eight rounds.

Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre's hard socking lightweight, won the eight-round verdict in the co-feature attraction. Gacha beat Johnny Toomey, veteran Newark, N. J. scrapper who has been campaigning the past ten years. The match was all Gacha's in majority of the rounds.

Lew Murphy, Scranton-lightweight defeated Ralph Maxie of Luzerne, in a special six rounder.

Jimmy Mack, sensational featherweight youngster from Carbondale, kayoed Joe Tighue of Scranton in the first round.

In the opening bout, scheduled for four rounds, Barney Murphy, local bantamweight, scored a three-round kayo over Jimmy Carden of Carbondale.

At Wilkes-Barre—Jack Munley, Old-Forge, light-heavyweight battler, continued his comeback by pounding out an eight-round decision over Bull Santos, of Shenandoah, in the eight-round "main attraction" at the Wilkes-Barre Armory. Munley, fighting a very cautious battle, solved the style of the previously unbeaten Santos. This was Santos' first defeat since turning pro.

Eddie O'Leary, Wilkes-Barre's up and coming featherweight scored a six-round kayo over Joe Maffie of Philadelphia in the scheduled co-feature eight. In a previous meeting O'Leary won a close six-round decision over Maffie, but in the rematch, the going was all O'Leary's.

Stanley Mrak, Wilkes-Barre's two-fisted welterweight, lost his battle against Freddie Lewis of Nanticoke, in a match that was very close.

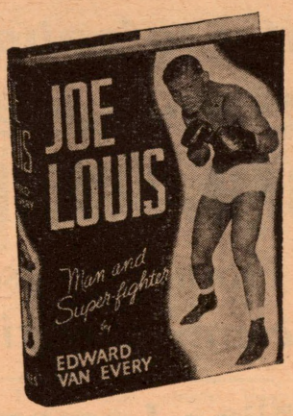
Mal Lewis, another former amateur "great," staged a four round "draw" against Johnny Gall of Freeland.

Ralph Cosolosky, Pringle, heavyweight, scored a one-round kayo victory in a scheduled six-rounder against Jimmy Sharley of Hazleton. In the four-round opener Charley Schnaupoff, of Pringle, kayoed Marty Vance, of Nanticoke, in the second round. The show attracted a net-gate of a thousand dollars. Joe Kelly, former Wilkes-Barre welterweight, handled the refereeing.

A BIT FOR ALL—John McDade, Wilkes-Barre "fight" pilot, is planning great things for his welterweight protege, "Howard Burton." Burton suffered only two defeats since tossing leather and looms a future "threat" for welterweight honors . . . . Lew McFarland, Camden, N. J. manager, accompanied his protege, Firpo Lopez, to Scranton for the latter's tussle with Billy Speary. Lew is a former fighter of prominence and a swell guy who knows his boxing . . . . Ernie Genell expects a busy indoor season for his fistic stable which include Gene McColigan, welterweight; Joe Nealon, lightweight, and Jimmy Young, a middleweight. Ernie can be reached at 1445 Dartmouth St., Scranton, Pennsylvania . . . Billy Davis, Minersville lightweight, kayoed Steve Yuhas of Freeland in five rounds at Allentown. Yuhas is the youngster who two weeks prior to the Yuhas-Davis scrap beat Howard Burton, highly touted Wilkes-Barrean . . . . Wonder what's happened to former Scrantonians Eddie Brink, Eddie McGeever and Tony Cummings? . . . . A new fistic combine will conduct outdoor shows at the local ball-park . . . . Billy Soose, middleweight scrapper from Farrell, Pa., is conditioning at a local summer resort.

Boxing Commissioner George Jones, Jr., gets around quite a bit. Jones was seen by the writer at the Soose-Ennis, Williamsport show, the Speary-Lopez card at Rocky Glen and at the Munley-Santos Wilkes-Barre match. Jones was accompany by his Sec'y Sam Purcell, head deputy, George Steinhillper and Williamsport Promoter Eddie Leroy . . . . The writer took in the Galento-Baer encounter at Jersey City, in which RING Magazine Editor Nat Fleischer was timekeeper . . . . Fritz Deliman, Perth Amboy, N. J. fistic follower who has been residing in Scranton the past twelve years, is now business agent for the Waiters' Union, which already has a membership of around five hundred. Deliman built the organization up from an outfit of twenty. Looks good to see ex-fight guys doing good in other fields . . . . Billy Morriss, Baltimore welter, will soon show his fistic wares in a Coal Region ring.

THE RING Magazine is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Regions. When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's bookstand, cor. Wyoming and Linden Sts.



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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S initial major ring show of the year at the Forum established somewhat of a precedent since the "good days"—it went "off the nut." It has been a long time since the first show of the year showed a profit for the promoters so they should be encouraged to present several more offerings this season. The trouble, however, is that they wait too long to stage another card and interest cools off somewhat between infrequent promotions.

Maxie Berger and Dave Castilloux appeared in the two main ten-round attractions but it remained for Harry Hurst, as expected, to steal the show with the only knockout of the evening. The dynamic punching Montreal lightweight, who has yet to taste defeat, faced Johnny Dube, rugged and experienced walloper from Haverhill, Mass., in a scheduled eight round special, and flattened him in convincing fashion in four rounds. Dube proved an awkward customer to handle in the first couple of heats but Hurst got the range in the third and floored him near the end of the round with a terrific left hook to the body. A ripping right uppercut that nearly took Dube's head off spelled "finis" in the fourth. The young Montreal kayo artist is an usually fine prospect and is now in the States for a campaign that should bring him quite a ways up the ladder.

Berger had a Tartar on his hands with Bernie Miller, Harlemite flash, who proved to be a smart, shifty performer. Berger outboxed him by a very narrow margin but the verdict in his favor was none too popular as the more aggressive Miller caught the eye as well as making Maxie look bad in spots. They had previously fought a draw in New York. Berger's managers sent him to the mountains for a holiday to pick up some weight as they claimed that his low weight indicated staleness, with a good rest badly needed.

Castilloux also stacked up against a more formidable foe than anticipated and had to extend himself to the limit to gain the nod over Julio Gonzales, Puerto Rican, in a gruelling battle. Gonzales was tricky and shifty but didn't pack enough punch and power to back up his superior ring generalship, tiring considerably in the last couple of rounds.

The hardest fought battle of the night was a six-rounder between Eddie Petrin and Paul Harvey in an all-local catchweights battle. The short, stocky Petrin was a little too strong for the tall, slim Harvey, outfinishing his opponent after the bantamweight had been punching him full of holes in the early part of the fight. The judges decided on Petrin. In the opener Paul Lacroix was disqualified by the referee for his roughing tactics against Johnny Greco, whereupon Lacroix lost his temper and roughed the referee around, too.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Georgie Sheppard will be looking after Harry Hurst in his American campaign . . . . George, who works out of Brooklyn, came from Montreal . . . . Oliver Shank is getting back into shape and is hitting harder than ever . . . . Several New Yorkers offering to handle him but none have approached his manager properly yet . . . . Shank will also surprise with the speed he will display and is particularly keen to get in with Pat Comiskey or Buddy Baer . . . . George Leslie, from Souris, P.E.I., was in town looking for action . . . . the big fellow who held the Maritime heavy title before going to New York for a short campaign, was willing to battle Shank for Nat Fleischer's RING belt but enterprising promoters are lacking here.

NORTHERN ONTARIO
By "BUCK" KYLE

LEN WADSWORTH, Canadian middleweight champion from Timmins, twice defended his title in the newly built McIntyre Community Rink by putting to sleep in six rounds Frankie Genovese and putting the "crusher" on Tommy Bland in four. Bland's respect for the TNT right hand of Wadsworth kept him away for three rounds, but after being warned by Referee Sam Hackett, opened up in the fourth to receive a crushing right for a count of seven. Climbing to his feet, Bland again went down from a right to be counted out.

In the semi, Jimmy Webster, South Africa, won from "Tops" Tellino in eight. "Choc" Gifford K.O.'ed "Frenchy" Bailey in three. "Farmer" Neable, Timmins, beat "Chuck" Murphy, Toronto, and "Battling" Branning, Sudbury, copped over Bert Dempsey in four.

Fighting in Buffalo two nights later, Wadsworth put away Eddie Gerard in one.

With two amateur shows a month running in Kirkland Lake, Sudbury, Soo-Ontario and Timmins, the northern Ontario amateurs receive more action than any Canadian amateurs.

"Big Joe" Simmons, Timmins cop, won the northern Ontario heavy championship by a K.O. over Alec Deschamp, 1939 All-Ontario heavy champion, in the fourth at Kirkland Lake. Other results: Gord Fitzgerald T.K.O. over Omer Maisonneuve; "Stew" Gordon, Kirkland Lake, beat the northern Ontario 135-pound champ, Neil Butler, in sizzling five; Fred Young, Macassa, K.O.'ed "Kid" Gratton, Timmins, in third, and Johnny Broderick got the duke over Joe Senega at 135.

Two Ontario Athletic Commission Nickel District Championship Belts were at stake at the INCO Club (Sudbury) with Irish Joe Murphy, Frood miner, winning the 160-pound title by a T.K.O. over Gordon Boivin in the first, and Al Gendron, Copper Cliff "Crusher," outroughed and outfought Micky Doyle, former 1939 Ontario middle champ, in five rounds to win the light-heavy belt.

The most popular fighter ever turned out of the north country, the "Frood Wildcat," provided Sudbury and Soo fans with plenty of action in four bouts. First in Soo, Ontario, he put away in two rounds "Young" Perry, Camp Raco, CCC welter, and at the INCO Club, Sudbury, K.O.'ed Al Gendron in two. Returning to Soo, he headlined a main bout against the Michigan State 1940 Golden Gloves champion, colored Harden Palmer, from the U. S. Coast Guard cutter, *Ossipe*, and put Palmer away twice. Going to the wrong corner after putting Palmer down in the second, Boivin came back in the fourth with a terrific left hook, put away the previously unbeaten Palmer.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA boxing followers were not denied this month, and they enjoyed a brand of fight worthy of mention.

Lorenzo Safora, just out of the golden gloves, proved that he is a sterling bantamweight, and Cuba can well be proud of him. In a return go with Young Gonzalez of Spain, Safora not only scored a ten round technical kayo, but handed his opponent a pasting in every round. Gonzales as in their previous encounter, proved game to the end, and forced a hard but futile battle.

Johnny Arango, outstanding flyweight of Cuba, scored a five round technical kayo over Kid Guarina. This was Guarina's first defeat, and his defeat was a blow to his followers.

Pedro Martinez, ace featherweight, scored a seven round knockout over Manolo Chevez, highly touted ringster from Camaguey. Chavez an aggressive performer, was not good enough to meet the clever tactics displayed by Martinez. Pedro sure looked good, and should be going places. Eliecer Varona, new featherweight from Camaguey, won in six rounds from Raul Quintana, and Juancito Alvarez, Navy featherweight puncher won in four from Sixto Gori, while Kid Elosegui also a Navy fighter flattened Delfin Mesa in two sessions.

Santiago Sosa, featherweight, won a hairline decision from Guillermo Barios. Angel Ruiz, middleweight, won easily in six from Robert Martinez. Cecilio Losada, Mexican welterweight, just back from Argentina, won an eight-round decision from Angel Ruiz of Cuba. Chino Mercado won in four from Kid Bejega, and Ramon Molina, after a two years' layoff, came back and scored a two-round knockout over Kid Malagro, lightweight from Cerro.

Reynaldo Gutierrez, Manolo Fernandez's middleweight contender, won a six-round technical kayo over Nicolas Duenas, when the latter's seconds refused to let their charge continue. Roberto Ferrer scored a three-round technical kayo over Al Yanes. Yanes announced his retirement from ring activities.

Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, who has beaten two world's champions, is back in Cuba after almost ten years of fighting in France.

Baby Oriental, star Cuban lightweight, is also back from the Argentine and will meet Joe Pedroso for the championship next month.

Joe Coego, lightweight champion for years, has announced his retirement. Joe was a great little fighter, and defended his title against all the worthy contenders.

Juan Oliver, popular Cuban manager, just returned from the Argentine after a successful and profitable campaign with Chino Buides, Baby Oriental and Cecilio Losada. Oliver knows his business, and no doubt will soon return to South America with another good crop of Cuban fighters.

Juan Carabantes, Chilean welterweight, is here for several bouts. His first opponent will be Ramon Molina, tough and rugged boxer. Carabantes is under management of Luis Gutierrez, the man who made Kid Chocolate.

Golden Gloves tournament of 1940 will get started on July 3 at the Cristal Arena. More than five hundred boys are listed, and there are some good ones among them.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

AT the Griffith Stadium in Washington, Joe Turner presented the number one welterweight contender, Louis Kid Cocoa, against Wild Bill McDowell in a main go of ten rounds. The four thousand fans that attended were treated to a swell fight. Cocoa piled up an early lead, and in the seventh he dropped Bill. This seemed to wake McDowell as he fought better in the late rounds and in the last he made a last-minute rally that had the fans roaring for a knockout. He started swinging from all directions and had Cocoa reeling and staggering at the bell. But the Kid was way out in front and was given the unanimous decision over McDowell.

In the semi of six rounds, Billy Banks made it two in a row over Joe Sole when he stopped Sole with a two-fisted attack in the sixth. In another six, Earl Ward came off the floor in the first round to pound out a win over Frankie Rosano of New York. In another scheduled six, Tiger Jack Flowers of Trenton took a beating in the early rounds to score a third-round knockout over Floyd Grayson of Washington.

Dan Hassett of Philadelphia and Wild Bill Boyd of Baltimore showed in a main go of ten rounds before a fairly large crowd. Hassett, smaller than his opponent, started off early to make a fight of it, but as the fight went on, Boyd found the range and soon had Hassett on the floor, In the last round, with only about a minute to go, Boyd let a right hand go flush on Hassett's chin that knocked him out. In the semi-final of eight rounds Carl Guggino and Billy Bullock fought a draw. To the majority of the fans it seemed that Carl had won hands down. In a supporting six, Billy Banks was given the nod over Jackie Carter in a very hard and closely fought fight that could have been a draw.

A word of praise should be given to Gabe Menendez, the matchmaker for Joe Turner, for his good work in bringing boxing back to Washington as it used to be. He is a hard working matchmaker who is always trying to improve his matches and give the public the kind of fights that they want and deserve.

That adage of youth must prevail does not always work out. The National A. C. showed undefeated Joe Caltafamo against that veteran of many years of fighting, Laurence Gunn, in a main go of ten rounds. Joe won the first two handily, but in the third a hard right into his midsection showed that spot to be a perfect target for a quick ending.

In the fourth, Gunn still banged away at this target and Joe was a very sick lad. At the end of the sixth, it looked as if he was about through and his manager threw in the towel to give the fight to Gunn on a technical knockout. It was the first defeat marked up against Caltafamo. In Joe's favor it must be said that he showed plenty of courage to go as long as he did, as this was his first fight after a long layoff due to pneumonia. In the semi of six rounds, Labertine Williams won on a T.K.O. over El Brookman of Washington in the third when he suffered a deep gash over his left eye. In a supporting six, Manuel Rosa won over Earl Ward.

That classy little N. B. A. bantam champ, Georgie Pace, showed with Laurence Gunn in a main go scheduled for ten rounds and the fans present were pleased. A left hook into the veteran's mouth and Gunn went down for the count of nine. At the bell the referee went to Gunn's corner, took one look at his gashed lip and stopped the fight, giving Pace a T.K.O. over Gunn in the very first round.

The six-round semi saw an ex-Baltimorean, Johnny Shkor, now under the management of Johnny Buckley, stop Jim Costello in the third heat. The best fight of the night was between Bob Reilly, touted as a knockout king with twenty-two knockouts to his credit, and that pleasing Billy Carrigan. In this Billy put up one of his best fights to be an easy winner over Reilly. Billy looked mighty good, and is one of the best local prospects around. He just breezed through these six rounds without being extended.

One of the most pleasing fighters that this town has seen in quite a while was Everette Rightmire. The Century A. C. showed him against Charley Gomer in a main go of ten rounds. The majority of the fans present and this writer think that he was given one of the rawest decisions seen here in some time when Gomer was declared the winner. At the end of the fight and while the announcer was gathering up the judges' slips, the betting fraternity were laying three and four to one on Rightmire, and were shocked, as were hundreds of fans, when the decision was given against him.

Gomer carried three of the first five rounds, but from the sixth on, Rightmire came on like a Man o' War and carried these last six by a very wide margin. Gomer weighed 135 to Rightmire's 127¾. Rightmire will be welcomed back here anytime at all. In the six-round semi, Frank Lacey won the unanimous decision over Frankie Rosano. In the supporting six, Tommy Julius won over Hitoshi Tanaka.

Chalky Wright and Saverio Turiello met in a main go of ten rounds and although Chalky conceded his opponent more than eighteen pounds, his early rounds lead was enough to gain him the verdict over Turiello, who closed fast in the last three rounds when Chalky seemed to tire. This strong finish was insufficient to offset the big early lead that Wright had. In the six-round semi, Jimmy Collins was awarded the unanimous decision over Richard Myri.

The writer will be glad to answer all inquiries providing they are accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. The address is Nate Phillips, 3 Fallsway, Baltimore, Md.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

TWO colored gentlemen of swat still lead the territorial array here. Buddy Walker, the Columbus heavy, and Herschell Joiner, Cincinnati's lightweight flash. Both scored nifty wins during the current weeks. To be more exact, at Columbus, while Walker was humbling Eddie Mader of New York in four sessions with a lightning knockout attack, Joiner scored a technical knockout in the fifth round over Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh.

Ezzard Charles, colored middle, and former amateur star from Cincinnati, appearing in his third professional tilt in his home town, proved too much for Frankie Williams of Detroit, with Charles winning in the seventh on a T.K.O. In the supporting bouts, Gibb Jones, a neat-looking middle, clubbed Billy Freeman for a six-round T.K.O. win and Buddy Wright carried too many hooks for Billy Collins in six to score a decision victory.

East Liverpool, O.—Teddy Yarosz, former world's middleweight champion, weighing 174 pounds, added prestige to his challenge at the light heavy crown here on June 27th when he won a 10-round decision over Bud Mignault, 169 pounds.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . . Frankie Satterfield of Cleveland is boosting his middle, Teddy Smith, who claims a victory over Billy Conn, while both were amateurs . . . . Wilbur Morgan is again running pro shows at Manchester . . . . Tommy Loughran was a guest referee at a recent Cincinnati amateur jamboree . . . . Dewey Fragetta, Bill Brown of the N.Y. commission, Frankie Canzoneri of New York, Tex Sakled, Linn Plattner, West Coast promoters, and Edward C. Foster of the N.B.A., were some of the more recent subscribers to the yearly service I issue in up-to-date results and other fight information . . . . this service is issued semi-monthly and the fee is only one dollar per year . . . . Frankie Canzoneri is about all set with his Red Johnson to invade the Far West . . . . Canzoneri and this writer have inaugurated a national booking agency and we are looking for fighters of all weights, preferably white . . . . address Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . enclose record and photo if possible . . . . Syd Fishel is displaying a flashy former U.S. Marine, Maynard Daniels, a heavyweight . . . . THE RING magazine can be secured at all of the leading newsstands in downtown Cincinnati . . . . In answer to the many and many requests from former Ohioans about the country on what the former ring battlers are now doing . . . . here are a few . . . . Vince Hambright is working for the city . . . . Billy Rose for the county . . . . Tony La Rose is operating a vegetable market and Kayo Mars a restaurant . . . . Freddie Miller is selling for a national insurance firm while Jimmy Harris is a steel worker . . . . Johnny Brown is a pressman on the Cincinnati *Enquirer* . . . . Oscar Koff manages Buddy Knox, while not operating his Dayton, O., drug store . . . . Joe Sekyra is a boxing instructor . . . . Chip Selby (nephew of Kid McCoy) is a steel worker and both Frankie Palmo and Vic Ross manage night clubs . . . . Lee Cox is a cab driver and Johnny Mack, a private detective . . . . Louisville had two great cards recently . . . . in the first program, Jimmy Grimm won from Kid Brock and in the latter headliner, Curley Denton won a decision over Pete Barry . . . . Bill Tucker, the New Albany, Ind., heavyweight protege of Jimmy Dell, looks good . . . . in 16 pro fights, Bill has knocked out 13, won two decisions and lost one on a foul . . . Nic De Marco, New York middle, will probably invade Mexico soon . . . . Jack Baggett, Southern light-heavy, is lined up with the Canzoneri-Amann booking agency.

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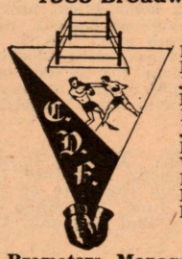

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

WITHOUT any semblance of a major fight attraction in the offing, Promoter Alex Veck, chief mogul for the White City Boxing Club, started a middleweight elimination series for the purpose of developing local 160-pound aspirants. In the first of this series, Nate Bolden, lithe sharpshooter from Chicago's greater South Side, thoroughly shellacked Honey Boy Jones of Pittsburgh in eight rounds. For the first five rounds it was a nip-and-tuck affair, but following this, Bolden found the range. In the eighth he had Honey Boy on the verge of a knockout assault.

Henry Chimelewski, Polish middleweight champion, made his debut an auspicious success by hammering out a decisive victory over the fleet-footed Jimmy Shepard of Springfield, Ill., in eight. Shepard displayed a nimble pair of legs, which aided him considerably. Henry proved too strong for the much taller Irishman.

Sattemio Terricino, claimant of the light-heavyweight championship of Italy, beat Luther Brent, bronze bomber of the South Side, in six. In a four-round tiff, Kelly Kohn, Jewish lad from Peoria, notched out a victory over tough Billy Sherman, South Chicago lightweight, and in another, Peter Hant, Irish-Greek middleweight puncher belonging to Clarence Rapp, beat Jake Carter, colored 160-pounder from the South Side.

Leonard Bennett, hard-punching Detroiter, won a stiff battle from the ever-courageous Tony Motisi of Chicago's C.Y.O. at the end of ten rounds of blistering action. Bennett's pile-driving body hooks stymied Motisi's long-range punching.

Eddie Camp, West Side heavyweight, pounded out a victory over Lee Oma, free swinger from Detroit. Oma suffered a knockdown in the sixth frame. This was an eight-rounder. In the preliminary, Joey Chisar of South Bend, now fighting under the name of Chase, held Frankie Agnes, red-haired West Side Irish lightweight to a draw. In the four-round affairs, Kelly Kohn of Peoria beat Jesse Yarber of the West Side, and Johnny O'Hara, formerly Rock, conquered Johnny Hackert.

Tony Musto, who is built along the lines of Galento, is not talkative like Galento but he is a demon inside the squared-circle. He takes an exceptionally hard punch and has stamina to burn. Tony, in his latest conflict, took the measure of Curtis Sheppherd of Pittsburgh, in the "Smoky City."

Eddie Lander, westside 132-pounder, gained a decisive triumph over Phil Saeli, also of the westside, in a ten-round melee. Eddie dropped Saeli for a seven count in the ninth.

Tony Motisi, promising welterweight from the Catholic Youth Organization, hammered out a one-sided victory over Johnny Pleasant, '39 Golden Gloves lightweight champion in eight rounds. Motisi dropped Pleasant for a short count in the opening stanza.

In the preliminary matches, Harry Fredericksen, local middleweight, beat Johnny O'Hara, four rounds; Paul Frazier, southside colored flash, stowed away Hank Thorsen of Milwaukee, in round one, light-heavyweights, and Gene Ward floored Bill Parsons for the count in the third canto.

Over at the White City Boxing Club, Henry Wacker, sleek featured sepia clouter, revealed enormous power and strength in compiling a points win over the veteran but ever-willing Eddie Simms, of Cleveland, Ohio, in ten spine-warming rounds. Wacker built up an early lead and held it throughout except in the tenth.

Ben Moroz, huge Philly giant, standing 6 feet 10 inches and scaling 242 pounds, put the crusher on Ed (Tipperary) Murray, in the second frame with a short right hand belt. They were slated to go eight rounds.

In the four-rounders, Mickey Hayes of Milwaukee kayoed Loy Henry, light-heavyweight from Detroit, in round two; Pete Hantz beat George Armorine, 165-pounder from New Orleans, La. And Ralph Guajardo, Mexican, from the westside, drew with Johnny O'Hara.

Herculean-sized Ben Moroz, from the city of "Brotherly Love," was to have been given a soft touch in Selman Martin, Memphis Red's protege; but to Moroz's management's dismay, Ben had a vicious encounter on his hands as Selman, carrying 202 pounds on his massive frame, punished Ben savagely at close quarters. The giant Philadelphian proved superb at long range, however, and was awarded a close decision amid a chorus of boos. They went at it for eight rounds.

In another scheduled eight-round confab, Johnny Pleasant, colored 135-pounder from the southside, stopped Pat Thomas, scrawny-built Detroiter, in the first. And in another eight-round skirmish, the highly-touted and undefeated 160-pound entrant from Pittsburgh, Pa., Jimmy Bivins, scored another decision victory, this time at the expense of Frankie Hughes, veteran Clinton, Ind., mauler. Floyd Hagen of St. Paul, won a disputed eight-round combat from the fast-punching Gene Ward, Westside colored lightie in eight.

The knockout of Johnny Paychek in the tenth by Altus Allen, at the Coliseum, ended Paychek's career . . . . Bill Rand dropped $4,000 in the fight between Tony Zale and Ben Brown. Brown was halted in the third round.

Billy Seward, Ingomar, Montana's belting 132-pounder, stopped Lou Alcanter in the first heat. The Kansas City warrior scaled by 128 pounds for the conflict. In another eighter, the veteran, Larry Greb of Milwaukee, knocked out Indian Jimmy Maddox, Terre Haute, Ind., 138-pounder, in round six. Paul Frazier, Southside colored 165-pounder, stopped Red Randy, substitute for Buddy O'Dell, in the third. The curtain-raiser found Otto Buettler receiving the verdict over Herman Hayes of Milwaukee, light-heavyweight, in four.

Fighters with good records will do well to get in touch with Gene Engel in care of Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois. Enclosed with letter, send a photo of yourself and newspaper clippings. White boys preferred, as there are several good colored boys here in town who can't get action.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

IT was a Third Ward field day when Tony Bruno and Anthony (Martin) Cianciola battled for state middleweight supremacy at the Eagles Club. The Italian district turned out in numbers and the rival contingents made practically a private party of the main event. After a slow start, Cianciola went on to outscore his stronger opponent and finished with a slight, though undisputable margin. Cianciola was on the floor in the first, second and fourth, but didn't seem to be hurt on those occasions. Bruno was in trouble in the third and was shaken several times in the later rounds by his opponent's sharp right hand counters.

Billy Seward finished Bill Parsons in a minute and a half of the scheduled six-round semi-windup. The colorful puncher has been too aggressive for the majority of his opponents. Annunzio Ferraro looked very good in beating the veteran Armanda Santiago in a four-rounder. Ferraro boxed well and had his opponent in trouble in the last round.

Jimmy Pierce made short work of a poor opponent in Ralph Balberni and ended the affair in the first with a smothering attack. Connie Baranski put up a fine showing against the more experienced Kelly Ward, though dropping a four-round decision. George Feltes went to work on Johnny Rook and slashed his way to a four-round decision. In the opener, Willie Hayes eked out a win with his aggressiveness over Big Boy Campbell. Campbell scored the more effective blows.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Our deepest sympathy to Tony Bruno who lost his father a week before the match. This and an abscessed tooth undoubtedly dulled Bruno's performance . . . . Eddie McGeever lost an eight-rounder to Dick Demaray at Minneapolis . . . . Larry Greb, the pleasing little dynamiter of several years ago, has started a comeback. In his first engagement he knocked out Jimmy Murdock in six rounds at Marigold. Evidently his wallop has lost little of its power. Greb would be a fine opponent for Billy Seward. Milwaukeeans would like to see these two kayo punchers oppose each other.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

ARCHIE MOORE, St. Louis battler, seems to have won his spurs at last. Readers of this column know that we have long been tooting Archie's horn. Not that we haven't had occasion to revise our judgment. We have had. For Moore is one of those erratic fellows who has a way of throwing a very smelly fight your way every so often and they'll tell you around here that the streamlined bon bon doesn't relish it in the neighborhood of the kitchen. But the fact remains that Archie is one of the most deft boxers and devastating punchers of his weight and inches today. It would require no less than a Yarosz or an Overlin to outbox him and it is doubtful if anybody other than Hostak or Garcia can outpunch him. The answer to Moore's future rests solely in his own hands. For he has ability to burn, this cobra of the middleweights.

Local boxing is about as dead as one of Hitler's promises—even among the amateurs. Certain elements are opposed to professional boxing hereabouts. For it is axiomatic that wherever the professional game is flourishing, wrestling evaporates like W. C. Fields' breath in a high wind. One of the results is that Billy Beauhuld became a Jerseyite, Henry Armstrong a Californian, Jimmy Webb a Texan, not to mention that new middleweight threat from Australia, Archie Moore. A prophet may not be without honor save in his own country but there has to be a little profit before even that grievous situation exists.

The Slaughter A. C., cradle of amateur champions, took on a five-man boxing team from Gary, Indiana, and won the meet by an eyelash. The main event brought together Jimmy Joyce, Midwest Golden Glove 126-pound champion and Leon Haire, international titleholder. Slaughterites have been bitter about the decision that Joyce was given over Haire in the Chicago finals, but this was pretty well assuaged when the Skeeter won every round in a most convincing manner in the match that decided the meet. The teams were all square when the Young Master went to work on the joyless Mr. Joyce. Haire was at his resplendent best and well he had to be as the Gary flash proved to be the classiest amateur visitor since that Italian lightweight gave Phil Brown a lesson.

Ollie Russo has now followed the Slaughter lead and taken to the out-of-doors. To date his shows have been financial successes and the first was artistically so as well. In the inaugural, James Reddick, finalist in the A.A.U. tournament in Boston, toyed with Ray Siemons for five rounds and on the second program Big Jim Whiteside, Ozark heavyweight champion, rubbed out Bill Renfro, Globe-Democrat Glove titleholder, in the second round. Jack Van Pelt is publicizing the events. The commission is still appointing the officials.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

JIMMY BIVINS and Jimmy Reeves, of Cleveland, both made the "Ring Magazine" rating of the first ten leading boxers in their divisions, a rating every American fighter strives for during his career.

Bivins is undefeated as a pro, while Reeves lost but one bout and that to the former champion Teddy Yarosz. Both of these lads were developed by Wilfred Carter, a former fighter who now delivers mail for Uncle Sam. Carter also developed Jackie Wilson when he represented the U.S.A. in the last Olympic games. Wilson is now on the West Coast where he is under the direction of Walter Melrose, prominent West Coast sportsman; Bivins is managed by Claude Shane and Wilfred Carter, while Reeves is being directed by Jay Grossman, Cleveland's big grocery man. It is understood that in the near future Wilson boxes Sammy Angott for the N.B.A. lightweight title.

TIMELY NEWS—Mike Gamiere seems to be back in the stride again because of his showing when he stopped Johnny Pleasant in two rounds at Chicago . . . . Jimmy Bivins defeated Frank Hughes at Chicago, eight out of eight rounds, then easily beat Mose Brown, Pittsburgh veteran . . . . George Pace, N.B.A. bantamweight champion, TKO'd Lawrence Gunn in one round at Baltimore . . . . Jack (Buddy) Walker of Columbus, floored Jack Wofford, of Dallas, Tex., four times in winning a ten-round decision. It was Walker's 21st win without a loss, while Wofford suffered his second loss in 25 bouts.

George Toy, sensational Chinese lightweight under the direction of Charley O'Connell, coaches O'Connell's amateur baseball team besides boxing. Toy is undefeated as a pro. He won the National A.A.U. lightweight title in '39 . . . . Bobby Evans is back in town with his Eddie Simms . . . . Tiger Brown was kayoed by Cupid when he recently got married. Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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LENNOX DINGLE—137 pounds; lost 1 in 17 bouts; floored 13 of 17 opponents.
CARL MOSS—138 pounds.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

AL McCOY is credited with the biggest upset of the month in winning a narrow but convincing 10-round decision over Melio Bettina. It was the general opinion that McCoy wouldn't last long before the hard punching Bettina but McCoy at 179½, his lowest weight in years, showed them that he still had a few more good fights left in his system. Even at this low weight, McCoy still had extra poundage around his midsection, proving that he really is a 175-pounder and can do his best work at this figure. From the fourth to the ninth round McCoy was at his best and had Bettina holding much of the time. A cut over Bettina's eye in the sixth took the play away from him. In a desperate attempt to bring the fight his way, Bettina tore into Al in the final round, landing short left and right hooks that had him wobbly, but his strong finish wasn't enough to overcome Al's lead.

Johnny Shkor, Bill Weinberg, Bill Tordiglione, Johnny Seaman, Larry Bolvin and Jimmy Leto continued on their merry way. So far this year they have remained undefeated and Shkor and Bolvin seem about due to take on stiffer competition. It is noticeable that all six are aggressive and hard hitters. They are good at long range as well as in close.

Shkor, former Baltimore boy and amateur champion, is undefeated this year according to our records and all of his opponents have failed to last the distance. He is a tall blond, 6 feet 3 inches, and scales 200 pounds. He is an aggressive, clever boxer and hard puncher. He is one of the most promising boys but has not been tested severely as yet. He has scored seven straight kayos this year.

Here are sketches of other good New England boys:—

Bill (Wee Willie) Weinberg—Rangy Jewish lad, 6 feet 2 inches tall, 200 pounds. Has been going strong since turning pro this year. His opponents have been of a better class than given most beginners. He has two wins over the tough slugging Herb Coonan and stopped Al Bouchard, a tough mauler. Very fast for a heavy and packs a smashing punch. His record this year is two kayoes, two wins. A Weinberg-Shkor battle would be a thriller.

Bill Tordiglione—Two-fisted slugger of Italian birth. Weighs 145 pounds. Has won 11 straight since turning pro this year. Doesn't believe in boxing but keeps punching until his opponent is stopped. Takes a lot of punches and gives plenty. Sean Hynes put up the best battle with him and made him look bad in spots. Had Hynes any kind of a punch he would have made it tough for the Northender. He has stopped Sean Hynes, "Ticky" Ford and Bill Connerty, among others.

Johnny Seaman—Handsome, clean-cut middleweight, formerly of Detroit, now making his home in Paxton. He is a protege of Lou Brouillard and it is noticeable that he fights very much like him. A good in-fighter, has a good jab and is continually on top of his opponent. Has kayoed Jack Wolgast, Eddie Carroll and Young Dempsey and won over Jack Dubois this year. He is now ready for harder competition.

Larry Bolvin—Sturdy 125-pound dynamo who has been going like a house afire. Through his decisive victories over Matt Perfetti, Eddie Reed and Lou Transparenti, he has taken the attention of boxing fans throughout the country. Larry is improving in boxing skill and is soon to tangle with the country's leaders.

Jimmy Leto—Dependable veteran of Hartford, Conn. Short, solid, cagey 148-pounder who is going on high at the present time. Has beaten George Martin and Frankie Terry by kayoes and took the scalps of Danny Devlin, Milo Theodorescue and Saverio Turiello this year. Turiello was down on the canvas seven times in the first but managed to last the distance. Leto is handicapped by being short of height and reach, which has caused his defeat by the rangy boys, but can always be depended on to put up a good scrap.

Worthy of mention is the work of Eddie Ellis, colored welter of Quincy, and Al Sinibaldi, light-heavy, of Berlin, N. H. Both of these boys have been shunned for others of lesser talent. They have fought any and all opponents offered them and though losing a few by small margins, have made creditable showings. Ellis has lost but two hairline decisions which could have gone either way had they been fought on neutral ground.

This colored welter, who fights very much like Armstrong, sets a fast pace and is all action within ropes. Sinibaldi, though not ready for the world's best 175-pounders, is a good performer as far as New England light-heavies are concerned and should not be kept idle. This N.H. boy has not enjoyed the building up process usually given beginners but has met good men from the start.

Portland, Me.—Coley Welch stood out again as New England's foremost middleweight by getting inside Babe Verila's long reach and using a body attack to capture the ten-round decision. Ted Lowry, 165, left his New Bedford battleground long enough to stop Danny Needham, 175, Bath, in the tenth.

Mike Kaplan, Boston's best bet against Henry Armstrong, seems to have added punching power to his boxing skill. At Philadelphia where he is doing most of his fighting of late, his last two opponents failed to last the distance. The victims were Joe Ferrando and Tommy Cross.

Portland, Me.—Henry Armstrong kayoed Paul Junior in the third, in the first world's championship ever held in Maine, before 5,367 fans. Junior put up his usual game and stubborn battle, even holding Armstrong even for the first two rounds. Homicide Hank started his whirlwind attack in the third, knocking Junior down four times before the bout was stopped. Junior, who can be given much of the credit for the boom of boxing in Main, win or lose, has the backing of his many fans.

FLASHES . . . Cocoa Kid, Jimmy Leto, Ralph Zanelli, Tiger Warrington, Howell King, Red Guggino, Henry Chmielewski, Johnny Shkor, Babe Verila, Jack Dubois and Johnny Seaman are all high ranking New Englanders who were born outside this territory . . . . Worcester has cancelled its boxing shows until the fall season . . . . Gus Lenny, old time bantam, was given a benefit to raise money for an eye operation at Joe Beston's gym. Lenny, former South Boston boxer, who did some fighting in New York some 25 years ago, was boxing instructor at Beston's gym before his condition required a halt.

THE RING can be bought in Boston at the Park Square Bus Terminal . . . . Ted Lowry's record to date is: 21 fights; 16 by K.O.; 1 draw; 4 losses by decision . . . . My address is 28 Front Street, Ashland, Mass. . . . . From all accounts, that decision that Charlie (Hobo) Williams received over Al Sinibaldi at New Haven was not at all popular with the fans . . . . Al made such a hit that he was asked to return for a main bout.

An orchid to Tom Ephrem, THE RING'S Southern correspondent, for his untiring efforts to sell RINGS. Before a fight Tom collects all THE RINGS he can at newsstands and then tries to sell them at the ringside. Can anyone be more loyal than that?

Al McCoy lost the chance to become the possible successor to Billy Conn when he allowed himself to be beaten by Solly Krieger in New York. Krieger, not regarded as a better man than Bettina, took away the prestige Al had gained in the Bettina match, as well as depriving him of important matches.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

SAM BENNETT, Springfield, Mass. motion picture theatre owner, and owner of the Springfield Wrecking Company, has joined partners with the writer in the management of Gentleman James Clark, Springfield, Mass. Negro heavyweight, Clark will be groomed for another year and then will be ready for the best. Clark recently beat Al Sinibaldi, New Hampshire light-heavy, who claimed the New England championship in that class. Clark weighs 185 pounds.

The New York Boxing Commission showed it was not partial when it recently informed the writer that Marcus Pitts, of Springfield, Mass., only has to file a formal challenge to box Harry Jeffra, and Jeffra will have to fight him within six months, unless he defends his title before that.

Holyoke's Valley Arena remained idle through the month. North Adams, Meadowbrook Arena, staged two good bouts but rain cancelled one show and the holiday another during the month. Brattleboro, Vt., has a small club that runs weekly.

Joe O'Brien informs the writer that negotiations for the rental of the West Springfield dog racing track for boxing is being made by reputable men.

Mickey Canty, a very promising welter boxer, is getting discouraged by idleness. He had six bouts cancelled last month.

Howell King, who made his home in Springfield, Mass., has gone back home to Detroit.

Leo Bradley, a very good matchmaker, is at present without a club to operate, owing to difficulties in securing a location. He assembled some very good cards for the Federal A.C. while it was indoors, but somehow they did not draw well enough to pay, and the outdoor plans failed to materialize.

Eddie Mead writes he has a good stable of fighters besides Henry Armstrong . . . . Babe Amosi, a good light-heavyweight, is seeking work . . . . Lew Raymond, the matchmaker at New Orleans, La., writes that this fall he will operate weekly. He is putting New Orleans on the map as a fistic center . . . . Harry Lennon, St. Paul, Minn. promoter, writes that heavyweights are the only fighters that draw in that section. Gentleman James Clark, a brother of Roy "Ace" Clark, might be used out there. Gentleman James is not so large but is a better fighter than Roy . . . . Joe DeMaria is still doing a good job at Thompsonville, Conn., with the amateurs . . . . Baron Cohen is in New York with his fighter Al Costa, welterweight.

Local talent in boxing is scarce, only Negro fighters are training around here and Springfield. It will do the game some good if the promoters would not be so color conscious and use more Negro fighters until the white boys get themselves in condition to fight by training.

Nat Fleischer's RING Magazine can be bought in most of the newsrooms in Holyoke, Chicopee, Chicopee Falls and Springfield, Mass. Each year finds it gaining in popularity with those who love boxing, with its stories and information. Besides it contributes to the fighters' ambition to be mentioned in this highly regarded publication.

The writer can be reached at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass., or by phone 1062-W.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

AT Portland—Chick Hayes, the Arena A. A. promoter, staged the first world's championship bout ever to be held in the state, when Henry Armstrong defended his world's welterweight title by knocking out Paul Junior of Lewiston in three rounds. A capacity crowd saw the bout, and were greatly impressed by one of the greatest champions of all time.

The show was good from start to finish. In the semi-final, Al Buck of Lisbon and Billie Lancaster of New York battled six rounds to a draw. Tiger Lambert of Biddeford knocked out Blond Dempsey of Dover in the third round. Jackie Green of Lewiston and Mal Smallwood of Boston battled four rounds to a draw. Jimmy Cook of Rumford won the decision over Flash Dutil of Lewiston in a four-rounder. Honey Driscoll of Portland and Charley Cony of Bath went four rounds to a draw.

At Portland—Coley Welch, Portland's middleweight ace, won a ten-round decision from Babe Verila of New Bedford, former New England middleweight champion. Ted Lowry of New Bedford scored a technical knockout over Danny Needham of Bath in nine rounds. Tiger Lambert of Biddeford defeated Mal Smallwood of Boston in six rounds. Henry Perry of Portland won over Johnny Green of Lewiston in four. Herb Tracy of South Portland stopped Bill Durfee of Portland in one. Eddie Maloney of South Portland knocked out Nap James of Biddeford in two rounds.

Bath—Lou Cooper, Bath heavyweight, knocked out Young Dempsey of Bath in five rounds.

South Berwick—Jake Desautel of Dover knocked out Billie Wilson of Portsmouth in four rounds, with Jack Johnson, the former champion, refereeing. In the semi-final, Young Byron of Boston scored a technical knockout over Kiki Stanley of Biddeford.

Rockland—Carl Lawless of Rockland scored his fifth straight knockout when he halted Bill Stockton of Belfast in one round. In the semi-final Lefty La Chance of Lisbon knocked out Young Wooster of Rockland in the first round.

South Berwick—Flash Dutil of Lewiston won by a technical knockout over Jimmy Cook of Rumford in the fourth round. Bill Jordon of Freeport knocked out Young Bouchard of Lewiston in three rounds. Billy Wilson of Portsmouth knocked out Young Drew of Lewiston in two rounds. Paul Herrick of Portland knocked out Young Dynamite of Somersworth in two rounds.

South Berwick—Jake Desautel of Dover won the decision over Henry Perry of Portland in six rounds. Eddie O'Tash of Portland and Young Perfect of Hampton went to a draw. Henry Moore of Portland knocked out Billie Wilson of Portsmouth in three rounds. Young Curran of Portland knocked out Larry Watts of Sanford in three rounds, and Eddie Barry of Portland won the decision over Lee Martin of Farmington in four rounds.

Rockland—Carl Lawless of Rockland scored his sixth straight K.O. when he flattened Young Carlton of Worcester in the fourth round. In the semi-final Billie Wooster of Rockland and Eddie Williams of Worcester went six rounds to a draw.

Old Town—Henry LaGasse of Old Town won the decision over Harvey Driscoll of Portland in eight rounds. Eddie Barry of Portland knocked out Eddie Cote of Old Town in three rounds. Bill Durfee of Portland drew with John Ewer of Old Town in four rounds.

South Berwick—Young Gardner of New York won the decision over Eddie Latourneau of Sanford in six rounds. Henry Perry of Portland won the decision over Jackie Cole of Boston. Young Bishop of Sanford knocked out Bill Jordon of Freeport in three rounds. Lee Martin of Farmington won the decision over Young Corbin of Boston in four rounds.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

THE new middleweight boxing champion, Ken Overlin, making his first start since he took the crown from Ceferino Garcia in Madison Square Garden, won a close and bitterly fought ten-round decision over Ralph De John, Syracuse light-heavyweight aspirant, in an over-the-weight battle at the Coliseum. A disappointing crowd of less than 4,000 paid only $3,065.80 to see the contest.

Handicapped with a cut over his left eye, De John fought gamely throughout, but Overlin's speed, ring generalship and all-around ability won for him. Ken made a great hit, and the fight, although devoid of knockdowns, was so exciting, a return go in an outdoor setting would no doubt attract three times the number who turned out for the first setto.

Billy Muldune nosed out a win over Pete Tamalonis, Buffalo deaf-mute heavyweight, in a slow eight-round semi-final. The Cleveland Negro fractured his right hand in an early round and was at a distinct disadvantage from the third round on. Tamalonis scored frequently with a heavy right-hand punch but was unable to stave off Muldune's aggressive assault.

Petey Asero, New York welter, slugged out a six-round triumph over Sammy Secret, Pittsburgh's former amateur star, in a good bout; Tony Reno, New York junior welter, had too much height and heft on Joey Brown, Syracuse, and technically kayoed Brown in the sixth. Joey Kushner, Syracuse featherweight, flattened Joe Tambe, Buffalo, in one round.

Following the Overlin bout, Ralph De John was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, where he underwent a surgical operation on the wound over his left eye. Dr. Joseph Delmonico and Dr. Charles Heck did a fine plastic job on the local boxer, who will no longer be handicapped with the cut that has opened in all of his late fights.

LEFT-HOOKS—Pete Gardner, one-time boxing manager, is planning to launch a new fistic arena in the Bronx in Gotham . . . . General John J. Phelan, chairman of the State Athletic Commission, attended the Overlin-De John show, and made many friends here . . . . The General is a colorful individual and impressive . . . . There were 34 upstate newspapers represented at the fight, which received almost as much publicity as the De John-Courage natural of three years ago . . . . Francis R. Woolever, assistant sports editor of the Syracuse *Herald-Journal*, is authoring a Sunday boxing column, "Hooks and Jabs," which rakes the boys over the coals occasionally . . . . The *Post-Standard* has moved into the old *Journal* building, and Publisher Jerome Barnum has broken out with a new and larger paper with a splendid sports section . . . . Newest publicity and news source for boxing in Syracuse is Station WOLF in the Chimes building . . . . Martin Burstein is news editor, while Bob O'Hara handles the sports broadcast . . . . Gabe Genovese has sold his riding horse and is now attempting to dispose of his summer home at Constantia . . . . Binghamton is said to be eager for a Parlor City natural between Bingo Joe Banovic and Joe Matisi, although there is no boxing license in that city . . . . Motion pictures of the Overlin-De John bout should make excellent pre-buildup publicity for a return go . . . . The film is now being titled.

Good publicity is given all boxing shows in this area by sports loving sports editors . . . . One of the finest of the upstate dailies, the Watertown *Times*, has Jack Case at the sports helm . . . . Others who like the game and want to see it prosper are: Rochester *Times-Union*, Rochester *Democrat-Chronicle*, Utica *Observer-Dispatch*, Rome *Sentinel*, Oneida *Dispatch*, Geneva *Times*, Oswego *Palladium-Times*, Norwich *Sun*, Ogdensburg *Advance*, Ogdensburg *Journal*, Herkimer *Telegram*, Little Falls *Times*, Cortland *Standard*, Elmira *Telegram*, Elmira *Advertiser*, Binghamton *Press*, Auburn *Citizen-Advertiser* and Oswego *Times* . . . . Owners of the Municipal Stadium ball park wanted $1,060 for one night's use of the park for the Overlin-De John scrap . . . . The Coliseum took a mere $350, which indicates the kind of overhead promoters here have to contend with . . . . Mike Latzo, Scranton matchmaker; Joe Netro, Ithaca-Trumansburg boxing manager; Johnny Burba, Rochester matchmaker, and many other out-of-town fistic luminaries were here for the Overlin-De John encounter . . . . Radio sportcasters Leo Bolley (WFBL), Nick Stemmler and Bill Rothrum (WSYR) in Syracuse have friendly rivals in Binghamton (WNBF), where Jack Hand handles the "mike," and Utica (WIBX), where Doc Maval speaks on sports . . . . Auburn (WMBO) has several sports specialists, all good, and boxing certainly gets a great play on these stations . . . . Rochester, with WSAY and WHAM, also goes big for the leather tossers . . . . Your correspondent, located in his own office, 307 Eckel Theater Building, will be glad to answer anything pertaining to the upstate fistic situation for a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in keeping with the policy of most of THE RING'S correspondents.

Kid Polo, erstwhile fighter, current business tycoon, boasts a wardrobe of 23 suits . . . . Ken Overlin made a tremendous hit in broadcasts here prior to his fight with De John . . . . The champ is a gentleman, well-spoken, and certainly knows his way around . . . . Babe Risko, former titleholder, now a deputy sheriff, said of Overlin: "He's got what it takes to keep the title a long time" . . . . Al Markowitz, wealthy local florist, took in the big championship fight, and while Ken Overlin was here, Al squired the middle king all over town . . . . The new gym has failed to open its doors . . . . A burning feud between the owners of the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., threatens to disrupt Syracuse's premier boxing organization which has promoted all the big shows here during the last three years . . . . Jack McCann, Auburn sportsman, residing at the Capital Hotel in Auburn, N. Y., seeks pro boxers without strings for his rapidly swelling stable . . . . Irving Robbins, amateur fight maestro, attends all out-of-town simon-pure shows when his club is not operating, scouting the talent for future unveiling here.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

The largest crowd to see a wrestling match in this city turned out for the Don George vs. the Angel affair staged at Civic Stadium by Jack Herman. Approximately 14,000 shivered under a cold moon during the inaugural outdoor show of the 1940 season while Don George exploded the myth that Maurice Tillet is a super-man . . . . If George had put on the works, he would have quickly tossed the Angel . . . . As it was, the French monstrosity was breathing heavily and quite upset at the mauling he received from the husky North Java lad . . . . The bout ended with the referee, Willie Brennan, handing the decision to Tillet because George had landed several blows which struck him . . . . perhaps Brennan was right if there are rules for wrestling but with all the kicking and punching that has been permitted during the past season, I thought all rules were forgotten or suspended.

Iron Talun came back to town in the semi-final to throw Leo Numa in a rough and tumble bout. It ended quickly.

Charlie Murray scared by the continued cool and rainy weather staged his Bob Pastor-Charlie Eagle match indoors but the boxing venture proved unprofitable as only 4000 saw the scrap. Pastor was Eagle's master and won easily . . . . He impressed the fans as a clever and a smart ringman but possesses no punch. If he has a wallop he didn't use it on Eagle.

The semi-final was a better setto than the main event . . . . Tommy Tucker, also from Jimmie Johnston's New York stable, had too much power in his punches for Clarence Jones, although Tucker's margin of victory was not great . . . . Tucker should come along as he is a hefty body puncher and gets better as the bout progresses.

Other matches resulted as follows: Jackie Donovan shaded Irish Johnny McHale in almost every round. McHale knows how to avoid punches and keeps rolling in and out. Donovan was away off form but too good for Irish Johnny.

Len Wadsworth of Toronto knocked out Eddie Gerrard in less than a round and Harris Blake's all around cleverness earned him the decision over Joey Bagnato, also from Toronto. Luke Carr and Emmett Ryan were the referees.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

The Monroe Sporting Club, Ellison Kasoff, president, staged an outdoor show with interesting bouts. The results Al Traino, Rochester and Hughie Smith, Rochester, drew 10 rounds; Nello Nucelli, Rochester, beat Ossie Sussman, Rochester, 6; Sammy Secret, Rochester beat Bill Niland, Niagara Falls, 6; Henry Smith, Rochester, and Angelo Callura, Toronto, drew, 6; Eddie Smith, Rochester, beat Mel Glionna.

Fistic Morsels: Rochester has added two more simon-pures to its professional list, Tony DeCarlo, the youngest of the fighting DeCarlos, who was always a great hit with the amateur fans, and Frankie Rath, who had only 12 fights as an amateur but won all 12 via. the kayo route. Frankie was also voted the most popular fighter at the Elks last winter and in our opinion will go far in the fistic world. The Rochester fans wish both boys the best of luck in their new venture. Ellison Kasoff, announced that the Monroe Sporting Club will run professional boxing on a weekly basis during the summer months. These bouts will be seen at the Airport Stadium at popular prices. Smith for the Lightweight Championship of Rochester will be seen in the near future. Al Traino is training daily for a return bout with Hughie Smith and the Toy Bulldog is looking forward to a kayo victory the next time they meet. The Sports Association of the *Democrat* and *Chronicle* will stage a Tournament of Champions to be held at Redwing Stadium next month. This Tournament will feature five Golden Glove Champions pitted against five International Champions. The winners will receive a scholarship to a well known college. Ossie Sussman would like another bout with Nello Nucelli over an eight round route.

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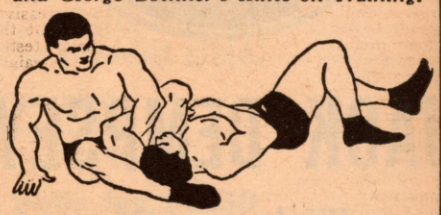

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

AT the Minneapolis Auditorium, over 300 champions from 21 districts in the state and fighters from North and South Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin clashed in a three-day punch-fest that brought in a capacity house of 10,000 howling fans for the finals. The eight lucky boys were: 112, Jackie Graves, Rochester southpaw; 118, Earl Bergstrom, Minneapolis; 126, John Rielly, Minneapolis southpaw; 135, Wally Holmes, Minneapolis; 147, Howard Bleyhl, Madison; 160, Gordon Palmer, Minneapolis; 175, Clyde (Torch) Rasley, Dear River red-head; heavyweight, Dan McKenzie, Virginia.

Managers of "Peter the Great," boxing kangaroo, were awarded $75,000 from Minneapolis, where the kangaroo was injured and later died from a tail injury caused by it being caught in an elevator door.

Billy Miske, Jr., works for the Bell Telephone Co. between fights . . . . The last Anderson-Hanschen fight drew $2500, which may encourage Promoter O'Loughlin to run bi-monthly this summer instead of two summer outdoor shows . . . . Tony La Scotti is a "spittin'" image of his deceased dad, Joe (Shorty) La Scotti, a capable bantamweight years ago . . . . Jack Delich, formerly of Calumet and Minneapolis, is heavyweight champion of the United States Army, and expects to be mustered out of the service in the near future, after which he will turn "pro" under the Joe Herman-Billy Newman managerial firm of Oakland, Calif.

Ray Pfeffer, 22, hard-hitting St. Paul lightie, plans to turn "pro" next fall . . . . Bob O'Hara, 20-year-old St. Paul amateur welter champion of St. Paul, used to box under his real name, Bob Ehrich . . . . Eddie Whittler, Minneapolis lightweight, must quit boxing due to very bad eyes . . . . Mike Collins and Dick Pudney, both of Minneapolis, have been awarded the Winnipeg mitt franchise. Pudney and Collins, who have been moving at a fast clip lately, expect to wake up boxing in Winnipeg . . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Johnny Kleber, Jr., Melrose, Minn., boxer, please contact yours truly at 252 Thomas Ave., St. Paul, as his parents would like to hear from him . . . . Rock Caster, Bremerton, Wash., boxer, please write me.

The seating capacity of Karl Ogren's gym in Duluth is 600, and there's where the amateur shows will be held, Karl says. The pro shows will be run off as usual at the Shrine Auditorium, but the Duluth Armory will be used for "name" shows . . . . Mike Collins plans to bring Billy Miske, Jr., to California soon . . . . They say Floyd Hagen made a hit in losing to Guy Serean . . . . Jack Gibbons was elected president of the state referees, succeeding Jack McDowell . . . . Howard (Pug) Barron, retired St. Paul welter, now is married and works as a welder. He still keeps in shape by working out at the St. Paul K.C. . . . . Official ratings of Minnesota boxers monthly or quarterly is being planned by a certain group in the Twin Cities.

Rumors have it that Ritchie Hoffman, hard-hitting Sauk Centre light-heavy, is fighting on the West Coast. Hoffman lost a close decision to hard-hitting Earl Gamradt in the finals of the Sauk Centre High School Golden Gloves in 1935 when he was a lightweight . . . . Johnny Adams is a fine fellow, still in fine physical shape . . . . On that Miller-Bruce card in Sioux City last month, Jackie Simmons, 135, Kansas City Negro, stopped a Ray Penney, 135, St. Paul, in the first of a sixer. This Penney fellow was really Ray Pfeffer, hard-hitting St. Paul amateur, who most likely will continue to still box amateur hereabouts.

Pug Barron is training amateur Pat McKenna, a young St. Paul light-heavy, at the local K. C. . . . . Barron and Jack Cecil are bouncers on Saturday nights at Colberts, Como Ave., and Rice St., St. Paul . . . . Discouraged Dick Pudney is wondering why he ever got into the boxing game, and is looking for a way out after his Billy Miske, Jr., took a pasting from Johnny Hanschen . . . . The St. Paul K.C. is being closed and turned over to a bishop . . . . Cowboy Eddie Anderson, former lightweight contender, who boasts the third largest string of fights, 528, is now stationed here in Fort Snelling as a member of the Third Infantry.

Billings, Mont.—Johnny Marquez, 159, Billings, beat Jimmy Collins, 169, Minneapolis, in a slow ten-round fight. Solly Hinoos, 150, Billings, beat Bud Tibbetts, 145, Rosemount, in four.

Duluth Shrine Auditorium—The Karl Ogren-Sid Steinberg outfit pulled off its first show. In the main event, Billy Smith, 135, clever Minneapolis southpaw, did the expected by whipping Floyd Hagen, 136, St. Paul, in six. Bob McQuillan, 139, speedy St. Paulite, beat a Buddy Burkhardt, 142, Eau Claire, in the six-round semi. Don Brouillard, 164, Minneapolis, reversed a previous decision by beating Ted Morrison, 170, Fort Snelling, in six. In fours, Johnny Stevens, 190, St. Paul, T.K.O.'ed George Miller, 190, St. Cloud, in the second. Dave Nins, 139½, clever Duluth Negro, made his pro debut by kayoing Larry Duffy, 132, Menomonie, Wis., in the third. The show drew less than $400, due to a heavy rain.

Minneapolis Armory—Buddy Knox, 190, Dayton, O., outboxed huge Chuck Crowell, 221¼, Artisia, Calif., in ten rounds by staying in close and keeping big Chuck off balance. In the semi, Dick Demaray, 142, Bismarck, N. D., southpaw, beat the veteran Irish Eddie McGeever, 140, clever Scranton, Pa., boy, who kept his right anchored throughout the six rounds. Warren "Young" Corbett, 155, Minneapolis southpaw, stepped up a notch though held to a six-round draw by seasoned Jerry Hayes, 161½, Milwaukee Negro. Hard-hitting Gordon Palmer, 165, Minneapolis, whipped rugged Ted Morrison, 167½, Fort Snelling, in five. In the four-round opener, Crowell's stablemate, Otto Beuttler, 167, Los Angeles, made a human pinwheel of Worth London, 165, Mankato, to win by a two-round T.K.O. over London, who was spinning about the ring. Heavy rains held the attendance down to a $1000 gate.

Duluth Shrine Auditorium—Arne Anderson, 199, Gutenberg, Sweden, T.K.O.'ed trial horse Sandy McDonald, 220, Dallas, Texas, in four rounds of the ten-round feature. Don Swenson, 144, St. Paul, beat Red Randy, 150, Los Angeles, in the six-round semi. Kelly Ward, 166, lanky Minneapolitan, again kayoed rugged Ted Morrison, 166, Fort Snelling, in four of a six. Ray Isaacs, 138, Minneapolis, again met Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, and they fought a four-round draw. Johnny Stevens, 190, St. Paul, scored over Johnny Wordson, 185, Chicago, in four, while pleasingly clever Dave Nins, 139, Duluth Negro, drew with light-hitting Bob McQuillan, 139, St. Paul, in four.

Minneapolis Armory—Chuck Crowell, 221, Artisia, Calif., giant, beat Arne Anderson, 201, Gutenberg, Sweden, for eight rounds to win the ten-round decision. In the six-round semi, comebacking Paul Hartnek, 185, Kenosha, Wis., and Minnesota state heavyweight champ, disposed of Noel Kellison, 185, Sioux City, in the first heat when the "fight" was stopped after Noel hit the canvas for the third time. In a special five-rounder, hog-fat Jimmy Collins, 174, Minneapolis, beat Otto Beuttler, 167, former Pacific Coast amateur middleweight champ from Los Angeles. Ray Isaacs, 137, Minneapolis vet, beat Gordon Drake, 135, Los Angeles newcomer, in four. In the opener, Johnny Stevens, 190, heavy-hitting St. Paulite, rolled up his sixth straight pro win in as many starts, when he again beat Johnny Wordson, 185, Chicago, in four.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By DICK CARTER

TONY NOVAK added to his prestige when he felled Irish Dan Dowling in the fourth round at Municipal Auditorium. The trick was turned by a murderous right cross—the best punch Novak has thrown in his budding pro career. Big Tony looked like a fighter in this one and showed great form.

The kayo won't hinder Dowling's progress. Well-trained, conscientious, and plucky, he's liable to come right back and turn the tables on Tony. As for Novak—he's still the goods.

Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City vet, engaged in a you-hit-me-and-I'll-hit-you with the pudgy local Negro heavy, Charley Neaves. It was an entertaining brawl, with the duke to Miller. They can come back with that one any time.

Joey Parks, the fancy dan with the baby stare, stiffened a Southern light-heavy named Jack Baggett in the second round. A quick left-hook did the trick.

We have been getting mail from all over the continent and have been doing our best to answer it promptly. Please be forewarned, though; letters unaccompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes will be left unaswered until such time as the United States government starts handing out free postage stamps. Our address is still 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kansas, and we can NOT send you autographed pictures of fighters.

We have it on the authority of George Wilsman that Allan Matthews will return to action before this hits the streets, and that the masterful Negro middleweight will surprise a lot of people. Nothing Matthews could do would ever surprise us . . . . See that Baby Breese won a tough one from Norment Quarles and Jack Larrimore got up three times in the first round to beat the highly-rated Vic Dellicurti . . . . Darby Kelly, lately of Memphis, has moved into Springfield, Mo., and is scheduled to open the town up any week now . . . . Neville Beech, the Memphis Tiger, won a four spot on the Louis card and appeared on the Galento-Baer show . . . . Tony Ortego, great little amateur bantamweight of Lou Cole's, has cleaned up everything around here and is about ready for the pro ranks . . . . Lou says that Tony will turn money-chaser as soon as he wins the National A.A.U. title next year . . . . Another good local amateur is Jackie Haley, featherweight . . . . Send us your comments and complaints. . . .

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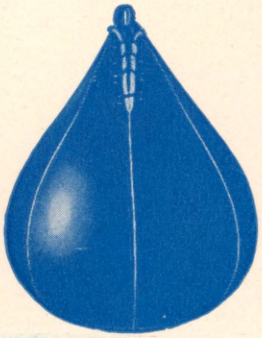

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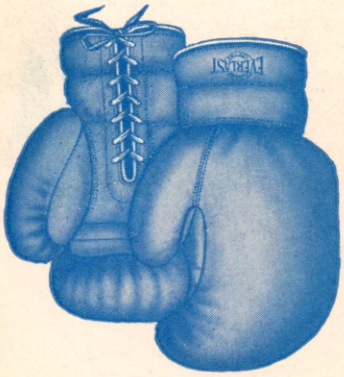

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